THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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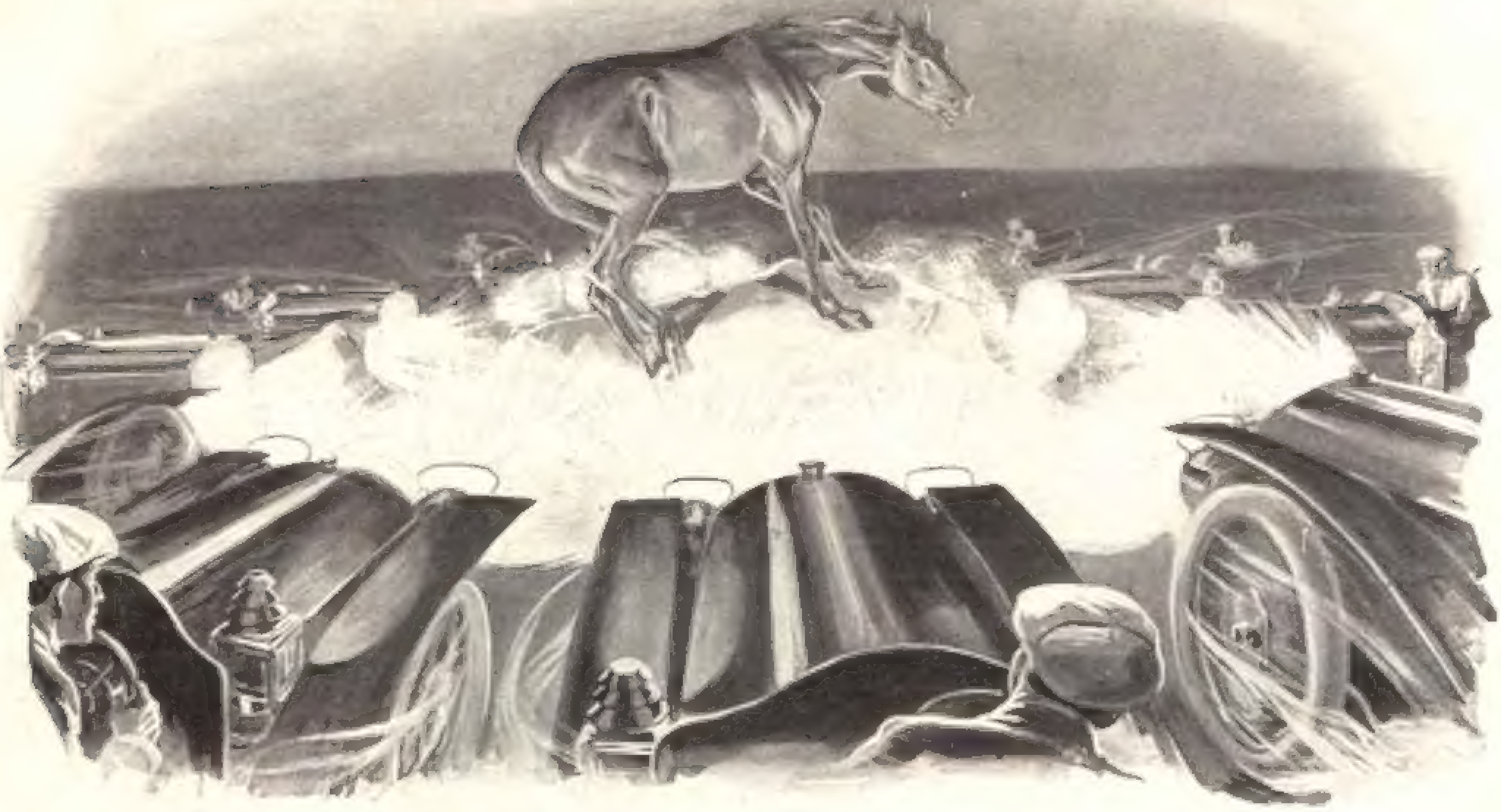
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

More Than a Million a Week Circulation

"The Last Stand"



Exit the horse — enter the

Hupmobile

4 Cylinder, 20 H. P.— $750

What! Five thousand Hupmobiles for 1910?

Yes; and the first of the five thousand are being delivered now.

Does that surprise you?

Have you been amazed at the sudden multiplication of these wonderful little cars on the streets of your town or city?

Have you tried to explain why "the little red streak" has leaped so swiftly into popular approval?

Have you discounted, or disbelieved entirely, the stories you have heard of the phenomenal sales of the Hupmobile?

Well, the answer is ready for all your conjectures — and for all your doubts, if you have had any. ↗

Study the picture at the top of the page. It symbolizes precisely what is happening in all parts of the country — and forecasts what will happen in thousands of cases in the next twelve months.

Conditions have been waiting for the Hupmobile.

What kind of a car then, is the Hupmobile, that it meets the universal desires and ideas, and threatens to displace the horse?

The shortest answer is — it is the kind of a car you've always said you would own if it ever came — a small car as graceful in line, as well-balanced and proportioned as the large ones; and as well and sturdily constructed throughout. ↗

It is the only car at the price that is smart enough and powerful enough to find a welcome alongside of costly imported cars in the finest private garages in the country.

The Hupmobile's 20 horse power motor is as nearly repair proof as any motor can be made.

It is strong and sturdy and powerful.

It will give you 50 miles an hour whenever you say so.

It runs smoothly and silently; and the harder the climb, the more stubborn the road, the more eager the little car seems to be for it.

Five thousand Hupmobiles for 1910 (instead of the one hundred and fifty planned six months ago) began to be delivered July 1st from the splendid new Hupmobile plant in Detroit

The horse was foredoomed ten years ago, when the first gasoline driven cars were perfected.

But the passing of the horse was a theory then — it is just beginning to become a concrete fact, now, with the arrival of the Hupmobile.

People who owned horses (more than a million and a half of horse driven vehicles are built and sold in this country every year) waited for one particular type of car which would take their place.

Dozens of cars of different size, cost and power have been built in the fifty or more motor car factories in America. Here and there they induced men to discard horses.

But none of them quite met the universal requirements. Until the Hupmobile came, none of them quite persuaded the ordinary man to give up his horse. None of these cars was at once as small, compact, powerful and astonishingly swift — at least none of them that sold at so astounding a price.

So we say the Hupmobile was what horse owners and thousands of others were waiting for. When it came — the builders, with all their high hopes and convictions, were amazed at the warmth of welcome which it received.

The Hupp Company made modest plans to build 150 cars. The first month's experience forced that figure up to 250.

This was in the early months of the year. The added 100 cars were snapped up instantly. Since that time the output has gone up to 500 — and every blessed one of them sold.

By herculean effort the Hupp Company was able to take advantage of the golden flood of orders that poured in. In less than six months from the time the first car was built a new plant was planned, built and is now finished.

The 1910 car — the first of 5000 Hupmobiles which will be delivered during the current season — issued from the new plant July 1st.

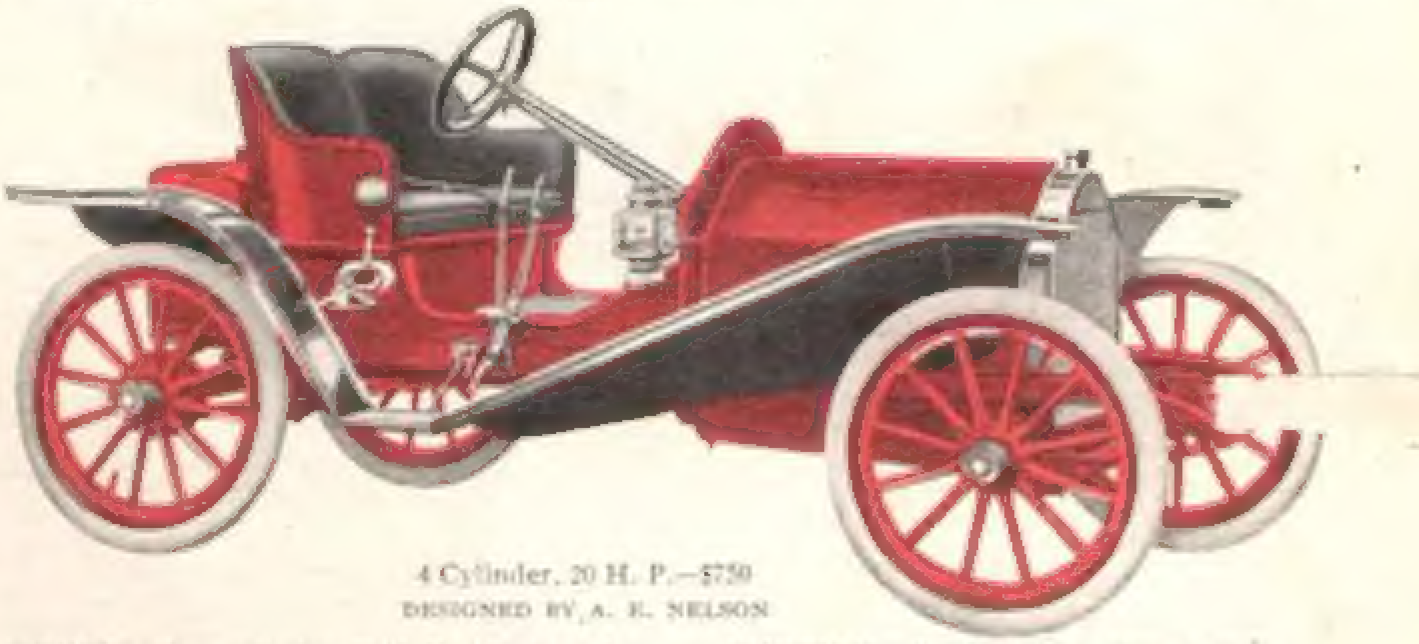
Five thousand cars. Five thousand Hupmobiles, when the contemplated output six months ago was 150. Just let the amazing significance of these figures impress themselves upon you.

Do you think, now, that we exaggerated when we said at the head of this announcement — "Exit the horse — enter the Hupmobile"?

Watch the streets of your city. Watch the Hupmobiles increase, again and again and again. Watch your friends giving up their buggies, and surreys, and victorias, and coupés.

We predict right now that 5000 Hupmobiles for 1910 will not satisfy the demand.

If you expect to be among the fortunate 1910 Hupmobile owners, get in touch with us at once, and let us send you the literature which describes this astonishing car in detail.

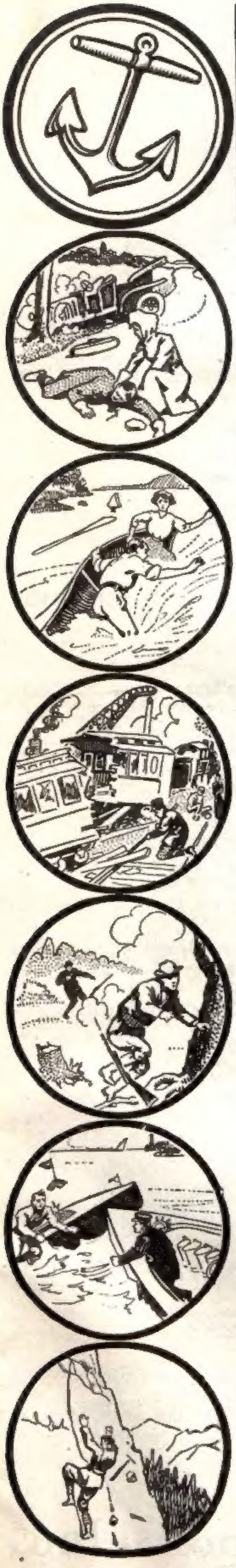


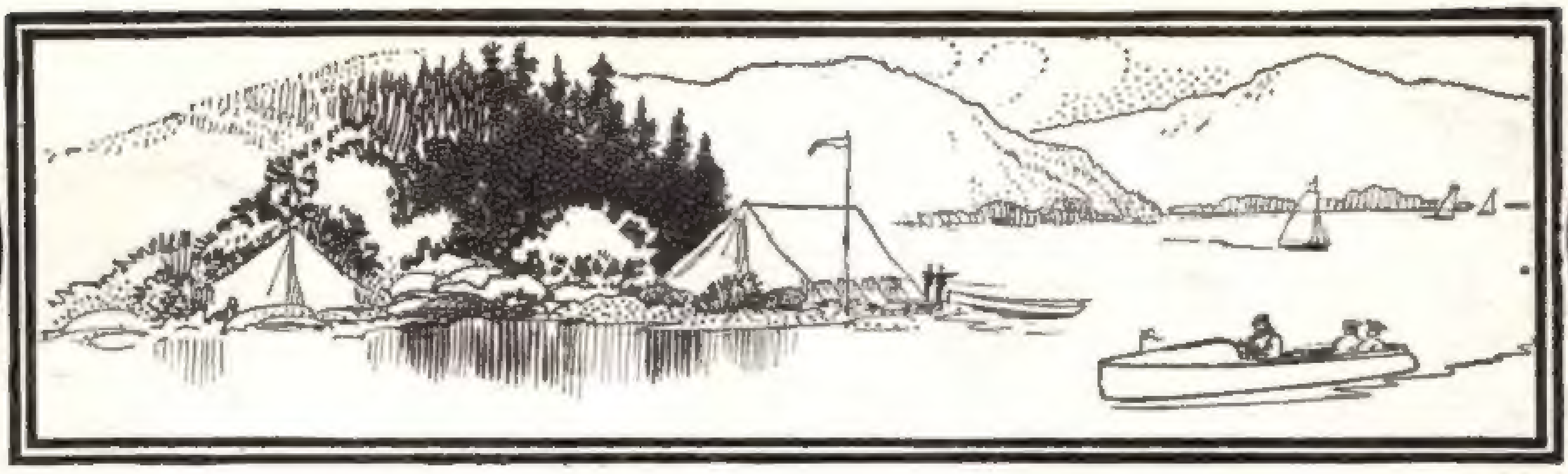
4 Cylinder, 20 H. P.—$750

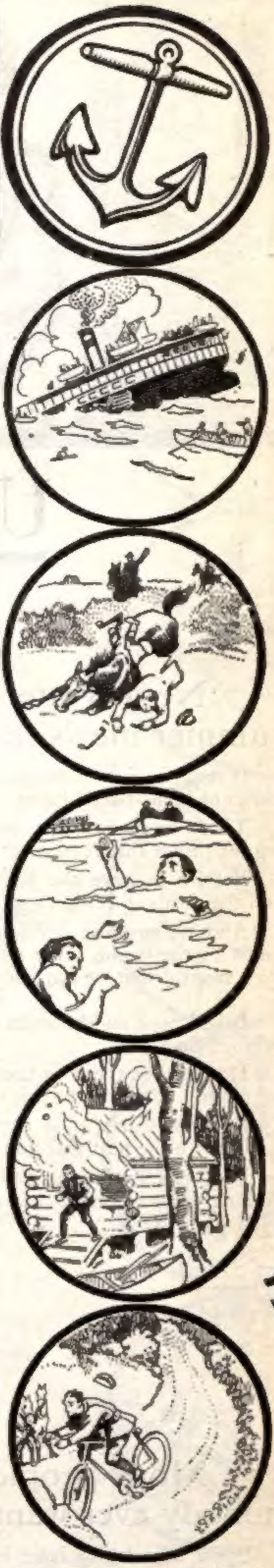
DESIGNED BY A. E. NELSON

MOTOR — Four cylinder, 20 H. P.; offset crank shaft; water cooled.
TRANSMISSION — Selective sliding gears, shifting noiselessly.
REAR AXLE — Shaft drive, Hyatt roller bearings.
CARBURETER — Breeze, with hot air connection.
IGNITION — Bosch high tension magnet.
WHEELBASE — 86 inches; tread, 56 inches.
SPRINGS — Semi-elliptical front; patented cross spring rear.
WEIGHT — 1100 pounds, with regular equipment — two side and one tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit and pump.
PRICE — $750, F. O. B. Detroit.

Hupp Motor Car Company [Dept. P] Detroit, Michigan







Vacation Insurance

EVERY person in the United States who works, whether with brains or hands, should have a vacation, the economy of two weeks in the mountains or at the shore for "all hands" being universally recognized from the standpoint of both employer and employé.

Just as certainly as one should have and enjoy a vacation should one recognize that the entirely different life during the vacation period brings its perils as well as its pleasures, and should take measures to protect one's self accordingly.

The dangers of travel by rail and water are too well known to require emphasis, but they should be remembered when starting away, as should the chances for automobile accidents, bicycle smashes, boating mishaps, falls in climbing, the dangers of the horse, of swimming, of sunstroke, explosions, fire, lightning, and a hundred other dangers which active, healthy people take too largely as a matter of course.

Many an illness long latent in the system develops as the result of the change of living, incidental to the vacation, while risks incidental to change of water, bad sanitation, radical change in climate and other risks should all be considered.

Care to avoid such dangers is the ***first*** essential.

The ***second*** is the step for protection against them, in case of misfortune. Such protection is furnished in far the best manner by our

Income Insurance

which protects the assured in case of illness or accident and helps one to regain health by obviating worry. No physical examination is required and the payments are sure and prompt.

Before starting on your vacation, be sure and take out one of our Popular Premium Policies, which ***insures your income*** and also ***insures your life in case of death by accident.***

Fill out and return the coupon for full particulars.

Agents wanted in all cities of 5,000 population or larger.

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Empire State Surety Company
84 William Street, New York

Please send particulars regarding Income Insurance advertised in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to

Name ....

Address ....

Until the Summer is Over, Bid Your Oven Good-by

Next winter go back to home-baked beans, if you will. But have some of your summer meals ready to serve. Let us bake your August beans.

It requires sixteen hours of soaking, cooking and baking to prepare a dish of home-baked beans.

That's why you don't serve them often in summer. You are seeking for dishes that require less heat.

But let us have the heat, the work and the worry. We will send you the meals all ready to serve.

And we promise delicious meals. They will be the finest baked beans in the world. We will try to please you so well, if you try us for a month, that we can keep your trade forever.

Baked pork and beans, when the beans are digestible, make an ideal summer dish.

Don't judge them by home-baked beans—beans that ferment and form gas. They form, it is true, a severe tax on digestion.

But Van Camp's do not. They are baked in steam ovens. We apply twice the heat that you can in a dry oven.

The heat breaks the granules so digestion acts instantly. There's nothing easier to digest than a dish of Van Camp's beans.

And Van Camp's are delicious, for every bean is left whole.

None of the crisped beans that you get in home baking. No beans that are mushy and broken. They are mealy because they are perfectly baked, and nutty because they are whole.

Then our tomato sauce is baked into the beans, giving a delicious blend. Everyone likes Van Camp's pork and beans. One never can serve it too often.

Good beans are 84 per cent nutriment. And one-fourth of that nutriment is nitrogenous. This is Nature's choicest food.

And beans, as you know, are cheap. With more food value than the choicest beef, they cost not a third as much.

And they are ready to serve if you buy Van Camp's. Every can in the pantry means a meal without cooking.

So we ask you to try them for August. Don't spend summer hours around a hot stove. Now is the time to learn what this dish means to you—to learn how your people like it.

And don't buy from hand to mouth. Have them on the pantry shelf. Always buy a dozen cans.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

More people are using Van Camp's beans than all other brands together. For nobody ever wants common beans after once tasting Van Camp's.

Some time try to bake beans as Van Camp's are baked—having them nutty, mealy and whole. You will realize then what a science this is. We have spent 48 years in learning it.

Nobody ever yet has baked beans that begin to compare with Van Camp's.

We use only the whitest and plumpest of Michigan beans. Every bean is picked out by hand. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We use only vine-ripened tomatoes, to get a sauce with sparkling zest. It costs us five times what some sauce would cost.

But we have an enormous business staked on this single dish. So we make it without regard to cost — make it as people like it. It will pay you to insist on Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Ind.

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PROFITS FROM LAUGHTER

Inventing Games for Grown-Ups

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

ALL regular children should and do love the toymaker of Nuremberg. I shall be happy if I can be known as the toymaker of New York. My Luna Park on Coney Island is nothing more than a grown-up toyshop. In it men and women take the place of tin automatons. That is why it is successful. I spent last Christmas in the home of a Philadelphia theatrical manager, and, as is natural during the holiday season, the children—in this case two little grandchildren—were the centers of interest. After the Christmas Eve dinner we were ushered into the library, where a gayly-decorated Yule tree, aglow with candles and glistening tinsel, was, for the time being, the most wonderful thing in the world. On it hung every conceivable kind of mechanical contrivance calculated to delight the heart of a child. Big brains have been at work for generations devising these joys of childhood, and, as I have never ceased to wonder at the extraordinary results of the toil and inventive efficiency of a German toymaker, I examined carefully all that were new to me, and, finally picking up one, exclaimed to the grandfather, my host: "Can you imagine this one hundred feet high!"

That toy today is one of the greatest and most successful shows in Luna Park. In the future I shall not try to invent new and extravagant amusements; I shall aim to be an adapter, and the things I shall adapt are the simple toys which have the approval of healthy-minded, pleasure-loving little boys and girls. After a considerable experience in providing entertainment for America I have reached the conclusion that people do not change, nor do amusements; they only grow. Men and women are nothing more than children grown tall, and the Shoot the Chutes is an adult cellar-door down which you and I used to slide in the golden days when play was everything; when responsibility had never been dreamed of; when Santa Claus was a principal god and when we decided from personal experience what games we liked best. I have found in a toyshop the models for a world's amusement exposition.

PHOTO. BY HALL, N. Y.

Frederic Thompson, Photographed Aboard His Yacht

I am speaking from an experience probably greater than that of any other American showman, because it includes every angle of the vast amusement field, and never have I built an unsuccessful elaboration of a toy or child's game. This statement does not carry with it the assumption that the elaboration is successful because in microcosm it was a delight in the days of knickerbockers and knee-length gingham dresses. For a proper understanding of my argument you must believe me when I say again that grown-ups are nothing more than elongated youngsters; that Directoire gowns are direct descendants of calico slips; that likes, amusements, brains, languages, people do not change—they only grow.

The Witching Waves, and Why People Like Them

THE best and most popular entertainments to be found in any exposition or midsummer amusement park are those which make the spectator a part of the show. I do not suppose this idea was original with me; it is partly a result of experience in the show business and partly a result of the discovery that my biggest successes were elaborations of things and ideas with which every one was familiar. When you were a child what was your best-loved joy? Not sitting on the floor, a chair or a doorstep, watching some one else entertain you. Not listening to marvelous tales of Ali Baba and the adventurous Haroun of Bagdad, the gentleman with the seven-league boots, or the girl with the silver slipper, although they were very, very fascinating. Your chief delight was not in watching the stars twinkle into the blackening sky above your particular town, or in wondering who placed them there. All these helped a lot to gladden the days of long ago and made your small eyes bulge with excitement; but for pure if unrefined bliss you and I preferred cellar-doors and the games of make-believe—the games and the rides and the infantile adventures in which we all took part, in which we were both the actors and the audience.

As good an example as I can call to mind, and one which demonstrates perfectly a fact which is one of the basic rules in the perilous business of amusing the public, is an eccentric ride called the Witching Waves, which I recently installed among the thirty-odd shows in Luna Park. This ride is built on a principle which is older than the hills, if, as our wise men assert, water once covered the earth. A lot of cars not unlike wicker chairs, resting on improved castors, are placed on a steel floor, which, by means of concealed machinery, is made to wobble with a wavelike motion. In reality the floor does not move at all except in an up-and-down way, nor is there any motor power in the vehicles in which the people sit. The cars are propelled forward by the pushing force of the up-and-down waves, with the result that the occupants, guiding themselves, ride a few hundred feet in a crazy fashion, while they and the hundreds of spectators who invariably are packed about the entrance laugh uproariously at an experience and a sight which are in no material way different from steering, or watching a child steer, a soap-box on a truck down a hill.

The Witching Waves is the most successful ride of its kind ever devised, and its popularity and fame are due to the fact that it is up to the people. All its attraction is a result of personal manipulation. The people who ride on it make their own show. They create their own amusement. They entertain not only themselves, but all who watch them. This is the secret of the success of nine out of every ten modern amusement devices, just as it is the secret of the popularity of nine out of every ten child's plays; and the showman who does not appreciate and act on it is doomed to failure just as certainly as water, left to itself, is bound to run downhill.

The Secret of Successful Amusement Devices

THE fundamental something in Scenic Railways, Bump-the-Bumps, the Tickler, the Virginia Reel, the Chutes and a score of other well-known park amusements which in their incubator days were children's games, coupled with the community spirit which they raise as a whole carload of us—friends, strangers, men, women, young and old—whirl up and down and around, makes these rides perennially successful. We laugh hysterically, we clutch the sleeves of strangers as we dash down to some dizzy depth, we jostle one another good-naturedly and we scream with laughter when an old gentleman's hat blows off, until finally, at the bottom, when we leave the car, our sides are tired from laughing and our hearts are at peace with all the world. Our enjoyment has come from the people around us more than from the ride. We have made our own show and, like children, have given audible signs of having appreciated it. The laughter engendered by any ride, show or other amusement device is a prime factor in the success of any and every summer park and exposition. It is the second of the two absolute rules of my business. If you allow your public to aid in the work of amusing themselves, and make them laugh while they are doing it, you are on the highroad toward success and dividends. In the serious business of amusing a flannel-garbed, straw-hatted, midsummer populace everything between a simper and guffaw means money in the bank. Laughter comes from good nature, and good nature is the outcome of the carnival spirit, without which no exposition and no amusement park can hope to succeed.

At the end of last season there stood in my Luna Park office five barrels filled with unclaimed side-combs, hairpins and clusters of detachable hair which had been shaken from the heads of the fair sex on the Tickler and the Virginia Reel, two of the eccentric rides in the place. They constituted indisputable proof of a successful year, because every comb, every hairpin and every "switch" had been shaken out or off by laughter. This spring, when I was remodeling the park, I thought seriously of erecting

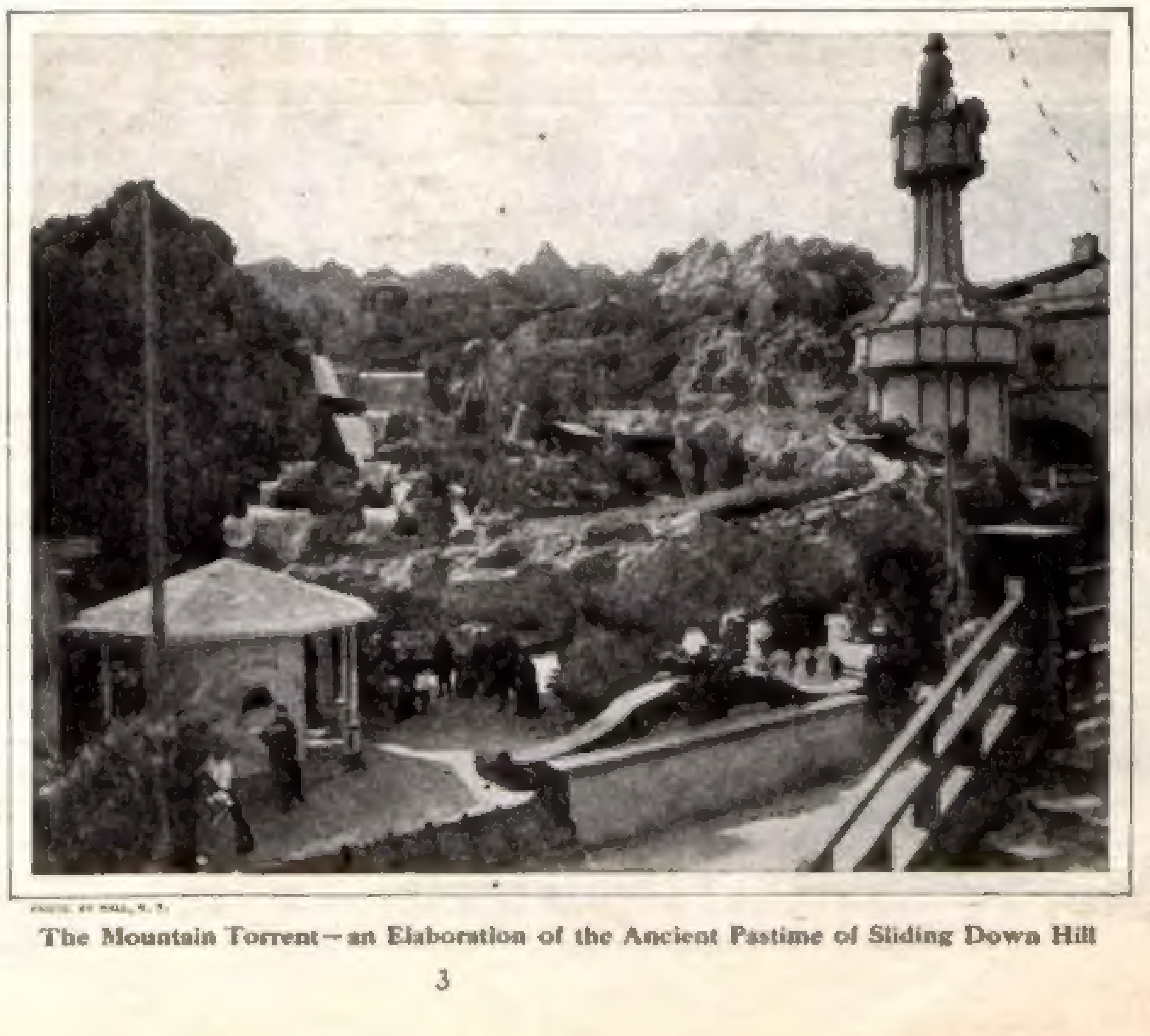


PHOTO. BY HALL, N. Y.

The Mountain Torrent—an Elaboration of the Ancient Pastime of Sliding Down Hill a new attraction on the space allotted to this ride, and might have done so had my gaze not happened to fall one day on the five brimming barrels.

"The Tickler must remain," said I, and it did. Basing my estimate on the daily collections I believe we shall have seven more barrels of ladies' head regalia from this one laugh-producing ride before the tingling air of autumn drives straw hats and shirtwaists to the top shelves and summer parks become deserted in the search for fur coats among the mothballs.

To test the value of a laugh I recently resorted to a simple device. It was hardly in the nature of an experiment, because I had tried the same trick on previous occasions in many parts of the country; but it had one novel side, in that it was a test of the initial chortle—the first the crowd gets after entering the gates of Luna. A few feet inside the ticket-takers' booths I had my workmen erect a device known as the Waltzing Floor, a raised platform with steps at either end, the floor of which moves longitudinally in opposite directions with a short shuttle motion. On it a pedestrian is embarrassed to find one foot moving forward and the other backward, however much he may hurry to get across. On the first day of the season the gates had barely been thrown open when the incoming crowd was wabbling about the moving floor, and all—both the people who were using it and those who were spectators—were laughing uproariously. At the end of the day my auditors delivered to me a statement which showed that the average per-capita expenditure of every man, woman and child who had entered the park was five cents more than on any opening day of the six preceding years. I mention this only to show the financial value of a hearty laugh.

People do not go to Coney Island or to any other outdoor amusement resort to be instructed. They are in quest of entertainment and care-free amusement, something diametrically opposed to the experiences packed in the eight hours of the average working-day. The best showman is the one who is the closest student of crowd psychology, who understands what the public wants, and who has enough ability to provide it. The fact that he is a capable producer of Broadway theatricals does not make him a park showman, nor does a record of having been an expert exposition man in the days of the World's Fair mean that he can compete with the Coney Island Barnums of today. There is a vast difference between the amusement sought in a theater and the entertainment which brings four hundred thousand people of a Sunday to the Pleasure City by the sea. Similarly there is a vast difference between the style of summer shows which "went" in 1892 and those which draw the crowds in 1909.

Short Shows the Best for Parks

THE carnival spirit which obtains in successful summer parks precludes the possibility of lengthy entertainments. When I produce a play I first make sure that something like two hours and a half elapse between the raising of the first and the lowering of the final curtain, because experience has taught me, as it has taught other managers before me, that theatergoers demand not only quality but quantity in exchange for their money. In Luna Park I allow no performance to run more than twenty minutes, for the excellent reason that I know it would fail if it did. The spirit of unrest prevails in all carnival crowds and makes it impossible for any showman, no matter how clever he may be, to hold them stationary for more than a few minutes. That is why all summer attractions must be speedy, dramatic, to the point and simple. Most of the failures made by showmen who have ventured into the park profession have been due to ignorance of this fact or to a lack of appreciation of its importance. On Coney Island or in an exposition a childishly-simple ride or a twenty-minute spectacle of ordinary worth is preferable to the greatest one-hour show ever devised. The other difference between Broadway and Coney Island is that in theaterland we laugh at the clowns and comedians, while in seeking outdoor amusements during the hot months we like best to be our own entertainers and still retain a more or less dignified position in the audience.

The Helter Skelter—the Idea of Which Came From Seeing a Crowd of Youngsters Sliding Down a Haymow. It is Dedicated to Henry Arthur Jones, the Playwright

The change in the type of entertainments which amuse midsummer Americans is due not so much to a change in tastes or to the education of the public as it is to the development of the showman. The public has hungered for exaggerated toys, crazy rides and the carnival spirit ever since man began to play; but before the hunger could be satisfied the men whose business it is to provide amusement had to learn by experience what was wanted most. It is not so many years since carousels and cycloramas were the rage. Then there came a period during which great scenic spectacles drew the biggest crowds. These and other forms of summer amusements have been relegated to the storehouse by wise showmen, and today you find your summer parks filled with fast and funny rides, laugh shows and the hundred and one other outgrowths of the toymaker's workshop. Showmen have come to realize that people like to laugh, that their bank accounts are proportionate to their ability to make grown-ups feel and act like youngsters, that they must develop a healthy carnival spirit if they wish to keep out of bankruptcy, and that the days of quiet, pictorial entertainment have gone forever. The time has come when the enlarged make-believes of childhood have taken the place of the visualized entertainments of our daddies.

In catering to the summer crowd an observing showman is convinced of many curious truths. It would seem that the more ridiculous the amusement the greater is its popularity. Nothing is too crazy, and notwithstanding the fact that my patrons are sensible men and women of every walk in life I find that ideas which are almost idiotic in their foolishness are oftentimes the sensational successes of the season. Take the Virginia Reel, for example. Can you imagine a sweet-faced old lady and a dignified man, who may be a Senator, banker, a lawyer or what not, seeking enjoyment by being whirled down an inclined railway in a revolving tub with a servant girl, a newsboy, two boarding-school girls and a sailor as companions? Would you suppose that Henry Arthur Jones, the eminent English dramatist, could find satisfying pleasure in wearing out the seat of his trousers sliding down the Helter Skelter? He repeated the performance so many times and with such evident enjoyment that I dedicated the ride to him and erected a tablet in commemoration of the fact.

Church and State Shoot the Chutes

DE WOLF HOPPER made at least thirty trips to Luna Park by motor-car last summer for the privilege of experiencing the joys of the Witching Waves and the Virginia Reel, and on the opening night of this season he was on hand prepared to make a new record. I have seen "Uncle Joe" Cannon make six successive voyages down the Chutes in one evening, and each time the boat struck the water the veteran Speaker of the House of Representatives let out a yell of pleasure that would have done credit to a ten-year-old. Cardinal Logue, the eighty-year-old head of Roman Catholicism in Ireland, spent an entire evening riding on the Scenic Railways and shooting at targets in one of the Luna shooting-galleries; and Sarah Bernhardt told me that she enjoyed the Tickler more than she did Rostand's plays.

This would seem to go a long way toward proving my opening statement—that men and women are only children grown tall, and that the greatest of us can find keen enjoyment in repeating the stunts of our youth.

"Surprise" shows have come to play an important part in the business of amusing the perspiring populace. There is no set rule for building them save that they one and all are based on the ancient expression, "the unexpected always happens." At first these shows are unpopular because they invariably ruffle the vanity and the dignity of the men and women who have been caught napping. However, this initial feeling of displeasure works for good within a day or so, when the would-be wise ones look for victims like themselves, and presto! you have started an endless chain of patrons. Every one who has been caught becomes a determined barker for the show, and will not rest until he has turned the laugh on some one else.

Rides are so popular that there can be no doubt they have come to stay. They are a natural result of the American love of speed. Just as we prefer the fastest trains, the most powerful motor-cars, the speediest steamships and the fastest horses, so we like best the amusement rides which furnish the biggest thrill. Take two rides—one a quiet, picturesque, comfortable trip, in which everything is serene and pleasant, and the other a neck-breaking dash uphill, around curves and down almost perpendicular declines—and the crowd will pick the supposedly dangerous one every time. Nothing is too hazardous for a midsummer throng filled with the carnival spirit. Each person must be the deciding figure in the element of safety, but let one man or one woman lead and the rest will follow. A Coney Island crowd is, in this respect, not unlike a drove of sheep. Possibly it would be better to say that a holiday throng of men and women is as daring when in search of

(Concluded on Page 26)

THE TICKLER

The Tickler, Copied From the Game of "Pigs in Clover"

The Witching Waves—an Exaggerated Child's Play—the Most Eccentric Ride

Shopping for Great Corporations

By
HENRY M.
HYDE

THE SCIENCE AND THE FORESIGHT OF THE PURCHASING AGENT

A NEW general manager came recently to be the head of one of the largest manufacturing plants in the East. To him the president and directors delegated supreme authority. He was made personally responsible for the regular and profitable employment of the four thousand men on the pay-roll. The chief product of the factory is an elaborate and ingenious machine which is used by the thousand in every considerable city in the country. In its construction a large number of small and variously-shaped bits of brass are used.

The new manager was of a vastly curious disposition. Shortly after he took charge he learned that for ten years all the brass parts used by the company had been bought from the old and reputable house of Brown & Jones. The deal was an absolutely honest one. There was no suspicion of corruption about it. The goods furnished were always of the best quality and gave complete satisfaction in every way. The price paid seemed fair and reasonable. The personal relation between the heads of the two concerns was one of intimate friendship and complete confidence.

One of the first things the new manager did was to call in his superintendent and purchasing agent.

"I'm going to take that brass contract away from Brown & Jones," he said.

The others urged him to be careful. Why run the risk of making a change when for so many years the present arrangement had been thoroughly satisfactory? The new manager was firm. The older officials were equally determined in their disapproval.

The new manager sent for a representative of the small brass works of Smith & Robinson and laid the case before him. To make the brass parts needed required a large equipment of patterns, jigs, dies and other tools. Smith & Robinson agreed to make at their own expense the outfit of special tools. They quoted the same price as that charged by Brown & Jones. It would take them ninety days to get ready to make the first delivery.

In the mean time the head of Brown & Jones had called on the new general manager and, in an effort to hold the brass contract, had named a price which meant a saving of ten dollars on every ten thousand parts supplied. His plea was a strong one, and he called in to back him the new manager's president and several of the directors. But the best he could get was a contract to furnish half the brass parts at the new cut price. The other half of the contract went to Smith & Robinson at the old and higher price. That puzzled the superintendent and purchasing agent greatly. Using the negotiations with Smith & Robinson as a club to force down the Brown-Jones prices they could understand. But why anybody but a fool should choose to pay ten dollars per ten thousand more than was necessary for half the goods was beyond them. The general manager did not enlighten them.

The Conundrum Answered

THE new deal went into effect, and for several months everything went as smoothly as possible. Both supply houses furnished their proportions of brass parts promptly and in good condition. Then one morning the superintendent found a telegram on his desk.

"Factory destroyed by fire," it read. "Loss total—BROWN & JONES."

The superintendent took the message to the general manager, who looked up from its perusal with a smile. "Double our order with Smith & Robinson," he said, "and send for a salesman for another brass-house at once. Smith & Robinson might have a strike before Brown & Jones get their plant rebuilt. I hope you see now that so long as we have the responsibility of keeping four thousand men busy we can't afford to keep all our eggs in one basket."

That illustrates one of the fundamental principles on which the purchasing department of a modern corporation is operated. On all articles or commodities which it does not itself produce or control, one of its main efforts is to keep the market as broad and the sources of supply as numerous as possible. By an amusing paradox, the larger and more nearly a monopoly the purchasing corporation is, the further it will go to insure competition in the production and sale of the raw material which it needs. But let a concern from which it buys show the smallest desire to monopolize the production or manufacture of any commodity and the trust will spend much time and money to put some second and smaller firm in the same line into the position of a worthy and strenuous rival. More than one new man struggling with small capital and equipment against the competition of a budding monopoly has been paid more than the market price for his product and in every way nursed and encouraged until he was able to stand upon his own feet and win his own battles. Whereupon he finds himself dropped by the purchasing trust, which promptly brings forward a new anti-monopoly champion from its business nursery. By thus keeping the market broad and the competitors many and eager the great trust is able, when the time is propitious, to combine them all under one economical management and add a new department to its own great business.

The Cross-and-Circle Marks

IN HIS efforts to cut down the cost of production the new general manager of the Eastern specialty-plant early ran against a dead wall. One of the working parts in the machines which the company makes is a lever of some length and weight, which is subjected to considerable wear. From the day of the organization of the company this lever has been made of expensive nickel-steel. A casual salesman one day suggested to the purchasing agent that, under a new process, his company was making a cheaper steel which would do the work as well. Samples were ordered and tested. They stood up under the strain. Their substitution for the nickel-steel would mean a saving of several thousand dollars a year. The purchasing agent recommended that the change be made. But the superintendent turned down the suggestion of his subordinate. He declared that the quality of the company's machines must remain the first consideration. Under no circumstances would he consent to run the risk of their breaking down after they had got out into the stores of customers.

The general manager satisfied himself that the purchasing agent's tests had been correctly made. He ordered that levers made of the new steel be tried in actual use. For three months half the machines shipped were equipped with them. Then reports of breakdowns began to come in from all over the country. The superintendent took them in triumph to the general manager. So threatening to the future of the business did the matter seem that it was taken up by the board of directors.

"Send out all over the country and have these broken-down levers shipped in to the plant," the general manager ordered. He had taken the precaution secretly to have all the nickel-steel levers stamped with a small cross by the makers and the cheaper steel stamped with a double circle. By comparing these marks he was able to demonstrate that the fault was not with the kind of steel used—more of the cross-marked levers were returned than those which bore the double circle. Eventually, the trouble was located in the assembling room. Whereupon the general manager made a radical change in the organization of his force. Theretofore, the purchasing department and the department of tests had been subordinate parts of the manufacturing division of the business, reporting to the shop superintendent. He made the purchasing department a distinct division, with the man in charge of it equal in authority to the superintendent.

"The purchasing department stands for lowering the cost," he said. "The first interest of the manufacturing department is to keep up the quality. They are distinctly antagonistic and should be kept separate."

Then he employed the best expert he could find and put him at the head of an entirely independent bureau of tests and research.

"This bureau," he announced, "will be finally responsible for the proper working of our machines. It will act as an umpire between the buying and the making ends. Suggested changes and substitutions will be sent to it for trial and determination. If approved they will be adopted by the manufacturing department on its order."

And that seems to be the last and most scientific word in the organization of a great business.

In the old days the purchasing agent was chosen chiefly for his ability as a shrewd and crafty bargainer and bluffer. If he were able to set half a dozen rival salesmen to cutting prices, so that he got a slight advantage, he was demonstrating his highest usefulness. Often the purchasing agent was one of the owners of the company which he served. And it has often been noted that the higher his official position the more likely it was that he collected for his own personal account a certain percentage on the total amount of his purchases.

The Purchasing Agent's Tools

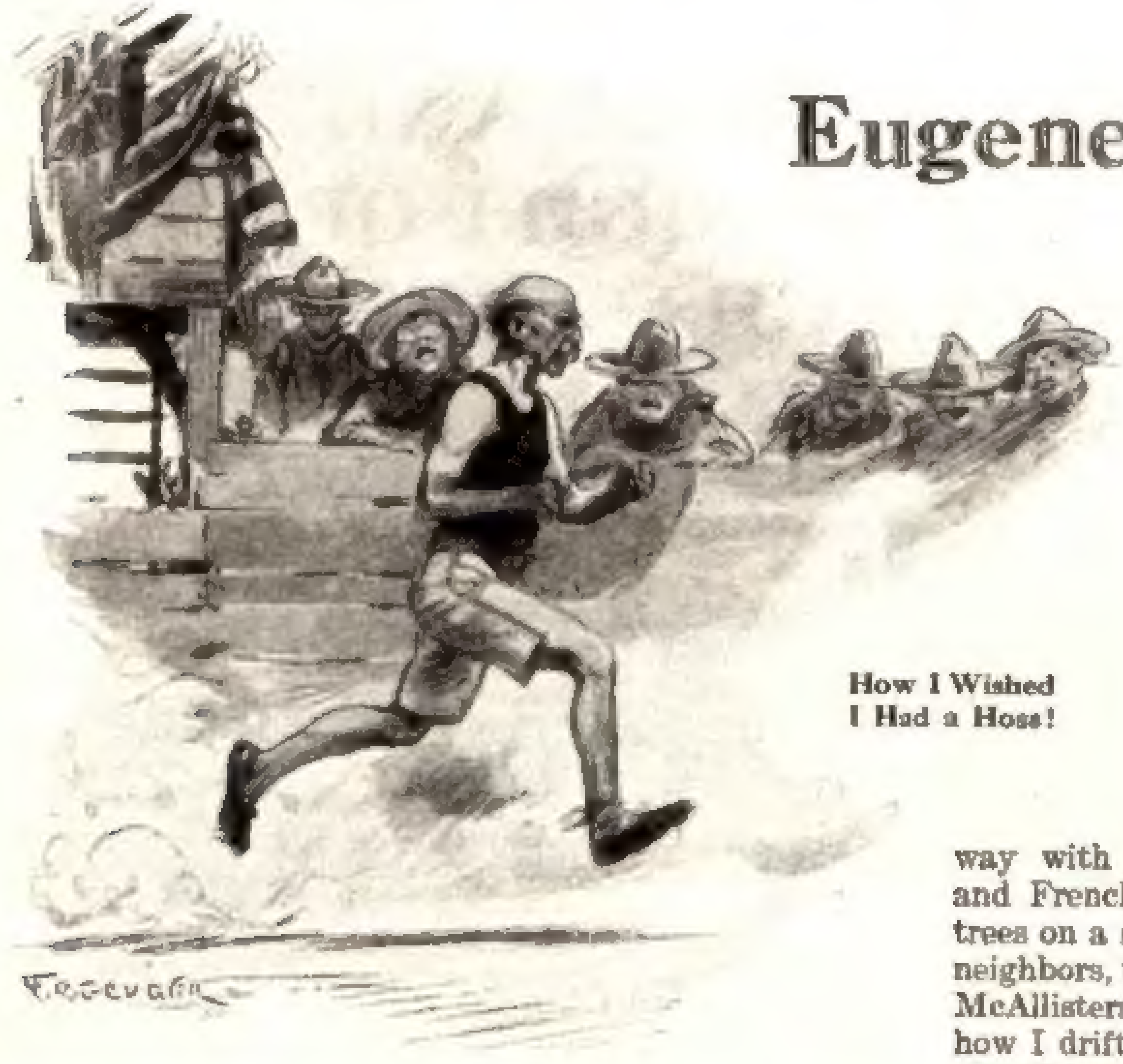
TODAY the purchasing agent is almost invariably an employee. He is still expected to be a good, close buyer, but he has other duties and responsibilities which are vastly wider and more important than forcing Jones and Smith and Edwards to take an additional five per cent off their bills. His tools are a carefully-arranged card index and a library of books and trade magazines; he is backed by a laboratory full of test-tubes and youthful scientists. Suppose, for instance, that the corporation which he serves is manufacturing a somewhat complicated device in competition with three or four other enterprising concerns. One of his rivals has just made a considerable cut in the selling price of its product to the consumer. The old method of meeting this reduction was to cut down the labor cost by lowering wages; to cut down the cost of raw stock by putting the screws on the firms which supplied it. Today, as the first step, the purchasing agent sends out and buys in the open market one of the rival devices on which the cost has been lowered. In the department of tests and research the machine is put to a searching, practical test to demonstrate that the cost has been reduced without sacrificing the working qualities. If it stands up

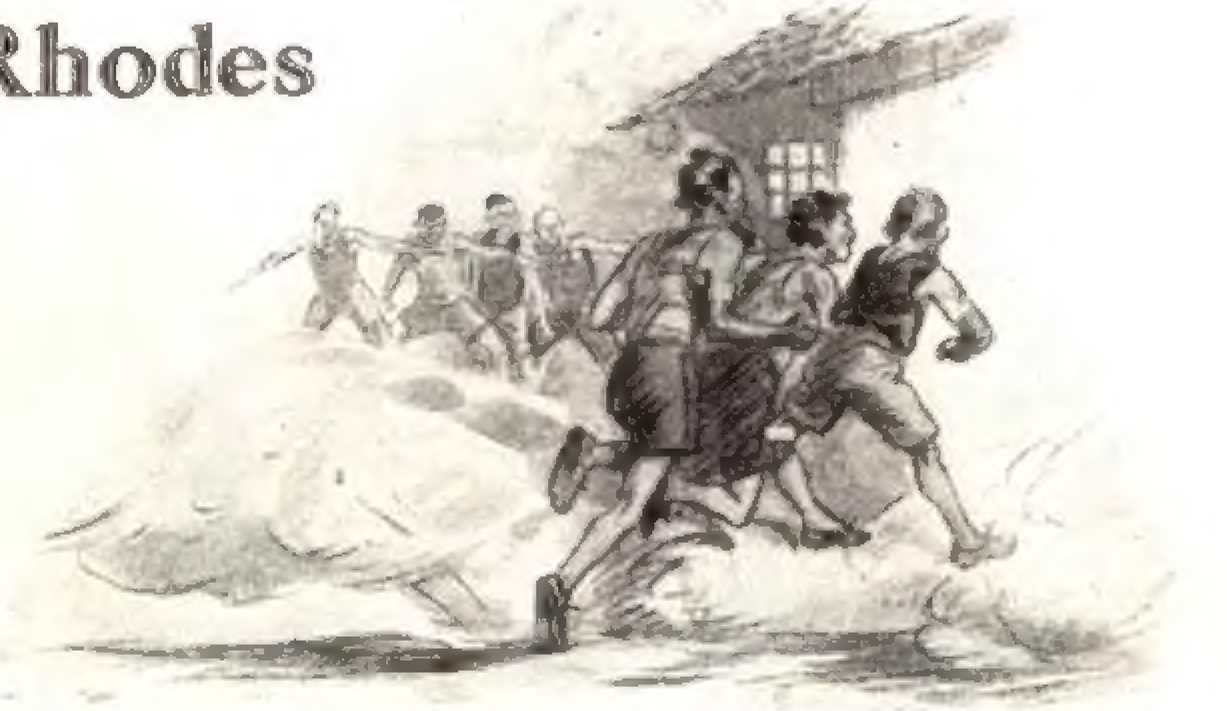
(Concluded on Page 29)

THE MAN WITH A COUNTRY

By
Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. R. GRUGER


How I Wished I Had a Hoss!



CLANNISH? Yes [said Also-Ran Pringle]. Cornishmen is clannish. Somehow, I can't hate 'em much for it.

That feller next door to you, wherever you lived, let his chickens run in your garden, didn't he? Put your cows in the pound? His political and religious views was simply ab-surd. But just you meet up with him once where the people on the postage stamps is all rank strangers to you. It'll be, "Friend, roamin' countryman, have one on me," and "Oh, neighbor, what news from Home—what's the word from Our Folks?"

I bet a cooky the homesick ghosts of Horace Greeley and Stephen A. Douglas is settin' side by each, right now, fannin' 'emselves with palmleafs and talkin' over good old times.

No, sir! Charity may begin at home, but patriotism don't really get robust and obnoxious till you're fixed so you name that place real low, with your hat off. *I* know. I was in Baja, California, four years. I missed my country awful. She missed me, too. She got out little ads statin' if John Wesley Pringle would call at Prescott, Arizony, he would hear of something much to his dis-advantage.

I hooked up with Boyd Cobb there. Grover Cleveland sent Boyd's dad to La Paz to represent for Uncle Sam. That's how come Boyd to discover the Peninsula and to be my accomplice in cattle-raising.

There was a English Cattle Company in the foothills 'tween us and the Gulf Coast. Good humans they was, for all their queer ways. Give the L. S. D. brand—pounds, shillings and pence. Say, what do you think? They all the time had fellers comin' out from the Old Country to work for 'em. But, 'stead o' payin' 'em wages, *they* paid to work, to learn the biz. Premium, they called it. Wouldn't that jar you?

We saw a good deal of 'em, 'cause they had to come through the pass to get to Seaton's after runaway horses and such.

Ye-es, we had a right smart o' stock strayed that way ourselves. Nice girl as ever made, Georgia Seaton. Easy to look at, but that wasn't all nor half. Dead square, fine as silk, steel-true—for all her dad was a cantankerous old twink.

Majah John C. Seaton, "of Stuaht's Caval'y, suh!" Unreconstructed wuss'n Solomon's Temple. Come to Mexico after Johnson surrendered. He had cattle and sheep plenty, the Majah. Georgia was born there, his wife died there, and the Majah allowed to die there, too. But he wouldn't vote. That'd been ownin' allegiance to Mexico, you see. Yet he wouldn't admit he was an American at all. *He* was the Man Without a Country. Man, dear man, but he was one unreasonable, stiff-necked, pig-headed curmudgeon! And how he did hate the No'the'n Mudsills.

Mind you, Boyd's father had been a Maryland Unioner, and the Majah was averse to such. My dad Marched to the Sea—and I wasn't what you'd call secretive about it, neither. The Majah was from Atlanta. So he got us mebbe mixed with John Brown and General Sherman.

Georgia, she favored Cobb—we could see that plain enough—though she wouldn't go back on the old man. But they all loved her—Barker, Lester, Kirkpatrick, Bill Cole, the L. S. D. foreman, and Behrend, the Jew storekeeper in Mulege. I did, myself.

That little neighborhood was some cosmopolitan. There was old Ousterhaut, Behrend's pardner. He give all his time to music and let Behrend run the business. I didn't take to him much. There was some joke he always kept to himself, listenin', laughin' quiet behind his specs. Then there was another Dutchman, Huylans, a newcomer, off Tabique way with sheep; Corrigan and Lodosky, prospectin'; and Frenchy, potterin' with his vineyard and mulberry trees on a sunny south slope. Lots of the *gente* was good neighbors, too; nice, friendly folk as I ever see. Last, the McAllisters come to Loreto 'count o' her health. (That's how I drifted down there. Threated with throat trouble something awful, I was. So I left Arizony via the Colorado River one night, on a log.) They come up to our ranch because we was all the Americans there was, and so next o' kin.

Mrs. McAllister and Georgia they took to each other right off. So the old Majah sorter suspends hostilities—for he was mighty good and lovin' to that motherless little girl, if he was a fire-eatin' secessioner.

Mac was a preacher. I reckon I'm the unluckiest man that ever was. I simply can't bear doctors or preachers. But whenever I get really acquainted with any of 'em the hoodoo's on me so they're always all wool and full width. Gosh, it hacks me! That's the way it was with Mac. He was right there with the goods. For one thing, he was so durned thorough you couldn't help but like him. He went in for athletics a heap. Everything he done he done good, and he done everything there was from tiddledywinks to bear-huntin'.

We was one community of Lotos Eaters, all right. Cattle growed while we was asleep. Nobody pretended to do work, 'cept horseback. If you wanted anything done you sent a Mexican to tell another Mexican to do it, and he rolled a *cigarro* and said "*Mañana!*" Didn't really make no difference, nohow. Mighty few things do, only you got to live on the frontier to find that out.

Barker's father, he come out for a visit and some several young Englishmen with him. So everybody gets a bid to meet 'em at L. S. D. headquarters—big dinner, tennis in the evenin' and a dance afterward. Barker and his dad, they beat the crowd at tennis, though Mac and Lester give 'em a run for their money.

"We'd orter have a Field-day," says Lester, warmed up.

You remember that we was all the excitement there was, ourselves. No courts, baseball, theaters, strikes, politics, crops, winter—no nothin'. Just sunshine, Daily Times once a month, and us. The way that idea took was surprisin'.

"If there was only more Americans for a team," said Barker, "we could wind up with a relay race and make it an International Affair." Bill Cole lined up with Mac and me and Cobb.

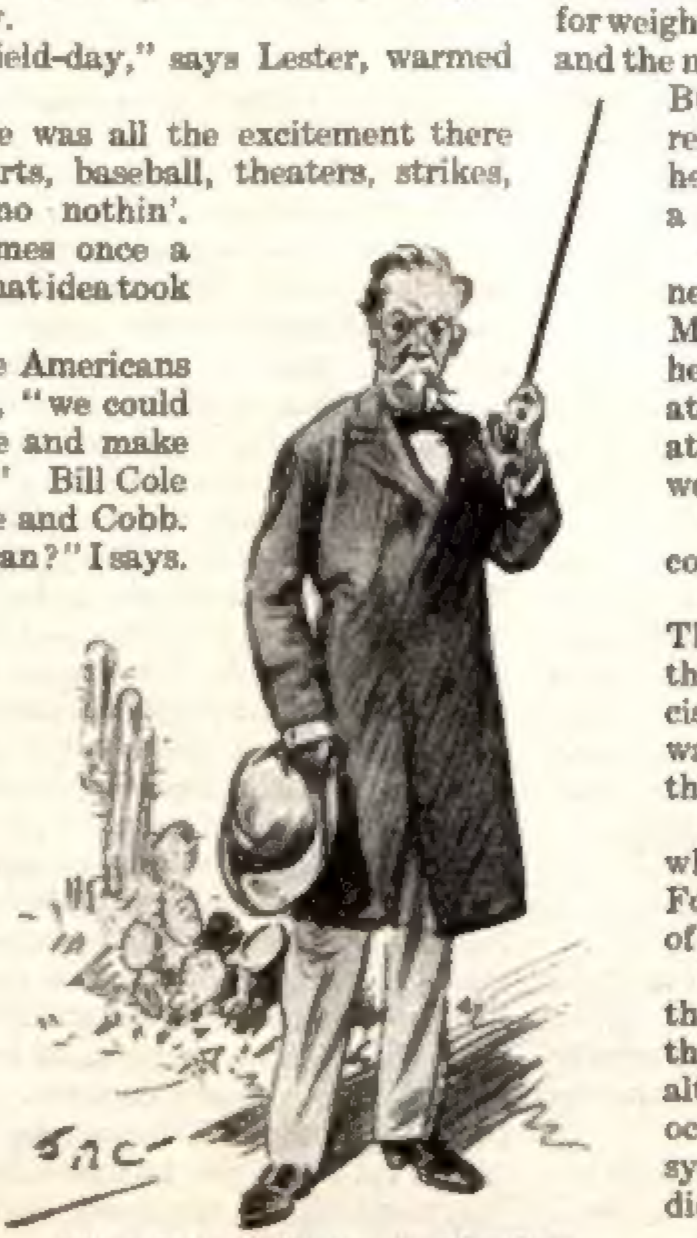
"What! You an American?" I says.

"Cherokee, Carlisle."

He was about the silentest man I ever knew. He only used talk to convey ideas with.

"You'll get up a Spanish-American team, Ortega?" says Cobb.

"For some t'ings, no—foot-racings, *si*," says Ortega, eager. "*Las hazañas*—what you call the feats of es-trong—and the to jump we us do not play, nor vault ourselves."


Majah John C. Seaton, "of Stuaht's Caval'y, Suh!"

"Kirkpatrick was second at Edinburgh with the weights in his time," said Barker's dad to Seaton. "My son is a good jumper and Dick-Cowles has seldom been beat at a mile. Your countrymen are heavily handicapped."

"My countrymen!" The Majah swelled up and glared. "I have no country, suh!" he exploded.

"I have," says Corrigan, jumpin' up. "Sore bested, Heaven help her, but I'll ne'er deny her. Irish I was born, Irish I'll die, and I've no lot nor part wi' the Sassenach! Stanislaus, old man," he says, "let's have a try—Poland and the Owld Sod."

Behind Lodosky comes Behrend. "Judah's place is with the scattered peoples," says he.

Then Huylans walked over, heavy, and stood lookin' at something way, way off. His face was an iron mask. "I am—I was a Transvaal Boer!" he said.

"When does it come off?" says Cobb when the ensuin' silence was makin' us all feel bad.

Then we all talked at once. St. George's Day, *Cinco de Mayo*, San Juan's *Fiesta*, July Fourth—plenty suggestions. Dutchy lays down his pipe.

"I will the music vurnish," he states. "But why not, as a day international, comprehensive, impartial, abbrobriate—why not the First of April take?"

We carried that, unanimous.

The Spanish entered their two swiftest for the short races. They declared themselves as unable to hurdle, jump and do "the feats of es-trong," shrugged their shoulders at mention of a mile run, but put in two more to make out a team for the relay race.

The English had a whole gang to pick from. But as there wasn't only four—Mac, Cobb, Cole and me—to represent Uncle Sam and the same number—Jew, Boer, Harp and Pole—for the World at Large, they tried to hold themselves down to four, too. That was decent of them, for if they'd kept ringin' in fresh men on us they'd had a walk-over. They settled it, finally, to put in Kirkpatrick for weight-throwin', Dick-Cowles for both weight-throwin's and the mile run, and Barker and Lester for everything else.

But they had to have a fifth man, Martyn, for the relay, 'cause, while Kirkpatrick was nuts on the heavy-hurlin', he couldn't run fast enough to evade a nimble glacier.

Cole, he got a lay-off, went ridin' home with us next day, and we all made big medicine. Mrs. McAllister was sure we'd win. "Mr. Cole tells me he will try the mile," she says. "Donald is good at dashes and jumps. Mr. Cobb won the half-mile at his college. Mr. Pringle, can't you go in for the weight-throwin'?"

"We'll try him out," says McAllister. "And, of course, he'll have to train for the relay."

Our preparations had the national ear-marks. The Great British people lived moderate, dropped their stout and ale and seegars, took a little exercise to keep 'em "fit," and slept a-plenty. Good way to be hearty and active, but no overdoin' things.

The natives' diet was wine and cigarettes, with whatever else they happened to want and to have. For exercise they mainly took siestas. I was glad of that, afterward.

In our camp things were dissimilar. That was the most strenuousest time I ever put in. First thing, Mac made me promise to cut out drinkin' altogether. I wasn't no sponge, but I took a nip occasional. Also, my pipe. We settled down to systematic trainin'. They tried me out—Oh, just didn't they try me out?

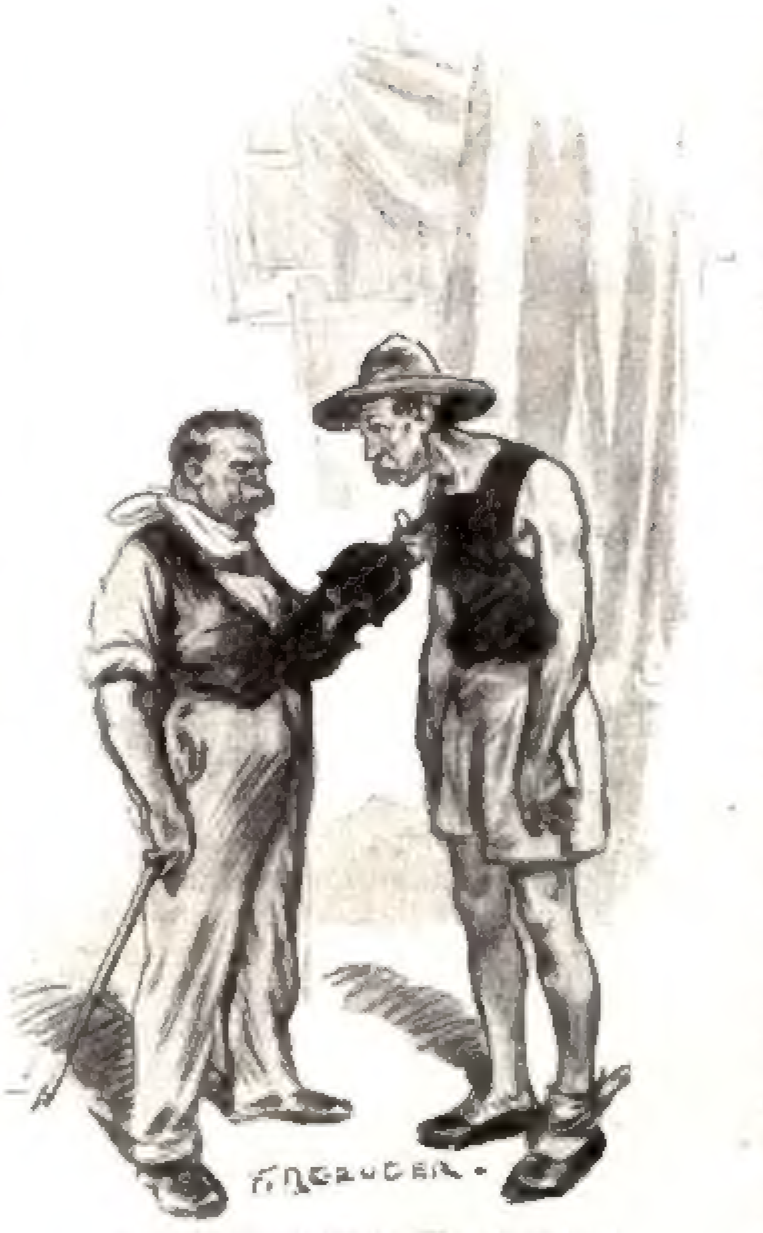
Cobb and Mac was good. They surprised me. Cole was too slow for the half, but they allowed he had a fightin' chance for the mile. How he did trot around, 'cross lots, a-cryin'!

After a while our things came from San Diego. Spiked shoes and such, sixteen-pound shot, and the hammer — which was about as much like a hammer as a Concord stage is like an opery house. Just a cannon-ball with a wire in it.

Well, I had the right number of arms and I could put the shot a little. But when it come to runnin', I wasn't there. Leg broke by a tree in Michigan, big ankle where old Ginger fell on me, and shot through the chest at Phœnix. All the same, I practiced the pole vault with Boyd every day, like the doctor ordered.

One day old Miesterschaft rides up, just as they was timin' me on the quarter. Cobb looks at his watch, discouraged, and shakes his head.

"If it is run down," says Sweitzerkase, sympathetic, "why do you not a sun-dial make? Let me now examine this venerable ruin." Then he listens to my heart, feels my pulse, and asks me all sorts o' questions. "Of what do your volk die, Mr. Bringle?" he says. "Any heretidary weaknesses?"



"In My Long-Since *Wanderjahr* I Vights Mit Sigel!"

I told him they'd never contracted the habit of dyin' none yet, and, so far as I knew, the only weakness I'd inherited from the old man was callin' on aces-up. He leads me to one side confidential.

"My friend," he says, solemn, "I would strongly recommend to you that you the sea follow."

"Anything wrong, Doc?" says I, alarmed.

"Nein, not wrong exactly. But, at sea the dead are from the ship buried. And on land I brophecy you will yet by a hearse run over be!"

At last the big day came. Barker's dad, Frenchy and Don Silvestre, the *jefe political*, was judges; the English lads, not competin', bein' starters, measurers and such. Silk and bunting everywhere, English, Mexican, Spanish, German and a green one with a home-made harp. Mac had an old U. S. flag. He said it had been through the war. It sure looked all that.

Old Anglespein played Rule Britannia after the high jump. Barker won first glory for England, the Parson next, Lester third, Corrigan nowhere. (First counted 5 points, second 2, third 1.) The broad jump went the same way. On the runnin' high Mac managed to get an inch better'n Barker. Yankee Doodle ain't much of a tune, but it sounded good to me. Lester was third again, smilin' like all git-out. Cobb and the Celt tried this, and tied for last.

Runnin' broad, Barker, Mac, Lester, in order; Lester with the smile that won't come off, Cobb and Paddy Corrigan behind. I never did like them British tunes, and this was the third one. Them English lads grew talkative.

Next come the quarter. We had great hopes of Cobb gettin' this for America, but he only got second, in a close, punishin finish. Otero, the Patroncino Mexican, sprinted out first, Barker third, Corrigan a green inch ahead of Sunny Jim Lester. *La Pata de Santa Ana* by full band, chorus of five hundred Mexicans. *Cinco de Mayo* for awncore, though nobody asked it of 'em. Score 22, 13, 5. England with the immortal cinch on the hurdles and weight throwin'. Gee, but I was sick!

We had three throws apiece on the shot put. Dick Hyphen Cowles and Kirkpatrick was both for England. First two trials the Scotchman was foremost, Cowles a bad second, me a bad third, ahead of the Irishman and the Boer both. I was plumb ashamed of 'em.

Last shake Kirkpatrick and Cowles throwed first. Then Corrigan throwed nigh two foot beyond Kirkpatrick's best and winked at me prodigious. "Sometoimes," he says, "God *is* good to the Oirish!" Huylans, the Boer, made second by one and one-sixteenth inches, leavin' old Bagpipes to hold the sack. He roared like the bulls o' Bashan. He could 'a' throwed further, you see.

Barker slapped his thigh. "Oh, Kirkpatrick, you've been had—Jove, how you have been had!" says he. Up in the bandstand The Wearin' o' the Green quavered and screeled and scrungled out on the mandolins; creepy, moanin', wailin', sobbin'. You could see the pulse pound in Corrigan's neck.

The hammer throw followed. That Highlander-body was sure mad. He sent that cannon-ball soarin' up, up, up, like a comet prophecyin' discord, ruin, pestilence and war. You may notice I ain't said much about records. 'Ceptin' this here and one more, they was fair to cloudy only. They measured this off, 159 feet, 7 inches. World's record was 169,4. I could 'a' done it myself—in two throws. He wouldn't throw no more. Corrigan was second, a hop, skip and jump behind; Dick-Cowles, third. Score 29, 13, 5, 7. And the band played Annie Laurie.

The one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles went to Barker, Mac second, Lester next; Cobb and Paddy as per usual. Two-twenty hurdles, ditto, 'cept that they was gettin' close where Cobb lived now and he squeezed third by an eyelash; Lester fourth, grinnin' copious.

"And now," says Barker, "America scores on the sprints."

Here I has an inspiration. Mac was due to add ten points to our tally. My intellect suspicions trouble from that music-mad Toot-on, so I chases up an' interviews him.

"See here, *mein leiber Ougustine*, what d'ye think this is, anyway—a *leider-fest?*" says I, pleasant. "Me, I don't noways relish havin' my heart-strings built into the pleasings of a lute for a lascivious weiniewurst to twang on none, myself. And I'll give it to you straight, Herr Katzenjammer—you play A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, The Arkansaw Traveler, Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey, or Sam Bass, if you simply must. But you allow your musical instincts to beguile you into perpetratin' either Marchin' Through Georgia or John Brown's Body on this conspiracy and I'll expurgate you, you old Dutch Sauerkrout!"

He looks me over careful, like I was a speciment.

"Ach! I do not your agility doubt," he says, bland and benevolent. "But the guality of your gray matter is poor. The English and the American in athletic browess excel, but the German is the man mit brains. Do you to your runnings attend, mein musgular friend, and to me leave the nice and deligade operations of the mind." He warmed up and shook his fist at me. "I will nodt!"—his talk was getting Dutcher every word and he sounds like rolling beer-barrels down a empty barn in a thunderstorm —"I vill nodt," he says, "in my own particular province, the zuttle and indrigade influence of associated sounds upon the mysderious soul of man, from a gommon gladiador instructions take!"

He calmed down to a roar, waggin' his finger up and down. "I will nodt those songs play. Nodt because of your t'reatenings—Bah! Nor tenderness for *der dummheit* Seaton—Pouf! But because, under the circumstances, of itself it is a thing obbrobrious, because of a grave across the seas, because the whole world a luffer luffs; also, because I vas nodt always wise." He takes off his specs, and I looked him in the eye. So help me Moses! There was somethin' there so fine that all at once that old Rathskeller swelled up all over to match his waistband. "For forty years I haf gosmobolide been," he says. "But in my youth, in my long-since *wanderjahr*, py tam, I vights mit Sigel!"

That old geezer! I stepped back and took off my hat. "*Hoch der Kaiser! Raus mit im! Auf Wiedersehen! Zwei bier!*" I says, and fell down the steps.

Mac won the hundred yards easy, Ortega second, the Marylander close third, Barker and Lester foggin' behind. Six points gained for Uncle Sam. Remarks by the orchestra, The Star Spangled Banner. Two hundred and twenty the same, Lester grinnin'. He sure learned me that day that a man may smile and smile and be a dead game sport.

England was 40 points, ten ahead of us. The mile was the next thing on the programme. Entries, Cowles, Cole and Lodosky. Barker couldn't see anything to it but that Dick Minus Cowles, and he put Kirkpatrick in to try to beat Lodosky for third. Here was where faithful trainin' counted. The Cherokee-American simply couldn't run fast—but he could run the last hundred yards of a mile as fast as the first. Cowles got ahead, Injun caught up; Cowles sprinted, Injun caught up; Cowles spurted, Injun caught up; and so on ad libertine, till the big fellow was run clean off his feet. On the last furlong our man drew ahead steady as an eight-day clock, old Tannhauser playin' How Can I Leave Thee? And after—'cause every one had counted it a sure thing for Cowles—they struck up Navajo. When the second section got in, presently, the Pole nipped Kirkpatrick for third. Score, England 42, America 35.

This was gettin' close, for the half was Cobb's distance, and Barker knew it. He put Lester in at the last minute — which he hadn't intended to do—for a forlorn hope to win a point in case Romero, the Mexican entry, slumped. Which Romero didn't nowise do. Cobb, Romero, Barker, they came out, Lester trottin' in subsequent, still grinnin'. Score, 43, 40.

As Boyd crosses the bar the German gentleman breaks out into Maryland, My Maryland! Bad! It floated and soared and swelled—Oh, man! At the last McAllister got into it with his big baritone:

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just—
Maryland, My Maryland!

It ain't no credit to the Marylanders that they didn't come out in '61. I'd 'a' quit 'em cold.

The Reverend Donald McAllister gets me up in a corner then. "If Boyd gets first in the pole vault, Barker second, we're tied at 45 each," he says. "John Wesley, you've simply *got* to get third. The Latin-Americans is goin' to win the relay with them two fresh men," he says. "Score a point now, and if the English get second in the relay we can still tie 'em with third place; if we get second we win. But if Lester beats you we only tie them with second on the relay, and we can't hardly hope for better than third."

"Parson," I says, solemn, "Lester's beat now!"

The plans o' mice and men! We'd clean overlooked that Behrend was in this. He was.

Ten foot, flat, was the best I'd done in practice. At ten foot, one, I knocked the bar down the first time, but cleared it the second. Poor little Lester failed both tries. I cleared it at ten foot, two. By jings, I took a long breath and cleared it at three! If I could only best Barker! I tried harder'n I ever tried anything in my life. But the next inch I flummuxed. Barker made it. He fell down at the five inches.

I hadn't scored nary point. But to beat Lester and crowd such a man as Barker was glory enough, even if they was tired out.

Only I wasn't searchin' for no personal glory. I wanted that point for my team. Not gettin' it, I was sorry Lester hadn't beat me—though, of course, nobody noticed he hadn't, 'cept me.

Well, Behrend and Cobb made ten, six. They made ten, seven, my heart poundin' my ribs fit to bust. They made ten, eight! At ten foot, nine, Behrend broke down the first try, but made it the next time. Boyd couldn't do it. If it had been Barker to beat he might 'a' done it, mebbe.

Well, thinks I, we'll just have to win second in the relay and trust Corrigan and his gang of all sorts to shut England out. That'll tie the score. Also, I judge the Herr Bungstarter'll be stuck for "someding abbrobriade" to give us this time, and that cheers me up mightily.

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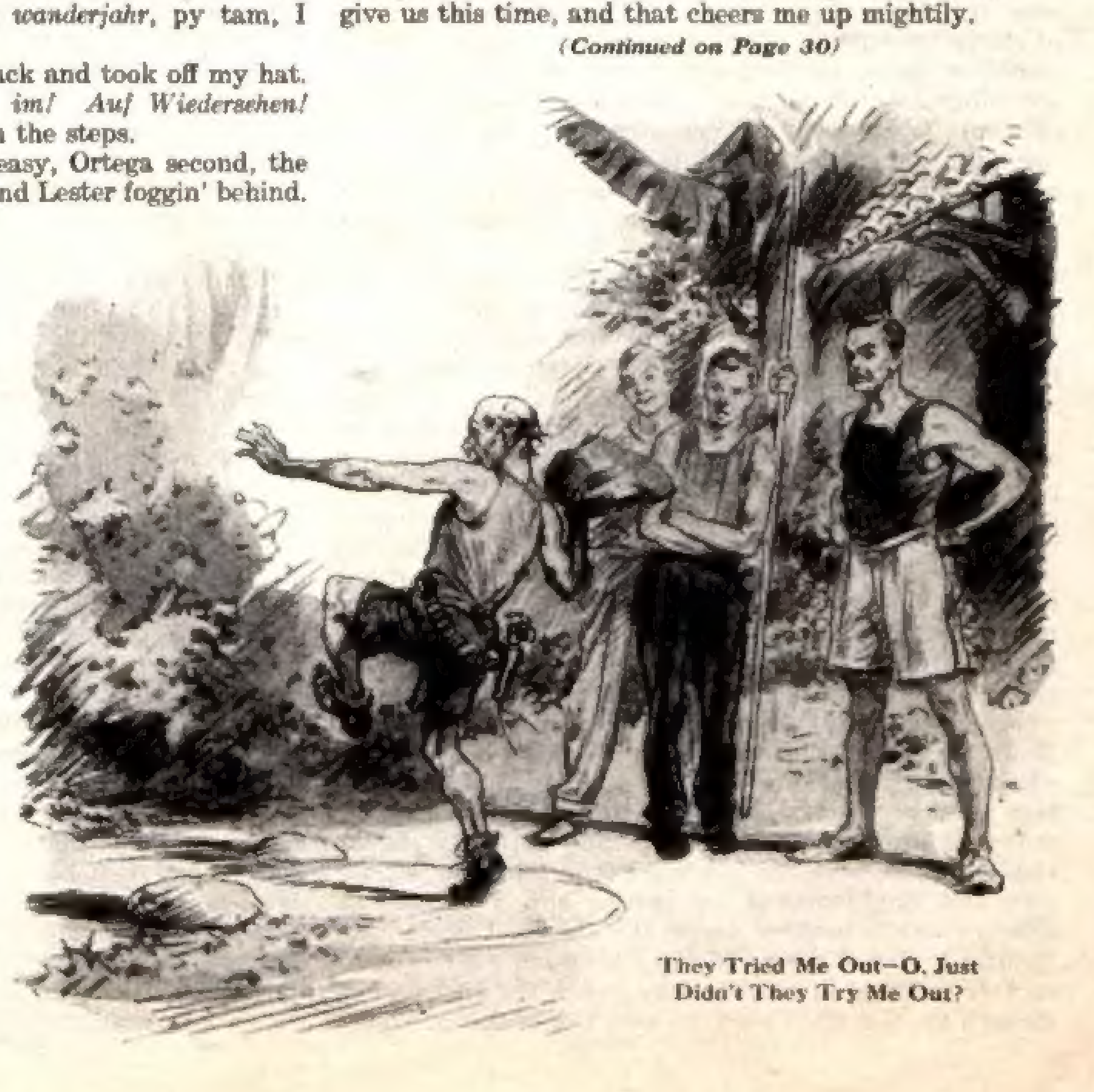
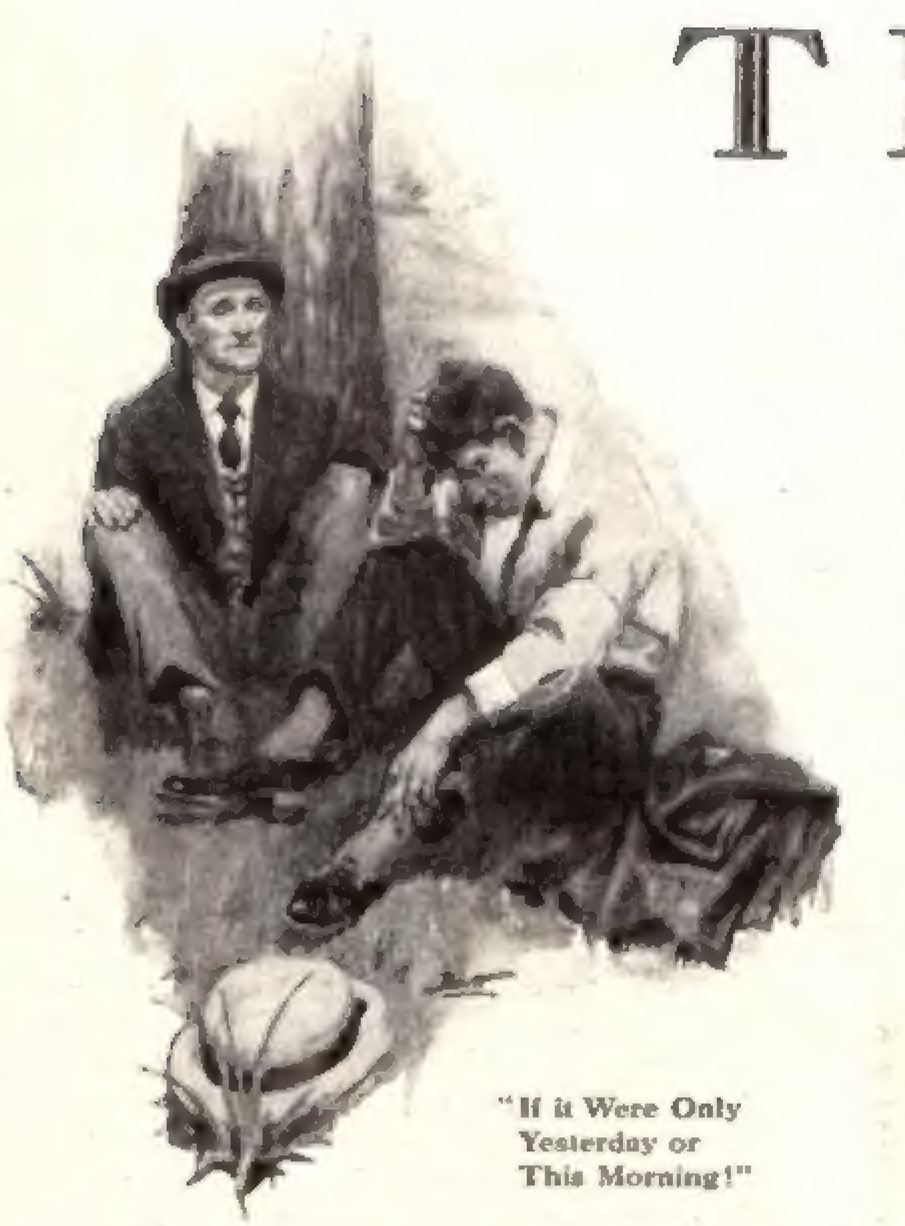


They Tried Me Out—O, Just Didn't They Try Me Out?

THE HAS-BEEN

By Brand Whitlock

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT



"If it Were Only Yesterday or This Morning!"

AS HOLMAN loitered along the pavement that June morning, glad once more to be back in Springfield after so many years, he recalled with a sigh another morning, far gone, when first he had come up to the capital of his state. "A morning just like this," he was thinking, "all green and sunny and hopeful and—pure. My God!" But he put aside regret; it was enough just then to be back after so many years of absence—years of dingy poverty which had kept him down in stupid Jasper, never once able to get back during the session, if only for a day to see the boys!—even as a man of fifty, with gray hair straggling beneath his broad, slouch hat, with his long, dusty coat, and worn, old shoes that fell softly on the hot sidewalk, far other than the young Representative who had come up to the capital so long before. In Capitol Avenue he had the State House in full view, the gray, swelling dome still patiently brooding over the stupidities and trivialities which the bickering human beings, running about like insects below, were proudly and solemnly achieving. The little flags were at their staffs on either wing. Once, at the sight he might have hurried, knowing his presence to be required beneath that flag on the House wing. No need now to hasten any more; he was not needed there, nor anywhere in the world.

The sidewalk was filled with men striding like the statesmen they felt themselves to be, and none among them now to remember him; but he walked with them under the railroad's ugly trestle, past the old white house on the little hill, still with its lightning-rod to keep alive one of the best of Lincoln stories, and up the broad walk to the State House. Inside, the cool shades of the big pile were grateful as they used to be. Through the open doors of offices he could see clerks at work, or at least at desks, somehow coming off victorious, it seemed, in their desperate business of holding on to their slippery, eel-like, political jobs; then the crowded elevator—and the inevitable old soldier to operate it. All as it used to be; and he, like some risen ghost long since laid in its political grave, stalking among earthly presences that had forgotten him.

The doorkeepers at the House regarded him with the official misanthropy and distrust, but Holman quelled their glance, pronounced the word "Ex-member," and so passed in to the one barren prerogative left him out of the years of former power and prestige.

The House, on the order of Senate bills on first reading, was inattentive; members lolled in their seats, read newspapers, talked, gossiped, wrote letters, now and then threw paper wads at each other—incipiencies of that horseplay which would mark the session's close. The clerk mumbled the said Senate bills on first reading, the Speaker turned in his chair to talk with some one on the divan behind him, swinging about now and then to say, "First reading of the bill!" and to tap the sounding-board with his gavel. And, of them all, not one he knew, not one to recognize him! But, yes, there was one, after all; just one. Down the center aisle, reclining in his chair nonchalantly, was a young fellow, almost a boy to Holman's disadvantage point of years, whose head, turned at that instant, showed a profile which, when age and authority should visit it, would cause one to remark it; a fair brow, strong nose and good-humored lips parting now in a smile at some remark a member across the aisle had made. As Holman looked at young McCray his mind went back to another morning in another June, when the air came in through the tall, open windows with the breath of young summer in Illinois, the very odor of the prairie flowers themselves, the morning that Baldwin had come to him. And now McCray sat there, representing his old district, with all the opportunities, dreams, ambitions, illusions he himself had had—and lost.

But Holman was not much given to introspection—his eye was not long turned inward; and now, turned outward, it lighted on a white head far down toward the front of the House.

"Why, if there isn't, after all, one o' the old-timers! Say, young fellow," he said, speaking to an assistant sergeant-at-arms who had been standing near and unable to identify Holman as a representative of any railroad or other interest entitled to respect on that floor, had been eying him with some suspicion. "Say," said Holman, pointing with a long forefinger, "ain't that old Ike Bemis down there—Bemis, of Tazewell? Yes? Well, now, just call a page-boy, won't you? And have him tell Bemis an old friend wants to see him."

Bemis was, in his way, a phenomenon unparalleled in politics; he had been in the House before Holman and had held on, minority member from his district, and the Republican and Democratic machines working harmoniously together, for a quarter of a century. And as he came up the aisle in response to Holman's message he seemed to Holman to have changed little; only, his hair from iron gray had grown white, and his face was not so clear or ruddy or healthy as he had known it. He was dressed as he used to be in the gray clothes that made him look so like a prosperous farmer, and the hand he held out to Holman was, by some mystery, rough and horny, as if it had worked indeed.

"Why, bless the Lord!" he cried, "if it ain't Jim Holman!"

He shook Holman's hand with genuine pleasure and, putting his arm across Holman's shoulders, led him away to a divan under the gallery.

They sat down there and for half an hour chatted and gossiped, recalled old friends and associates of legislatures that were gone, discussed them, accounted for them, pursued their subsequent histories in politics or out of politics, their triumphs, their failures and their fates—in short, reconstructed their own little world and caught up with the times.

"'Tain't what it used to be, Jim," said Bemis with an old man's deploration of change. "You did right to get out of it. I don't want any more of it. When this session closes I'm through; I won't run again."

Holman was not greatly impressed; politicians, he knew, were always making their last campaign, as sailors were always making their last voyage.

"*Sine die* adjournment next week, and then good-by to politics for me," Bemis went on. "I'll be glad to be shut of it all. Nothing in it, nothing in it." He wagged his sage head sadly.

"Anything—ah—doing, this session?" asked Holman, glancing sidewise at his old colleague.

"No, nothing except this Chicago street-car bill. We passed it, you know, and the Governor vetoed it. The reformers raised an awful howl. Comes up—let's see—tonight, I reckon. Going to try to pass it over the Governor's veto."

"Will they make it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Looks dubious. The Senate's all right, of course; it's all fixed there, but the House ain't certain. A two-thirds vote's hard to get these days. Baldwin's been working day and night—but I don't know; you can't tell yet."

Then the House broke into new confusion. Holman knew the signs well; a roll-call was on. Bemis pricked his ears and hurried back to his seat.

Holman was glad just then to have him go, for almost at the mention of the name of Baldwin he had happened to glance toward the Speaker's chair; the Speaker had risen, his gavel poised, and in that instant Holman saw the man on the Speaker's lounge, lolling back to await the passing of the interruption, and recognized Baldwin, George R. Baldwin, carefully dressed as of old, suave, elegant, dignified, all unchanged save that his hair had grown a bit more gray, though only, it seemed, to lend to his aspect new dignity, new authority, almost refinement. Baldwin, the same as ever! It had not changed him, evidently; he was still correct, irreproachable, respected, received everywhere—while he, Holman, had come to this. Sarah, back there at home, amid the dingy poverty and drudgery of her life; and Baldwin's wife, doubtless, welcome in all society and reigning there! Holman, sick of the scene, got up, plunged his hands into his pockets and started out. Near the door he turned to have another glance. Baldwin had slid to the end of the lounge and was talking to some young fellow—to McCray.

Holman went to the cigar-stand, lighted a cigar, sauntered out into the rotunda and leaned against the brass rail. He blew out streams of smoke and through squinting little eyes watched them float away; he smoked and squinted and thought, and what he saw was Baldwin, the lobbyist, and young McCray.

Two men passed on their way over to the Senate chamber, and he heard one of them pronounce his name.

"—— leaning on the rail there, smoking."

"Oh—I forgot; his face was familiar, too. The old Has-been has come back for a day!"

It was Baldwin who spoke; his companion was young McCray.

Ah, yes! An old Has-been, thought Holman. Baldwin said that, and McCray! They said that even down in Jasper. But Baldwin, he was no Has-been; it had not affected him at all.

. . . .

When Holman entered the House that afternoon he was sensible of a change in the atmosphere. The new element was one he recognized—skilled as of old in legislative aeroscepsy—one that strangely excited him, both by what it recalled and by what it portended; there were tension, alertness, irritability and suspense, the knowledge of an evil, sinister Presence, known, silent, unrevealed, but apprehended—a Presence expected, even desired, yet dreaded; in short, the psychic condition that exists in a legislative chamber when something is about to come off. Holman, standing well back by the cloakroom, examining the House with expert eye, knew that the thing was imminent though not immediate. There were certain signs wanting. The Speaker sat calm, but he was twirling his gavel nervously; the leaders were restless and furtive, but they had not as yet got every man in his seat. McCray, for instance, was absent.

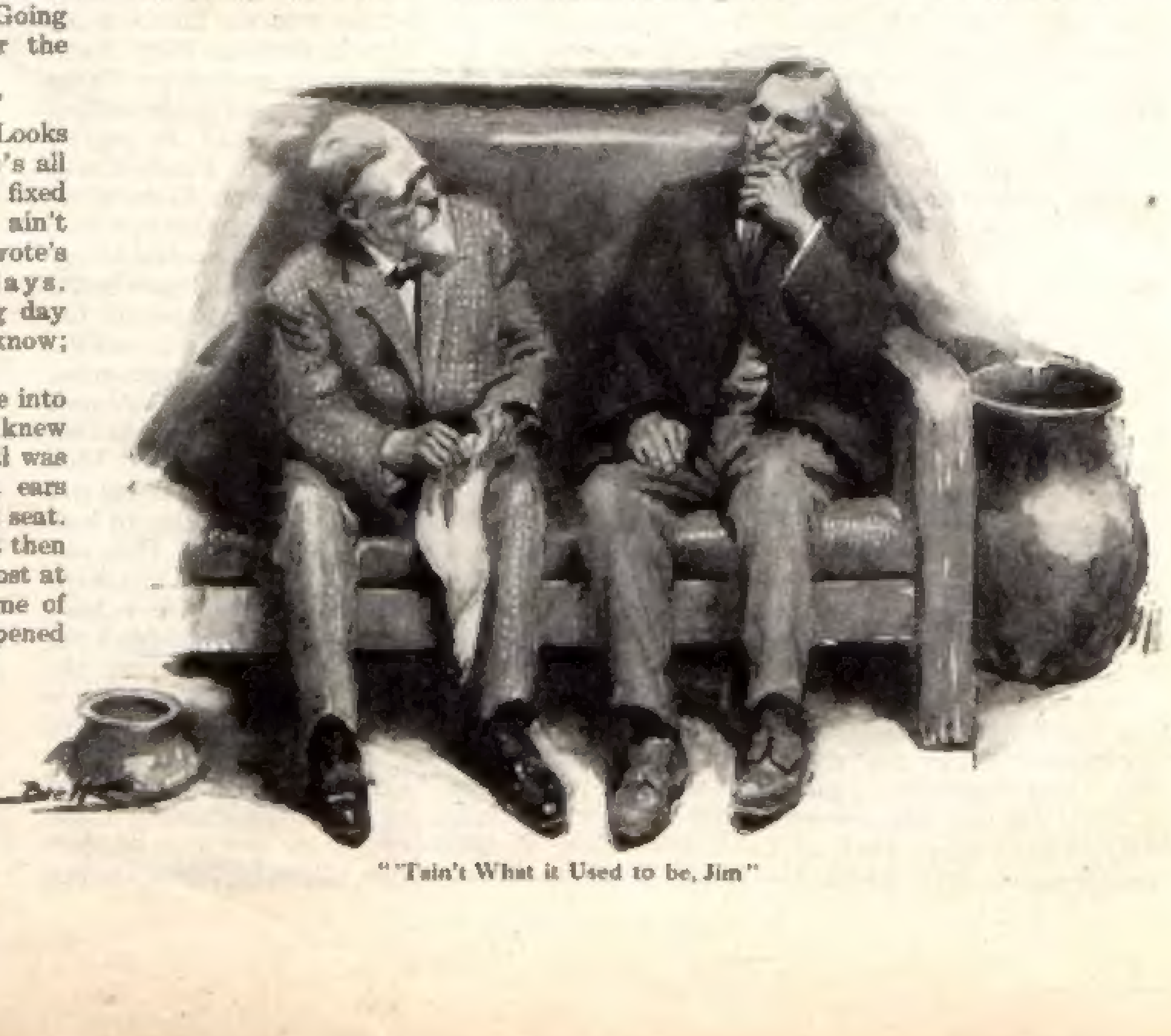
Holman sauntered carelessly around to the side on which Bemis sat, caught the old man's eye and beckoned.

"I thought they'd get that bill up," said Holman, "and I'd see a little fun; but there seems to be no chance of that. Reckon I'll go."

"There's been a hitch," said Bemis in a low tone.

"Has, heh?"

"Yes," said Bemis, "the boys thought they had it fixed, but Wimbleton switched; told O'Leary so at noon. Either the Governor got around him or he got scared."



"'Tain't What it Used to be, Jim"

"Need only one vote?" surmised Holman. Then Bemis, as if a thought had struck him, drew close and put his lips to Holman's ear:

"You know that young McCray from your district?"

"Sure."

"Well, now, Jim, if you could fix him — you might get in on this thing. He won't do business with any of us. I don't know exactly, but I should think there'd be for you and him at least ——" He put his lips quite into Holman's ear, and Holman bent lower; and Bemis whispered again. Holman did not move a muscle. Bemis withdrew a little and looked at him.

"I don't know McCray very well," said Holman presently. "He's a youngster, and I've been out of politics a long time. But I might have a little talk with him. I can't promise, though—an old Has-been like me, you know." He laughed a small, bitter laugh.

"Oh, you!" said Bemis, striking him softly on the shoulder. "You a Has-been! Why, Jim, you're the slickest man in Southern Illinois — when you want to be!"

Holman found McCray in the Leland barroom. The young man was plainly in some mental stress, his hair matted to his brow, his face moist with perspiration and drawn, and in his eyes an utter weariness.

"Just the man I was looking for," said Holman. "I came to see you about a little matter down in Jasper; some interests I represent — constits of yours — and I've got to hurry back. So, just give me a minute; I'll not keep you long."

McCray looked at his watch. "I" — he hesitated. "I must get over to the House; I'm late, anyway — I was detained ——"

"Yes, I know," said Holman, "but I've got to see you. It's something you're interested in, anyway. If you'll just walk along a little way with me."

Once outside, Holman kept on out Sixth Street, and McCray, wondering somewhat, did not demur.

"McCray, you don't know me well," Holman began. "I'm an old-timer — a Has-been, as I overheard a man say this morning. You're a young man; you come from my district — or, perhaps, I'd better say I come from yours. I came here one session, just as you have done, from old Jasper, and I served, in all, four sessions. During that time I saw a lot of life and of men; I learned a lot, too, and then I gave it up — and quit. This morning I came back for a little holiday, and I strolled over to the House to see how the old place looked once more, just as all the Has-beens do; they always manage to get back, some way or another, every session; it's a habit, a fever, a disease — get it once, a fellow never gets over it. Well, this morning, as I stood there looking around I saw you; and that and one thing and another reminded me of something. I saw you sitting there — young, ambitious, bright, with the world before you — and, well, my boy, I took a kind of liking for you all of a sudden; but that's neither here nor there. What I was reminded of, curiously enough, was another young fellow I used to know years ago — a fellow that didn't look so much like you, perhaps, and yet who was like you in many ways.

"It must have been, let's see, back in the — well, no matter, I don't exactly recall just now, and it isn't material. But this young fellow came up from down our way to take his seat for the first time in the Legislature. He was a young lawyer, smart, good-looking, a fellow every one liked. He had the gift of the gab; he could make a rattling speech, was strong on the stump and good before a jury. Everybody wanted to see him succeed. He was ambitious — ambitious as Lincoln, ambitious as the devil. His ambitions were not selfish — that is, not so damned selfish. He was no reformer, nothing like that; but he really wanted to help his people, wanted to do something to make life a little easier, a little better for the average fellow — like those he knew back home. He didn't have, perhaps, any very clear idea how he was going to do this, but he wanted to do it somehow, and, vaguely enough, I reckon, he felt that the chance would turn up. Back home, too, there was a girl — you got a girl, McCray?"

The young man, startled by the abrupt question, turned up to Holman, who shambled along a head taller than he, a face that went red; a smile came to it, then, suddenly, it went gray and he turned away.

"Beg your pardon," said Holman, "that's none of my business, of course. But this fellow of mine, he had a girl back there. I knew about it; we were young members, first term, and he used to tell me things. And he wanted to marry this girl and make her happy. He thought, you see, that by being something, doing something in the world, he could do *that*."

They were by this time far out Sixth Street, at the edge of town; a little farther on lay the open country. They came to a pasture with a broken fence and a tree.

"Let's sit down here," Holman said, "and rest, and I'll get on with my story."

They sat side by side on the bank at the roots of the elm, and Holman, having finished his cigar and being a man who seemed to require tobacco in some form every moment of the day, drew out a long plug and a knife and cut a piece and put it comfortably into his mouth.

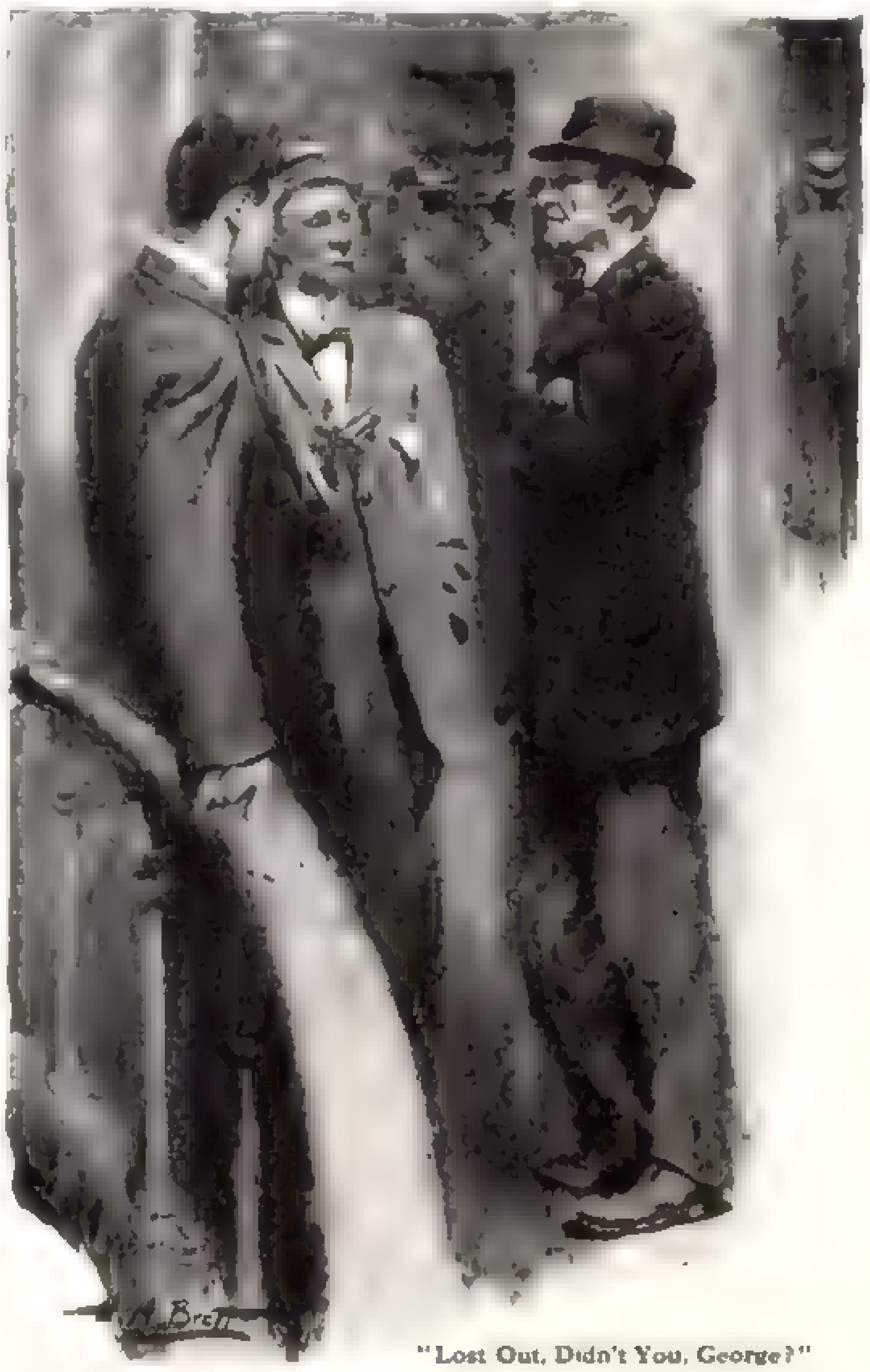
"Chew?" he said, proffering tobacco and knife. McCray shook his head, but lighted a cigarette. And the old and the new generation sat there side by side on the bank.

"Interested?" asked Holman.

"Yes; go on."

"Well, this young fellow I'm telling you of — the Legislature was just a stepping-stone to him; that's what he thought and that's what everybody thought; beyond that were Congress, Governor, Senator, everything. He went right ahead, was popular and influential, got good committees, and when he got up to speak the House grew quiet — you've seen it that way yourself — and he worked and studied, and back home there was the girl — and they wanted to get married. But he was poor — mighty poor."

Holman leaned over, stretched out his long, thin arm — McCray noted the frayed cuffbands — and plucked a spear of young grass, pulled the thin, transparent, whitish-green blade out of its delicate sheath and, squinting his eyes, examined it minutely, as if it were the most engrossing object of study in the world.



"Lost Out, Didn't You, George?"

"A Legislature, McCray," he went on, "is the damnedest thing in the world, the rottenest, most demoralizing, hell-fire sort of institution there is. All politics is that way, no matter where you find it. Sometimes I think you can't get within forty rows o' apple trees of it without being polluted. A man, to go to a Legislature and stay there any time and come out whole and safe and sound, has to be made of pure gold. Now, this young friend of mine, he was, as I've said, all right at heart, and pretty strong, too, most ways; good family, good blood and all that; and back home there, in safe surroundings, he'd 'ave got along all right till the end. But in the Legislature a fellow's away from home, away from all his customary moorings, and most of the members get it into their heads that at the capital all the rules are suspended, and, I reckon, they are — that's about what government, as we administer it, amounts to. No one from home ever shows up. The only ones that come around come to get something for themselves, and it's always something they have no right to and oughtn't to have. They come with all kinds of plausible reasons and lies and temptations — damned sneaking, hypocritical, whitewashed sepulchers! Eminent and respectable citizens, best people and all that! And unless a fellow has his eyes wide open all the time, has his principles clear and fixed and knows enough to apply 'em every minute, knows what a bunco game it all is, and is of pure gold besides — as I said — why, he gets all tangled up and lost — yes, lost. It pretty much all comes from the cities. We poor jays from the country districts don't know anything about the cities; we take what they tell us, or did in my time. We think if we just pass a few laws to make our fellow-citizens in the cities good, regulate their beer for 'em and all that, that nothing else is required of us; so these fellows come down from the city and get us to do their dirty work for them. In those days there was a fellow here, a lobbyist, a good-looking man, about the size and favor of — well, Baldwin back there — saw him talking to you this morning — same kind of man exactly, smooth, genial, polished, well dressed, polite, good fellow, and all that.

"Now, Baldwin — I mean the fellow — well, damn it!" Holman suddenly exploded in his exasperation, "it *was* Baldwin! He had a bill he was trying to pass, a crooked bill, of course, one of those bills like this street-car bill I heard of today, to take something that by rights belonged to the people of the city, a street, or the ground under a street, or the air over a street, or the room in the middle of a street, and give it to half a dozen eminently respectable and pious citizens to use for themselves and exploit and get rich on. Baldwin was trying to pass that bill, and the session was nearly done, and he needed just one vote. And he looked about and he settled on this young friend of mine; he knew his hopes, his wants, his necessities — knew all about him, for that's Baldwin's business and his way. I needn't go into the details; he worked with him a whole day and nearly a whole night; explained that it was really a good thing for the city, that this young fellow's constits were not interested in the city, anyway, didn't know anything about it, nor care anything about it. 'It can't hurt you,' Baldwin would say. 'Your people won't know or care; of course, if it was something they were interested in it might be different' — and all that. And then, finally, 'way in the night, when the young fellow was worn down in will, and tired and weak and dazed anyway, Baldwin began to count the money down on the table, among the stinking whisky glasses and cigar butts, thousand-dollar bills, green as that grass there, one — two — three — like that." McCray, with a kind of fascination, watched Holman as with slow gesture of his long hands he turned over, as it were, and laid down one after another those thousand-dollar bills. "And the young man fell," said Holman at last. And then he was silent, his gaze fixed afar on some light across the fields.

"Well," Holman resumed, "Baldwin was right in one way, at any rate; the people, the young fellow's people down home, didn't care. They never do care; they don't take the trouble. They never knew, anyway, and they elected him again and reëlected him. And he got married and things seemed to go along all right with him; you would have said he was to be envied. But, while nothing seemed to change outside, something did change inside the young man; and the worst of it was, it was a change that he didn't know or realize. It was like some disease, working away, working away there inside of him, without any pain or any symptoms even; he had no idea of it. But there it was, working away, working away. He found, at first, that it was easy enough to get money, and he got it and he spent it and it never did him any good, never a bit, neither him nor his family. Easy money, they call it; but there's no such thing. All money, even easy money, is hard; you got to pay somehow, you got to pay!

"He changed by slow degrees; first he got careless and slovenly in his thoughts, and, after while, didn't think much anyway, and couldn't; he just talked and talked and talked and made loud speeches — became a windbag, a blatherskite, a bore and nuisance in the land, to himself and everybody. There's a lot of them in this land; all they need to make a speech is room enough to work their jaw in. His old wishes and longings to be of some use in the world died out of him; he had no aims, no mark to head for, no place to go. He became ineffectual; after while all there was to him was that one vote of his in the House, and by and by that wasn't worth much; it kept declining in value, he got cheaper and cheaper, and finally — just naturally petered out.

"Then, when he was slouchy in morals and mind and character, he got slouchy in person; his habits weren't bad, perhaps; he was no drunkard or anything like that, but just — oh, sloppy, every way. And his wife, his little wife — she was a fine, pretty girl, McCray, when he married her — she, of course, had to pay, too, along with him; he dragged her down. She was patient and kind and always hopeful, but they were poor, and under the stress of their necessities he would get peevish and cross, and sometimes when, say, a Saturday night would come and there wasn't anything in the house to eat — well, he'd look

(Continued on Page 26)

THE POLICY OF THE HOUSE

The Blessings of Competition

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

The Department Stores Were Engaged in Hot, Costly Competition

FOR one of the tedious little chores around every household nobody had perfected a practical tool until some years ago, when a manufacturer of novelties worked out exactly the device that was needed, got patents, and began selling the invention in a vigorous way.

Within a year it had grown into popular favor far beyond his expectations, so he disposed of other interests and centered on this alone. In two years he saw that it would eventually make him rich. During the third year other manufacturers saw this, too, and at that point he began to meet competition.

First came competitors who had studied the original problem of doing that particular chore with a tool and solved it in other ways, taking out patents that were as sound as his own. These rivals did not worry him, because he had three years' start in the market and believed he could maintain his leed in selling organization and reputation.

Presently appeared another group of rivals whose devices were chiefly "improvements." It is comparatively easy to "improve" a patented article. Years ago, for instance, an ingenious Yankee pasted a strip of thread in the bottom fold of an envelope, leaving short ends at the corners. If you got a letter in one of his patent envelopes a pull on the thread cut it open. When it was seen that people liked these self-opening envelopes another genius tied knots in the thread-ends and was granted a patent on the improvement. Our manufacturer's second group of competitors tied knots. But they didn't worry him, either. They sold well-made devices at about the same price, and he was willing to offer his in comparison and trust to getting a good big percentage of the business.

When a third variety of competitors materialized, however, he became a little anxious. These new opponents were cheap and tricky, for the most part. Their improvements were not even colorable, and they sought trade with shoddy gimcracks at catchpenny prices. His device, now standard, retailed at six dollars, and it was not feasible to make a trustworthy tool for less. The cheap Jacks offered devices as low as one dollar. Manifestly, there was no real value or service to the purchaser in such contraptions, and in the fear that their sale might raise prejudice against all such conveniences he had his attorneys make a thorough investigation of competitors generally.

Trade-Marks Better Than Patents

THE attorneys found some interesting things. By a few injunctions and suits all the dollar competitors could be forced out of the market if he gave the word, for they were infringing his patents. Furthermore, the attorneys worked out a plan whereby, through the purchase of half a dozen competitors' patents, he might combine everything that was valuable in that line and have virtually a monopoly.

To be or not to be a trust, that was the question.

In the end, he decided not to be one.

With free competition his stronger rivals, selling meritorious goods, were working for him no less than themselves, because he had the original, standard article, the best selling force and the largest output and distribution. No competitor could create interest in his own device without creating interest in the original manufacturer's and, perhaps, causing comparison before a sale was actually made. He courted that sort of competition and comparison.

As for the cheap Jacks, they helped him, too, and there was no need of injunctions to put them out of business, for they put themselves out faster. They were always bobbing up, those little chaps, and bobbing down again, failing through lack of capital, shifty dealing, wrong ideas of the business—their infant mortality was frightful! Those who lasted long enough to sell a few dozen of their dollar rattletraps did the industry good. For they sold to customers who wouldn't invest more than a dollar investigating this new contrivance, anyway. After the dollar tool fell to pieces it was reasonable to anticipate that many of these purchasers would want to try the real article at six dollars.

This manufacturer let his competitors alone and took steps to profit by their activity. It was sufficient to lead the procession, which he did by keeping his device ahead of theirs through improvements, making a noise when larger production enabled him to set a lower price. Instead of building on his patents, which were only temporary, he built on trade-marks, which are permanent.

Changing Styles in Business

TWO years ago, when the new patent act was passed in England, canceling patents held by foreign manufacturers who did not make goods in Great Britain, the soundness of this policy was shown in a striking way. Our manufacturer's business had been extended to England, but was not large enough there to warrant a branch factory. He didn't need one. His sales abroad have been built on reputation—trade-mark rights. Were his British patents canceled under the act, and British makers to market identical goods at the same price, the public would still prefer his because they are known, standard. Moreover, his policy of keeping ahead of competition has given him a factory organization with which no newcomer could compete—he has too long a lead.

This is typical of the way many progressive American business men now deal with competition.

In business styles change, just as in bonnets.

Ten years ago, while our Napoleons of finance were organizing trusts, much was heard about the evils of competition. It was declared wasteful. Benign monopoly meant progress. Competitors suddenly became old-fashioned, and economists predicted that they would never be worn again.

But today competitors are distinctly back in favor and being worn more and more, and now that the trust stocks have all been sold the evils of competition are seldom discussed

To discuss evils of competition one proceeds about as in tariff argument. If the tariff rate on cotton stockings is argued the debaters have in mind a perfectly uniform article, made exactly alike in all countries, regardless of differences in design, management, selling ability and so forth. The consuming public is assumed to be made up of perfectly uniform wearers of these uniform stockings, buying entirely by price. Find the inequalities between the cotton stockings of America, England, France and Germany, and it only remains to balance them by a tariff rate, just as exchange equalizes the world's currencies. So, in competition the whole question is supposed to turn on conflicting prices for a uniform article.

Now, there are men in American industry who would rather meet competition than eat mother's doughnuts. To them it is as the scent of battle to the warhorse. But they seldom meet it on prices, and their first instinct is to get away from uniform production.

In what would competition seem to turn so absolutely on prices as in the letting of a contract by competitive bids? Business under such conditions is usually secured on the cold difference between one bidder's price and another's, with the only advantage to be gained, perhaps, through bribery of those who award the contract.

But a certain corporation making architectural equipment, in bad straits through dry-rot, has been regenerated by an executive whose specialty is getting this sort of contracts regardless of others' bids and by clean tactics.

An office-building is being erected for the First National Bank of Dinkledee. Bids are invited on the sort of equipment this company makes. Manufacturers send representatives to Dinkledee, for the contract will run to a hundred thousand dollars. This is a keenly-competitive industry. Much of the business is secured by bidding, and some of the manufacturers are competitors of the only type that healthy business really fears—that is, men who will not play fair on the quality of their goods. Unreasonably-low bids will be entered by these manufacturers, and a profit trimmed out of the job by the use of shoddy materials, unskilled labor and trickery in deliveries. Since our executive became a factor in the industry these competitors have trimmed and schemed more craftily than ever, bringing discredit on the whole industry.

A Novel Way of Meeting Competition

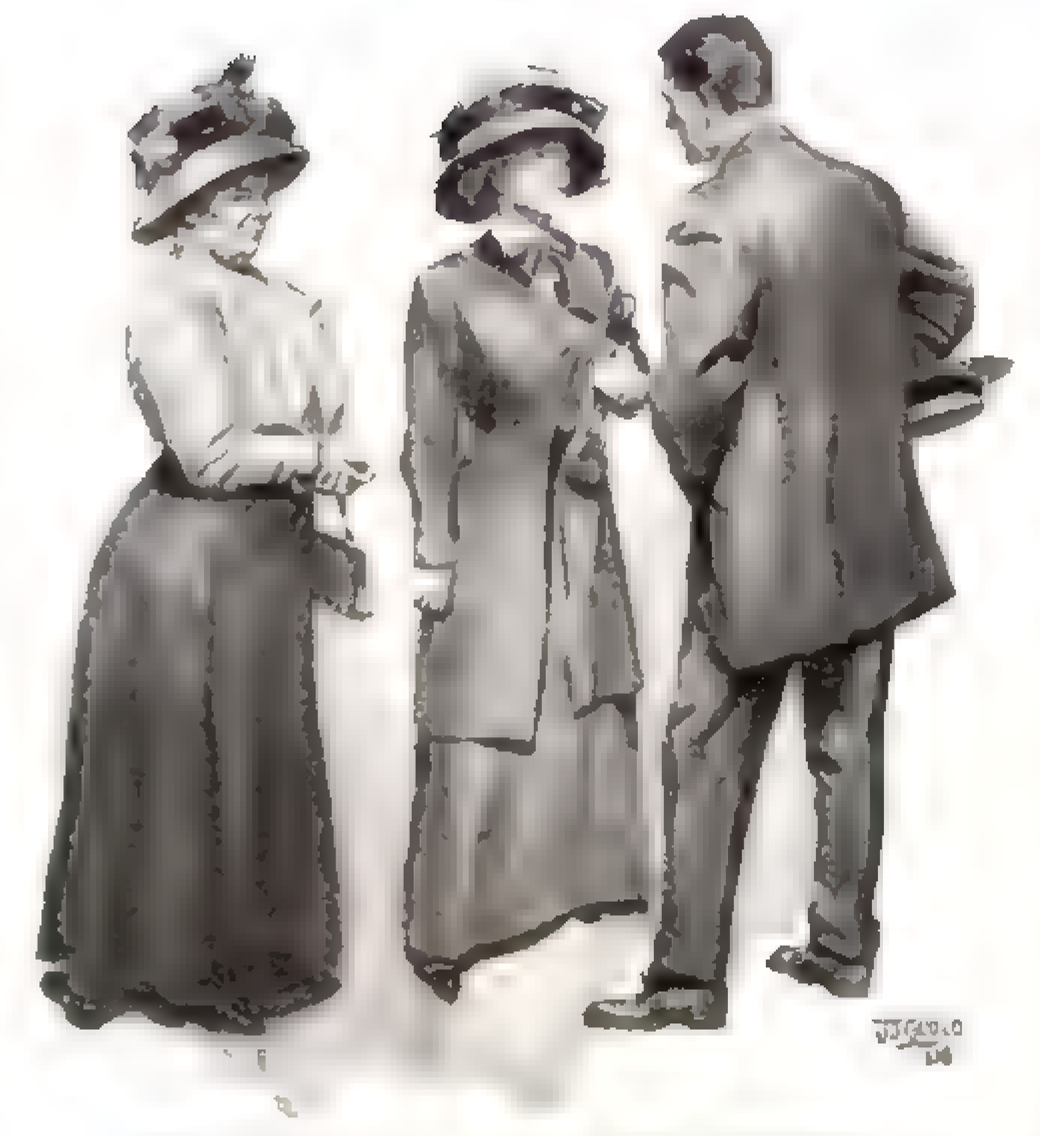
OUR man lets them all bid, paying little attention and making no effort to meet their prices. When they have finished, after watching one another while figures are made up and craftily splitting fractions to secure the business on a technicality, he steps in, lays some facts before the bank directors, and three times in five takes the job at a price higher than any other tender.

This is done simply enough through real management and salesmanship. Taking charge of that run-down factory, he installed machinery for building attractive auxiliary devices in his equipment. These are explained to directors with the art of the salesman, and they want that equipment, no matter whose price is lowest, because it is more convenient, sightly and modern. None of his competitors has machinery to build such devices, nor intelligence; while he bids with improvements they still continue to cut prices lower and lower.

Another manufacturer left price-cutting competitors behind by boldly raising prices on a staple article sold through merchants to the general public. The standard retail price for this article had been seventy-five cents, originally. Competing makers underbid one another in both retail price and discounts to the merchant, so that finally there was little profit for anybody. While they were trying to find ways of lowering quality or quantity as a basis for further price reductions this manufacturer put on the market a better article at one dollar. The public preferred better quality. There was larger profit and discount for merchants. Before competitors fully understood what had been done merchants were pushing the dollar article and refusing to go

The House Enjoying a Monopoly Runs Naturally to Seed back to the narrow margin of the cheaper goods. That manufacturer made permanent inroads on their trade

The promoter and economist, dealing with competition in the abstract, may declare it evil, but business men who meet competition every day find it more or less useful and in some cases indispensable. Had the New York gas corporation been able to go into court and show that it had even one little competitor, for instance, that competitor might have been worth to it some eight or nine million dollars. For the State of New York, after investigating its capitalization, decided that it contained a large percentage of water, and set the price of gas at eighty cents instead of one dollar. The gas company carried the matter to the United States Supreme Court on the plea that capital asserted to be water really represented good-will. The court decided that a corporation without competitors could have no such asset as good-will, because people had to buy gas from it or go without.



She Trailed Along a Dowager Whose Homeliness Haunted the Memory

Years ago the department stores in Chicago were engaged in hot, costly competition. Full-page advertisements were published in the newspapers, and one store no sooner showed a novelty than paid shoppers from the others carried off samples to competitors. The outlay was so large and seemed so needless that proprietors got together and agreed to work in harmony. Paid shoppers were abolished, and instead of page advertisements each store had a column or two, carefully adjusted to its trade. The reduction in expenditure was large. But, alas! so was the decrease in revenue. For when competition ceased shoppers assumed that there was nothing interesting to see at the stores, and State Street looked like a deserted village until the cruel war was resumed.

Another Gentlemen's Agreement Gone Wrong

IN ANOTHER case the wholesale merchants in an important staple trade got together to abolish competition for their mutual interests. With each merchant looking out for himself profits had been fifteen per cent. By harmony of interests the margin was carried up gradually until it had reached twenty-five per cent. Then the rough law of compensation began to act. Here a house sold one per cent under the general margin, and there another house sold one per cent below that, until finally the whole trade went right down the toboggan slide to a miserable five per cent, at which there was no profit for anybody after cost of doing business had been deducted. There they stayed for months until it was possible to start slowly up the long hill again, each for himself, and fighting all the way.

Competition in every-day business life, rather than in a stock prospectus, forms a valuable factor in sound business policy. It has a high value as a stimulant, for one thing. The house with active competitors dare not be slack in men or methods, whereas the house enjoying a monopoly runs naturally to seed

In one of our Far Western cities there were two daily newspapers owned by the same corporation, which controlled two news franchises. Both were of the same political faith, so that readers had to take that brand of politics or go without a newspaper. The copper cent was being introduced in neighboring sections, with corresponding reduction in the price of newspapers, but these were both sold on the street at a nickel. Attempts were made from time to time to establish rival journals, but the old corporation maintained its position, helped by insufficient capital or poor management of would-be rivals. Finally, it seemed to be a sort of law of economics that this city should have only the two papers controlled by that corporation, sold at five cents the copy and dispensing the same old reliable brand of politics.

But one day Jack the Giant-Killer came—a publisher who had been successful with a country daily in one of that state's small cities. Men in his own town thought well of him. The newspaper situation at the state metropolis was tempting. They backed him and bought the wreck of a weak opposition paper started there some months before.

To spend other people's money bringing presses, type-setting machines, editors and printers together is easy. To transform them into a paying newspaper property is not. The country publisher did it, however, and the town with a newspaper monopoly furnished a fine field. Those old papers had been lukewarm on certain public movements that were ripe, such as local option and the suppression of gambling. He led these movements, gave the other side of politics, and gained popularity. Department stores had brought pennies into use. Selling his paper on the street for two cents he got a large circulation that the old papers had never touched. By systematic canvass of the residence districts he secured home circulation easily at low cost. In two years he had more circulation than both the old papers together, and in about three years the property was put on a paying basis, and for a hundred thousand dollars less than his backers had estimated.

This case emphasizes one important point about competition worth remembering—namely, that if it doesn't stimulate you to keep ahead of the procession it will probably be an excellent tonic for the other fellow.

A certain manufacturer of specialties, the pioneer in his line, regards competition as a by-product of successful enterprise—if your business doesn't tempt others to embark in it something must be wrong. In building his organization he took young men from small towns, taught them broad-gauge methods and put them in charge of departments where their earnings corresponded to ability. Naturally, some were exceptional pupils and presently asked: "Why should I work for the boss when I might be in this same business myself?"

The first subordinate who set up on his own account worried the manufacturer and at the same time taught him something. The seceder opened a small office and went about among customers seeking patronage. He also worked upon people who had never bought this kind of goods. In a year he failed, and a lot of brand-new trade came to the manufacturer. From that time the latter has looked upon every competitor as a co-worker, and makes no effort to retain subordinates who want to set up on their own account.

Still another use of competition is contrast. This came home to one manufacturer worried by growing rivals when he saw an exceedingly plain girl marry the man she had set her heart on, taking him from a notable beauty. The plain girl's tactics were simple. No matter where he met her, she trailed along a dowager whose homeliness haunted the memory. Somebody told him the plain girl gave the dowager a home for the sake of having a background. From that day his chief concern about competitors has been to keep far enough ahead of them in product and methods so that there will be a contrast, and to keep close enough in every-day business affairs so that the contrast will be obvious. When he does this the more active they are the better his background.

It is usually the large houses in a given line that meet competition by taking the leadership with able men and high standards. Little firms cannot always afford to do this. But not all the advantage in competition lies with the powerful, well-manned houses, no matter how far they may go in this direction. For the little firms can usually make fighting capital out of the big fellows' very size. Quality goods must bring quality prices. The little house selling cheap stuff can always call the big fellow a robber and a trust, and offer its own goods as a matter of protection to the helpless public. Or it may issue a challenge to the big house, confident that the latter will not dare to take it up. If it does the little house has all the prestige of being treated as though it were really somebody in the trade.

Flynn and His Dynamite Test

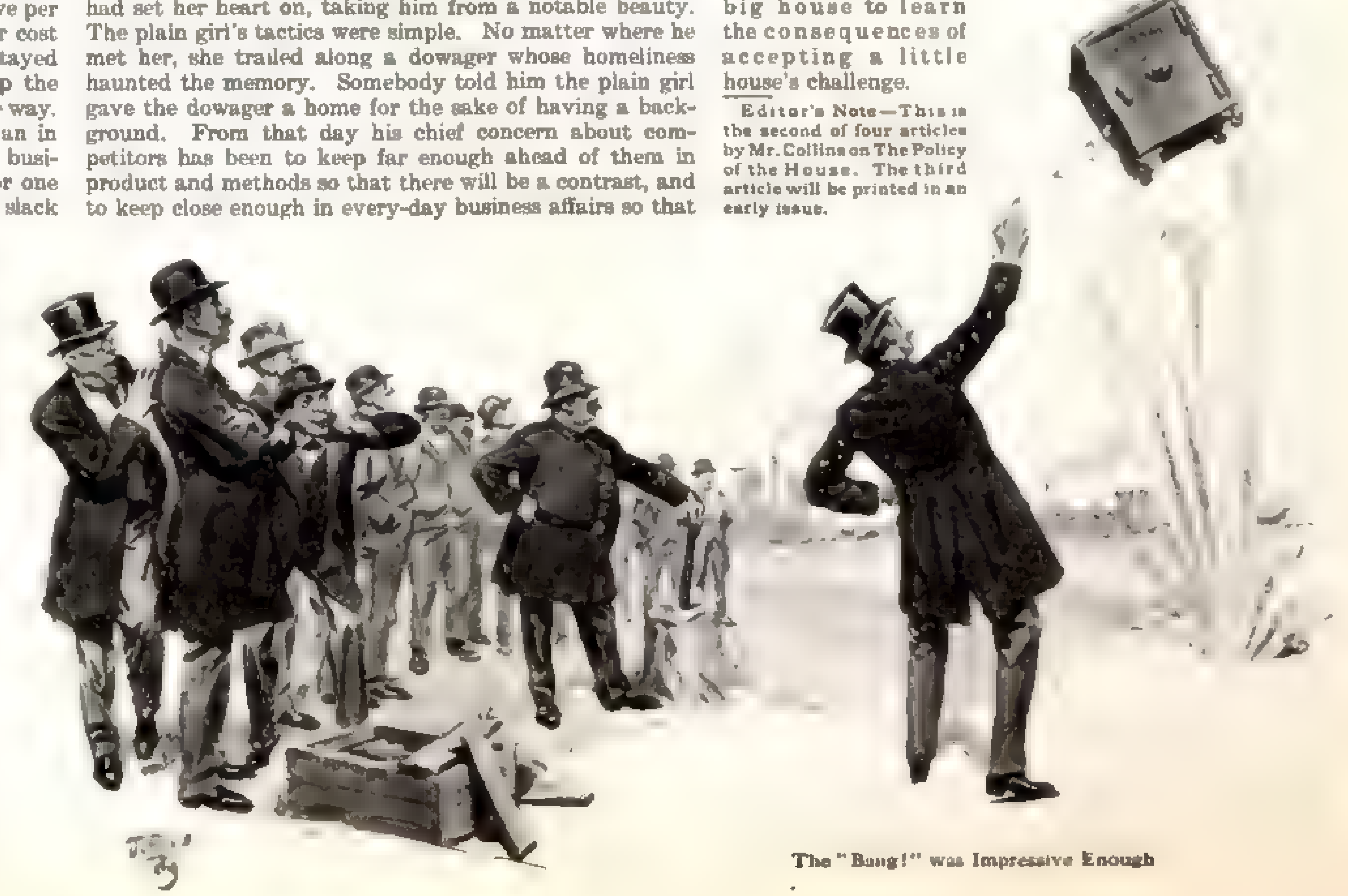
SOME years ago a large manufacturing concern fell neatly into the challenge trap set by a small competitor. The latter is still doing business on competitive capital acquired at that time, while the big house is still laughed at in its trade.

Both concerns make goods in which the essential element is strength. The big house has the quality trade and runs along in rather a quiet way, though strong in its selling organization. The little house makes fairly good stuff at not more than half the big concern's prices, and does a nice little shoddy trade.

Its guiding spirit, a manager named Flynn, was fertile in spectacular schemes for keeping his goods before the public at slight cost for advertising. One of the showiest of these methods was to take samples of his stuff to some suitable place and discharge dynamite under them, to show their magnificent strength. That got fine newspaper notices, and presently Flynn carried his scheme further by publicly challenging the big house to submit its goods to a mutual dynamite test with his.

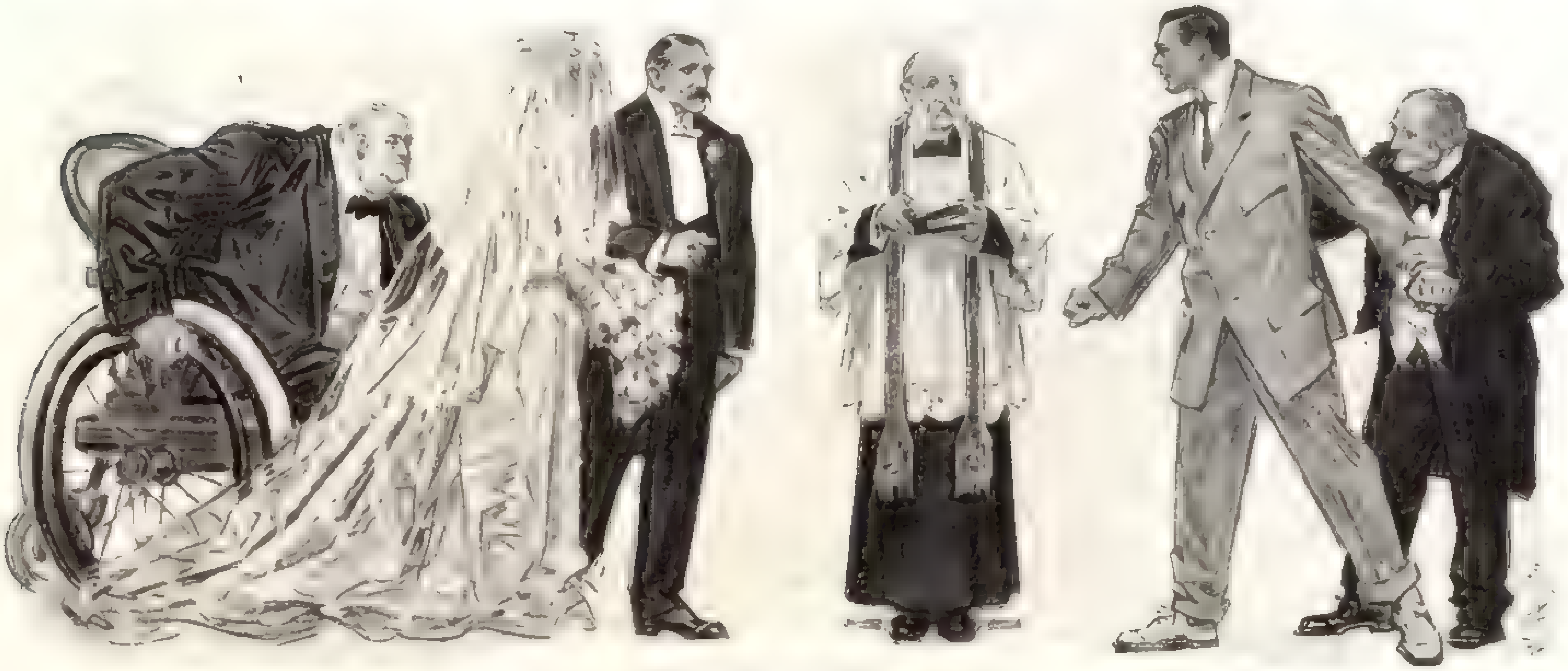
Even Jove nods occasionally. The big house, in an unguarded moment, accepted Flynn's challenge, and little Flynn was in his element. On an appointed day, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, the test was held on a river-bank near town, Flynn taking charge of everything. The trust's sample came first. Flynn piled beneath it a terrific charge of dynamite, blew it to pieces and triumphantly demonstrated that it was a weak fraud. Then he undertook to prove that his sample would stand as great a charge as had been used on his competitor's. Dynamite being quite likely to go off, the spectators stood at a safe distance while the demonstrator carried an armful of the explosive up to his sample, and Flynn, in adjusting the charge, managed to throw about three sticks out of every four into the river, escaping detection. The "Bang!" was impressive enough. But the actual charge fired off, being very moderate, never hurt Flynn's sample a bit. To this day, when a customer raises doubts as to Flynn's goods being strong and durable at the price, salesmen show photographs taken after the "test," Flynn's sample intact and his competitor's a mass of scrap-iron. But it was worth the price to the big house to learn the consequences of accepting a little house's challenge.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four articles by Mr. Collins on The Policy of the House. The third article will be printed in an early issue.



The "Bang!" was Impressive Enough

THE VOICE IN THE RICE



"I Feared a Trick, but Not This"

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

XVII

WHEN I came back Lady Moore was fumbling a great, square, white envelope heavily sealed with red wax, and she appeared to be very much excited.

"Lord Nairn has not come," she said; "he has sent this instead. Oh, why did Sir Peter go!"

"Is it to Sir Peter?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Open it," I said. "This is no time for ceremony."

"Ought I?" she said.

"I think you must."

She ripped open the envelope with a forefinger that shook and read the letter through, at first with a puzzled expression, then with a face of wonder and delight. She handed the letter to me and herself unfolded and began to peruse an inclosure. This is what I read:

> Believe me, Valued Friend, an old man's passion has boiled itself out. I apologize to you and to Mr. Bourne for my insane attempts of last night. There shall be no more violence. You may thank Mary Moore. I have loved her, as all the world knows, since she was a child. But it was not until this morning that I realized that she could not, must not, belong to me. A man's passions blind him—especially in the case of an old man. I have only this morning learned that Mary has placed her affections upon your protégé, Mr. Bourne, though I have known (as my jealous actions bear witness) that Mr. Bourne's affections have centered about her since he first came among us. Since he has never seen her, I do not rightly understand this, but the fact of it is mightily obvious. Naturally, though, my affections do not center about Mr. Bourne. I wish him well only because his well-being is of paramount importance to one whom I love. Had Mr. Bourne not come among us, I must, I think, have married Mary in the end. I begin now to see what an enormity that must have seemed to the world. Let Mr. Bourne take her and go. This last I must insist upon for my own peace of mind. In giving them to each other I shall have done my part; in departing so that the sight of her happiness with another may not rankle in an old man's breast, they will have done theirs. I have thrown your brother's notes into the fire. I have enough. More and more the love of my garden grows upon me. I shall, I must believe, since such is the consensus of human opinion upon the subject, outlive these agitations. I have used what influence I have to promote Mr. Bourne's safety at the hands of those who were attached to poor Shirley, and I think that for the little while that he is to remain in the Santee he may come and go without fear. Let Mr. Bourne fill out and sign the inclosed at his convenience and send it to me. Believe me, sir, an older, a wiser and a kinder man than him you knew yesterday.
>
> Faithfully, NAIRN.

This is what Lady Moore read and at once handed to me:

> I ——————, of ——————, hereby promise to be joined in lawful wedlock to Mary Moore, she consenting, and within two days thereafter to leave the region of the Santee, not to return during the lifetime of Lord Nairn unless only upon his invitation so to do.

"He was always an odd stick," said Lady Moore. "But who would have thought of so peaceful an ending? And asking you to bind yourself in writing to marry *Mary!*" She laughed out loud.

"There is no ink nearer than the library," I said. "Come, good fairy."

"Sha'n't you even wait until Sir Peter comes back?"

"Lord Nairn expressly says 'at his convenience,'" said I, "and I'd find it mighty inconvenient to wait in such a matter." So we hurried off to the library and I signed and Lady Moore witnessed, and, my real mother not being in reach, I gave her a hug and a kiss.

After that we sent off the document to Lord Nairn and waited about in a great state of glee and excitement for Sir Peter's return.

He came back sooner than he had promised, and his face was grave.

"Santee was not there," he said, "nor any word left. There was a nigger taking down a white flag from the west gable when I arrived. He told me that he had put it up not an hour before; that a little before I came Mr. Moore had hurried up from the woods and told him to take it down, and hurried off again. Now, several things may have happened ——"

"First read this," said Lady Moore. "It was addressed to you, but I opened it."

"Did you?" said Sir Peter dryly. He read Lord Nairn's letter through.

"Where is the inclosure?" he said.

"I signed it," said I, "and sent it back to him."

"'Sign in haste,'" said Sir Peter, "'repent in servitude' is a Santee proverb. What had this precious document to say for itself?"

I repeated it to him, for I had it by heart.

"Nothing to repent of in signing that," said I, "for a sane man."

"At least," said Sir Peter, but without enthusiasm, "the matter of the white flag is now explicable. Mary must have seen it or had word of it as soon as it was displayed. She returned at once and was intercepted by her father, and they have gone somewhere together. So much is clear."

He frowned and bit his thin lips.

"Lord Nairn," he said, "on leaving here last night went at once to Santee's and was in conference with him for an hour. Santee, of course, showed Lord Nairn Mary's note. If at that conference they came to the agreement set forth in Lord Nairn's letter to me, why, I ask you, was my brother in such a state of mind when he was here before breakfast this morning?"

"Obviously," said Lady Moore, "they came to no agreement."

"Not obviously," said Sir Peter. "Possibly, yes, even probably. But, I regret, I see no certainty."

"This is possible," I said, "that your brother said nothing to Lord Nairn about his daughter's note or the white flag, but that her note had determined him to fly that flag in good faith to bring her back and to protect her. At the last moment he determined that flight was the better part of protection and so intercepted her and went away with her. It is possible, Sir Peter, that your brother is playing the man."

"And," said Sir Peter, very dryly indeed, "hence his agitation." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it may be as you say. If Santee and Mary are in hiding it may be very difficult to bring about this marriage which Lord Nairn now appears so anxious to make. They cannot in all probability get out of the Santee, but they can remain in it without discovery—well, for a very long time."

"There is nothing for it, then," said Lady Moore, "but to have patience."

"It is possible," said Sir Peter, "that Lord Nairn has also communicated his intentions to my brother this morning, and that Santee has taken his daughter to Lord Nairn's to thank him, possibly—and to see if his notes are really burned up."

And this, indeed, seemed to be the truth of the matter. For that afternoon about four o'clock Sir Peter heard as follows from Lord Nairn:

"The wedding is for tonight at eight o'clock," he wrote, "if your candidate can be got ready. It will be at my house. Your brother and Mary Moore are here at the moment. The launch will be in readiness immediately after the wedding supper to pilot the happy pair out of the Santee."

XVIII

DEAR Lady Moore's one anxiety was as to what she should give us for a present. Sir Peter was exasperatingly calm, and I tasted of the eternities that may be contained within the confines of four hours. Four hours would not seem long if at the end of them you were to visit the dentist or to be hanged, but extending between a man and his heart's desire each is an age. I had not enough packing to occupy any length of time. If I had any affairs to settle it could only be done in New York I did write out a will, leaving all that I was possessed of to my *Beloved Wife*, Mary, her heirs and assigns forever, and this I signed and had witnessed in due form by Sir Peter and Lady Moore. I wrote, too, to Mary Moore at Lord Nairn's—the only love-letter that I was ever to write to her—as a bachelor. I shaved. Fifteen minutes later, unsatisfied with the result, I shaved again. I had nothing more orthodox in which to travel to New York than my brown linen suit, but I could telegraph my mother at the first opportunity to tell her of the marriage and to ask her to send more orthodox clothes to the hotel where Mary and I could go from the train. I missed my mother sorely. Though she would be cynical outwardly and in speech, it would hurt her for the rest of her life, if only a little, not to have been present at my wedding. Often during those ages of waiting and thinking I laughed aloud nervously.

Many people believe in love after a week; a few believe in it at first sight; but who will believe that it can spring into being when there has been no sight at all? Was Mary dark or was she fair? I only knew that beyond all others she was lovely and beloved. Yet there must have been a leaning upon each other of our spirits, for when at last we met face to face it was without strangeness or awkwardness. If she was more lovely to look upon than the imagination had pictured, it is because the imagination is but a faulty instrument.

About seven o'clock we set out for Lord Nairn's, but in a barge rowed by four negroes and with an awning spread over us and our finery swathed in rubber, for it had come on to rain. We were very silent at first; it was to be my last voyage but one among the rice. My friends said that their hearts were a little heavy. And my heart—oh, it wasn't heavy, but it was too full for utterance. Once Sir Peter spoke and said he hoped that I would not forget them. Once Lady Moore caught my hand in both hers and pressed it affectionately. She made me promise to write "always often." Sir Peter asked me if I intended to tell tales out of school. And I said that rightly or wrongly I would keep silent so long as I had friends in the Santee. "You," I said, "and Miss Stevens, and the McMoultries, and a few others. But," I said jokingly, "Lord Nairn will become an old-fashioned tyrant, and you will all fly to a new land to escape persecution, just as your ancestors fled to this." But Sir Peter took me seriously.

"I have feared it for a long time," he said. "I have been sending funds to England as I could spare them—against the rainy day. But I was born in the Santee and it would go hard with my heart to go into exile."

"And he that speaks so bitterly," said Lady Moore, "has a good wife."

Sir Peter leaned over and patted her knee. He said nothing, but he whistled softly his favorite

Hey the rover,
Ho the rover,
Will you go roving . . .

One by one rain-wearied mosquitoes took shelter in the inverted hollow of the awning and made their steady and melancholy music. But they were too bedraggled to bite. Now the rain held up so that you could not tell if it was raining or not; again it smote upon the canvas with a sudden roaring. Now and again the bitter cry of a heron fell, as it were, out of the darkness.

It was wonderfully dark. Often, master that he was of those channels, Sir Peter steered into the mud upon one side or the other, and once he made a false turn and we had to back out of an *impasse*. He bade one of the negroes light a lantern and stand it in the bows, and it was no sooner in place than he ordered it extinguished. And, indeed, there is nothing more baffling than a lantern near at hand on a dark night, distorting familiar, near-by objects so as to make them unrecognizable, and, of course, intensifying the darkness that surrounds its feeble aurora. They use them but little in the Santee.

I became terribly restless, fearing that I must be late to my bride and a laggard in her eyes. But Sir Peter only laughed, and Lady Moore laughed. For at the very moment that I so expressed myself we were approaching Lord Nairn's boat-landing.

A sudden bend revealed it lighted by a single lantern, a small stage thrust out from a background of dripping trees, and in the water at either side, leaving the front clear for our landing, a school of barges and canoes. And in midstream a big naphtha launch with a cabin was manœuvering at a snail's pace to hold herself in the current until the way was open for her to be made fast to the landing. She showed no lights and was discernible, half in, half out of the ring extended by the lantern; she was dripping wet and shone, here and there, like silver.

The rain came down in one of its sudden, roaring torrents, and they made me wait until that was over before leaving the shelter of the awning. When Sir Peter at length rose from his seat something fell with a thump into the bottom of the barge, and Sir Peter reached for it

"What have you dropped?" asked his wife.

"My revolver," said Sir Peter "Have you yours, Richard?"

"Yes," I said

"But why?" said Lady Moore in alarm.

"Because," said Sir Peter dryly, "as Mr. Shaw says, 'You never can tell.'"

Lady Moore came under my umbrella, and clinging tightly to my arm we walked quickly toward the house, Sir Peter following.

I have seen many a bridegroom hurrying to the altar, and have accompanied two or three. But I never before heard of one in brown linen and a rubber coat, a lady on his arm, an umbrella over his head, a revolver in his hip pocket, and an assortment of snake-bite remedies scattered among his others

"My dear boy," said Lady Moore, "I sha'n't see you again alone. Good luck to you. And be good to Mary, not ninety-nine times out of the hundred, but all the hundred. Remember that to be successful in anything, but more especially in making others happy, it is the hundredth time that counts. Every man will look at your wife all her life, but you must be glad of that and proud of it. It is only a tribute to the freshest and most spotless beauty that God ever made. I, too, have seen the world in my day—London, Paris, Vienna, New York—and there was never another like Mary."

"But, dear Lady Moore," I said, "don't I know that?"

XIX

NO SOONER had our feet sounded on the brick floor of the veranda than the hall door was flung open and lights and the sounds of merry voices came forth; grinning negroes took our coats and umbrellas and Lady Moore's tiny overshoes, and one came bearing a smoking negus upon a tray. Then we were ushered into the long drawing-room, lighted, as it seemed, by hundreds of candles. And there was Lord Nairn himself, smiling and affable, with a whole garland of girls about his wheeled chair; and about the great punch-bowl at the other end of the room were old and young men in white linen, and there came from them bursts of laughter and the clicking of glasses. But when the word went around that the bridegroom had arrived your humble servant became the center of attention. Those whom I knew as friends came with handshakes and kind words, and those whom I had never seen before had pleasant things to say. And there was much laughter because I had signed a paper binding myself to the marriage. Especially the McMoultries teased me. They said it was well known that in such matters I was slippery as an eel; it was not the first match, they dared say, that I must have made had I but put my name to a binding agreement.

"Say what you please, people," cried Janie McMoultrie, "I, too, have known what it is to listen to this gentleman's pretty speeches"—she affected to be very bitter. "But *I* have no document to prove it. *I* have only my word against his."

But I managed to get a word with Miss Stevens.

"Have you seen her?" I asked. "Is she sorry? Is she well?"

"She hasn't asked to see any of us," said Miss Stevens, "no, not even me. Her father is with her. And I believe her old mammy has dressed her—and there is Lord Nairn looking for you."

I had already, of course, spoken to Lord Nairn and thanked him for his change of attitude; but although he had been courteous and smiling we had neither of us enjoyed anything about the interview except its brevity. I had, indeed, found myself looking not into Lord Nairn's face, but at his jacket pockets, and noting with intense relief that they were flat to his hips and appeared empty.

But now he had summoned me to him again. There were with him only Sir Peter and a man in clergyman's dress and a white beard. Lord Nairn, smiling, was waving all others away when I came up. He introduced me to the clergyman—the Reverend Doctor Norton—and we shook hands.

"Mr. Bourne," said Lord Nairn in a quiet, confidential, but very frank tone, "is there any reason why you shouldn't be married? It is customary to leave this question open until the service; but, naturally, as your antecedents and former life are not known to any here, there is no one who can come forward and name an impediment. As it is, we shall have but your word. Yet I believe with Sir Peter that your word given to us now at so solemn a time must be the truth." The pale eyes held mine with much earnestness. Both Sir Peter and Doctor Norton drew closer to hear what I would say.

"I have a little property," I said; "there is no other woman in my life, nor any disease. There is no impediment, sir, unless the unwillingness of the bride or the general unworthiness of being so blessed, of which every man has more than his share."

Lord Nairn's eyes remained unblinking and steady.

"I am sure," he said at last, "that you have spoken the truth. I thank you. The ceremony will be in the adjoining room. It wants still three minutes to eight. Doctor Norton, you will wish to put on your surplice. Be so good as to ask the chorus to strike up as you pass through the hall. By the way, who is the best man?"

He looked inquiringly at Sir Peter, who bowed and facetiously asked whom else Lord Nairn could suspect. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than there resounded in the hall a crashing chord of loud, sweet, negro voices; and to a wild chorus with a barbaric and thundering rhythm that set my pulses and almost my feet furiously going the company filed through double doors, rolled wide open, into the adjoining room.

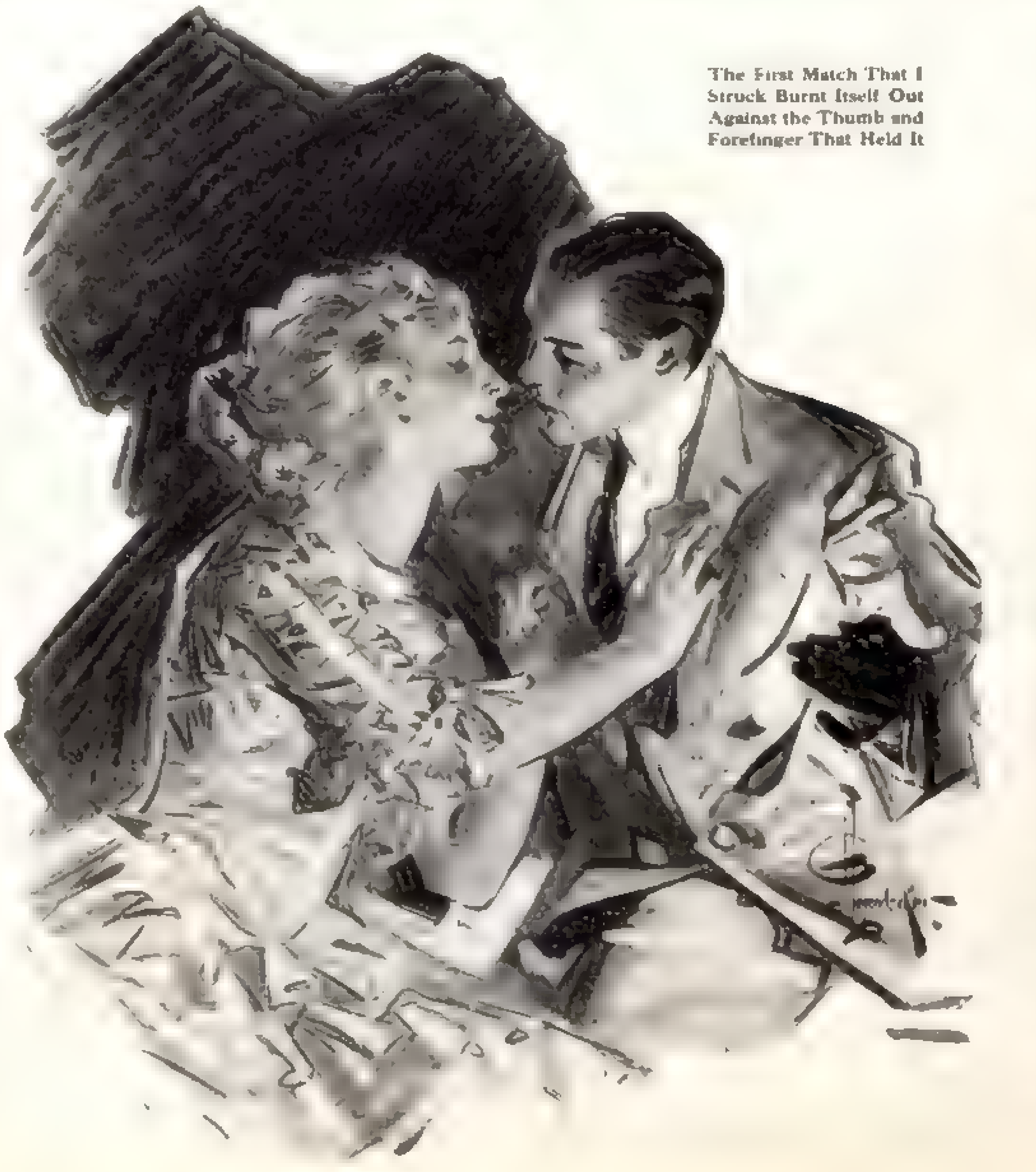
A hand clutched my arm and I looked down into the brown, monkey eyes of Lady Wrenn.

"Good luck," she cried gayly. "This will be a blessed day in Heaven to poor Lady Nairn."

I thanked her and moved on with Sir Peter.

They had made an altar of white roses at one end of the room and a great wedding bell of the same, and the whole room was a bower of palm branches and roses. Doctor Norton, in his surplice, stood before the altar with his thumb in a prayer-book. Sir Peter and I took our positions at his left, but at some distance to one side, and so remained, talking as naturally as my overpowering surges of nervousness and excitement would permit while the wedding guests seated themselves. Lord Nairn rolled his chair into a space left vacant for it in the front row, across the aisle from where we stood. A bridegroom notices strange and unimportant things when he is waiting for his bride, and I took an intense interest in the skill with which Lord Nairn

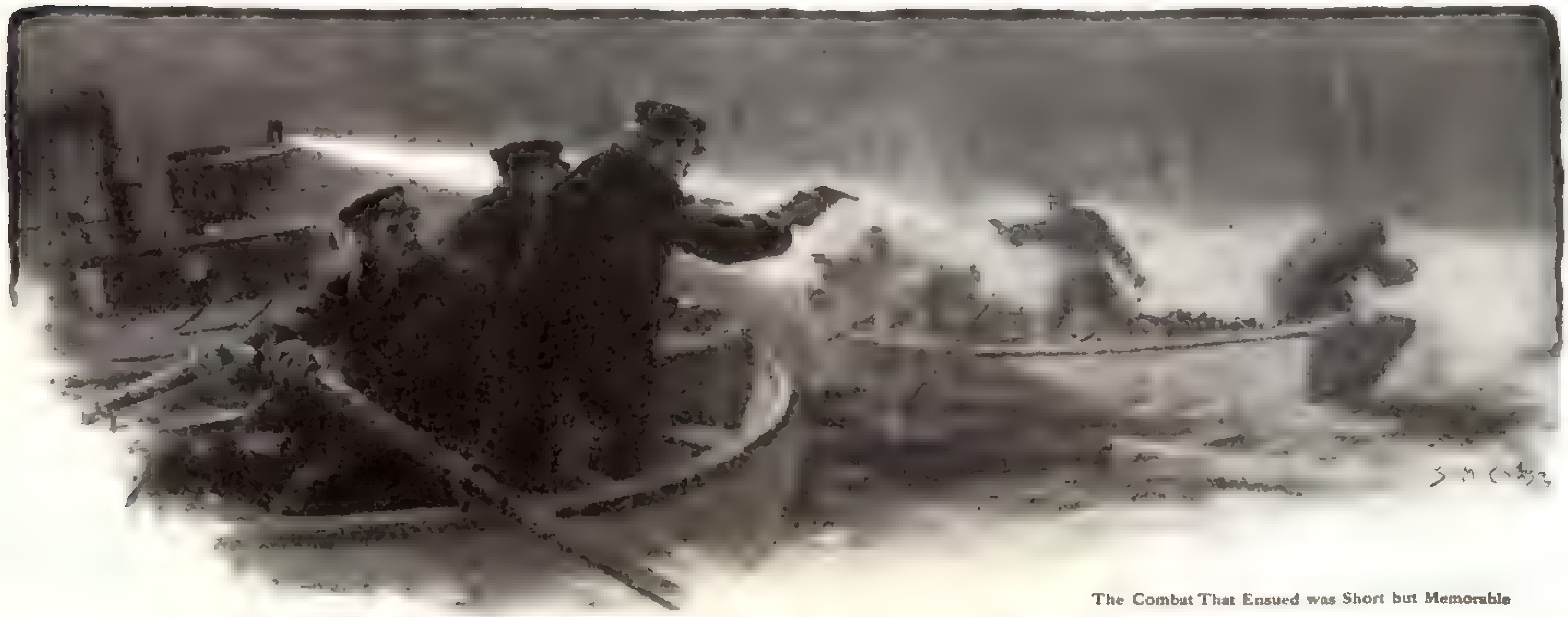
(Continued on Page 34)



The First Match That I Struck Burnt Itself Out Against the Thumb and Forefinger That Held It

THE MODERN PIRATE

How the Harbor Squad Deals With Him



The Combat That Ensued was Short but Memorable

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY S. M. CHASE

WHAT'S my idea? If he won't stop I'm goin' to cut him in two!" And again the dark-haired sergeant threw his wheel over.

But the "pirate" launch, if not the faster, was much easier to manœuver. With her "kicker" eating white water and a smell of gasoline streaming half across the Hudson she spun about and came back by the starboard. This gave her the tide; and farther down in the night and fog a tug was working out from the bulkhead line in charge of two big floats. In that lay the promise of a cover which might let that fleeing "junkie" get well away around the Battery to Red Hook or Gowanus.

Number 3—the smaller police boats have not even names to hand down to glory—rolled through a half-circle fairly a-wash. And one of her blue-shirted crew, leaning far out over the thwarts, tried for the quarry with a line and grappling hook. This, be it said, is a method of capture hardly less heroic than cutting the fugitive craft in two. But in the present case the range was too great. And once more the choking reek smoked from dead ahead. The tug and floats were now just far enough out from their "tuning-fork" berth to give the pirate what he believed he needed. He shot in behind them. He knew that the pursuing boat must likewise take the stern of the lumbering flotilla. And he counted with a nice calculation upon the pocketing of his pursuers as the tide sucked those car floats irresistibly in to the southward pier. And had that junkie only had a better start by a scant five seconds his dirty little motor might have cooled that night in a friendlier anchorage. As it was, the gap had already closed—and he, too, was pocketed!

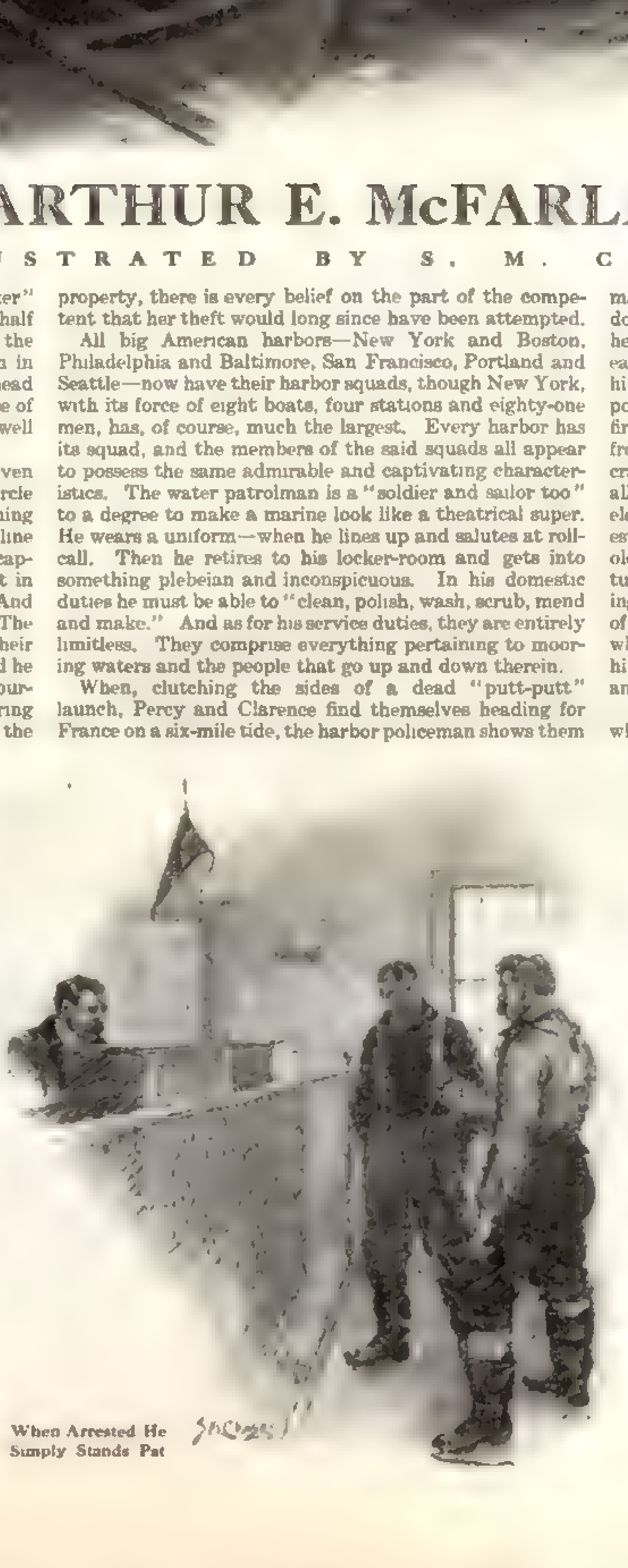
Even then he tried to double back. "All right, friend!" came ruthlessly from under the old police hat. "You'll look just as good to us dead as alive!" and the unfendered bow of Number 3 drove straight on down the angle. No more was needed. The pursued shut off his overstressed power with one hand and revilingly made back-up signals with the other. "Ah, pipe it! Pipe it! What youse at! Nor you ain't so dang' smart, neither!" Two minutes later and he had been gathered in. In his boat were five sacks of mohair worth some one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which, he explained, "he'd just been buyin' to stuff mattresses wit'."

Soldier and Sailor Too

OF THE ultimate fate of both junkie and mohair more will be told later. Nor will the tale be without its surprises. For the present, making for hot bile on the stomach of the harbor men was the fact that the gentleman had been operating almost within shouting distance of headquarters at Pier A. "Say!" asked the sergeant searingly—"Say, why didn't you come right on down an' steal the Patrol?" The Patrol is the diminutive flagship of the New York squadron. And if she could be held to qualify, even remotely, as negotiable property, there is every belief on the part of the competent that her theft would long since have been attempted.

All big American harbors—New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle—now have their harbor squads, though New York, with its force of eight boats, four stations and eighty-one men, has, of course, much the largest. Every harbor has its squad, and the members of the said squads all appear to possess the same admirable and captivating characteristics. The water patrolman is a "soldier and sailor too" to a degree to make a marine look like a theatrical super. He wears a uniform—when he lines up and salutes at roll-call. Then he retires to his locker-room and gets into something plebeian and inconspicuous. In his domestic duties he must be able to "clean, polish, wash, scrub, mend and make." And as for his service duties, they are entirely limitless. They comprise everything pertaining to mooring waters and the people that go up and down therein.

When, clutching the sides of a dead "putt-putt" launch, Percy and Clarence find themselves heading for France on a six-mile tide, the harbor policeman shows them that it was only their carbureter that was in trouble, and starts them gulpingly home again. When some inflamed steward has squared himself by getting at the sea valves of his master's, Mr. Millionbucks', private yacht, the police boat does some rapid-action bitt and hawser work, and rushes her to shoal water where she may settle safely and at ease (Nor is Mr. Millionbucks expected to settle later himself.) A two-hundred-ton craft, like the Patrol, possesses standpipes and monitors; and, if she sees it first, she will fight a waterside fire or a burning cotton freighter till the regular huskies arrive. Then the police craft takes hold of the contingent situation: she swings all endangered shipping into safety, cuts loose a toppling elevator and stands off a ring of tug masters ravening to establish salvage claims. When some poor rack-jointed old canal boat that has reached the age limit has been turned loose to browse on the salty tide-rip and play battering catch-as-catch-can with the harbor tows the marines of the police service put a vengeful zeal into discovering who her unfeeling master is. And when they have found him they rope her fast till he has paid costs with interest and arranged to lay her bones on the peaceful mudflats.



When Arrested He Simply Stands Pat

To the cruising harbor man bridges are places from which would-be suicides at any time may drop. And it is for him to get them with the life-rings, or—if they won't take hold—to frog it overboard. Grim is the harvest, too, which he ferries to the morgue when, in April, spring moves even in the cold of a city's tidal ooze, and the harbor waters appallingly give up their dead. Again, these patrolmen cover at once Federal penitentiaries and local isolation hospitals. If a patient delirious with smallpox is minded to swim away from his torment, the water roundsman becomes an orderly and the police launch an ambulance. The fact that the hospital may be in another state is none of his affair.

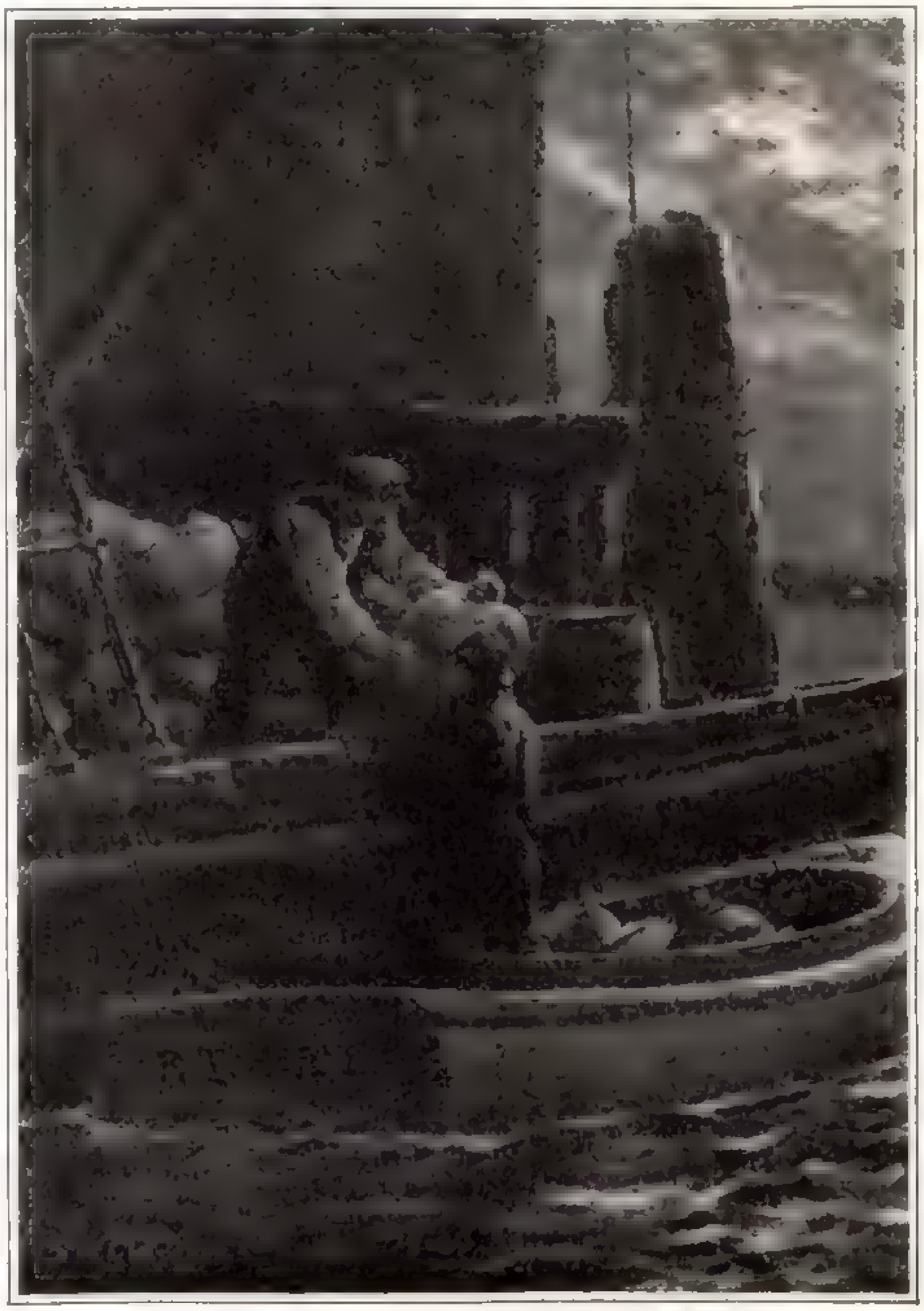
The Rescue of the Chinamen

LESS than a year ago the British tramper Strathyre cast anchor in New York harbor with a crew of Chinese who had been barbarously ill-used from the day they left Canton, and there seemed to be no one in this whole continent upon whom they might cry out for deliverance. Well, Sergeant Mulhall and patrolmen Sheehy, Hunt and Corbett put forth. And when ten Chinamen leaped over the rail for what in sickening earnest meant liberty or death, Mulhall and Corbett frogged it while the others used the lines and rings, and they got them all but two. Having done so, this Horatian sergeant gave notice on his own authority that curfew would not ring tonight for the Strathyre and her captain until the rest of those Chinamen had been given their chance ashore. In the end they were all sent home as passengers and at the expense of the particularly humane tramper line in question.

Naval reviews motor-boat contests and America Cup races are easy. The real trouble-hours arrive when, some time in the middle of a July night, a telephone message is rushed in from up-river or down-harbor that the steamer and barges which conveyed the East Side Pleasure Club or the North Ward Friends of Joy to Blitzenberg's Recreation Park are on their way home with distress lights jerking convulsively at the mastheads and all their whistles mooing for help

When the police boat gets a little closer the shrieks of half a thousand women can be heard, the fair ones having taken to the upper decks. And their swains, the last beer-keg emptied, have closed in one grand, annual, all-satisfying "mill" which knows no brother indeed. Now, as a patrol boat's crew consists at most of little more than a corporal's guard, any force of arms she can supply can prove of little avail. And to a good policeman it is no pleasure to break heads, anyway. Yet, on the other hand, if the patrol contents herself with lying by to pick up those thrown overboard a virtuous morning press will point to "one more illustration of how a once fine force now halts palsied in the mere presence of duty." Therefore, invention has again sprung from necessity, and other methods have been evolved.

Probably the best of them is the searchlight, Acting Captain Mott, of the New York force, being its inventor—or, rather, adapter. And its potency partakes of the thaumaturgic and the occult A thousand North Ward or East Side gentlemen may be so knotted and clove-hitched together in the pursuit of trouble—they may be so fell in their purpose, so deafeningly enwrapped in their own seaborne bellowings, as to be impervious apparently to all outward and foreign manifestations whatsoever, when, upon a sudden, they are smitten by a great light. At first, they merely gag and blink. Then they begin to let go, dumb as philosophers who at last have come face to face with the great white light of truth. Then, as the all-pervading beam searches to their deepest, beeriest soul depths they stand staggered at the exhibition they have been giving of human depravity. They return to the guardianship of their Dulcineas until, still "like spirits in amaze," they can in the end be headed foggily down the gangplanks for the crosstown cars. From the Golden Gate comes the story of a Perfidious Ruser of the harbor squad who, finding himself alone in the midst of a conflict that waged fore, aft and amidships, backed to a companionway crying: "This is awful, boys awful! The only thing we can do is to turn on the boiling water and scald them to death!" This also proved effectual



It is Only a Matter of Dropping Those Sacks Into His Skiff as Rapidly as Hands Can Move Them

Biff and His Pastor

IT IS piracy, however, in its various forms which gives every squad along the three coasts its big and steady work. Enough has been written already of the illicit oyster-raker. But there is, at any rate, one story which may come new to print. It should be understood that in the state in the waters of which this particular raid took place oyster piracy has long been engaged in as one of the regular vocations. And it is accordingly embarrassing to the pirate when, in his preliminary examination at the police desk, he has to bestow upon himself some substitute profession for the occasion. In the present case one disheveled raker with a black eye had desired to make oath that he was a Sunday-school superintendent. And the man who followed, likewise realizing—however later in life—that "virtue is a good horse," announced himself to be a minister. "In what church?" asked the desk man. For a moment there was silence, broken only by the cynical guffaws of the surrounding patrol. "Say," said the minister acridly, "youse tink youse got me lined, don't youse? Youse tink you've got me on a dead sure plant? Well, I'll just explain, see, dat I'm de minister in de church where Biff here is de Sunday-school superintendent."

The fish pirate alone—and this is especially true of the Pacific, from Chinese shrimpers to Columbia River salmon thieves—yearly supplies material for several Government reports. When a certain Sergeant Klute—and a very fine man he is—was sent against an unchartered organization of seine fishermen he first pulled out their nets—nine miles of them—with his grapples; and then, procuring kerosene enough, he consumed them the same day in one all-illuminating pyre. "Why did you do it?" he was asked. "Why? Why, I did it, o' course, so there couldn't be any legal complications to follow." And, as will later appear, this lack of confidence in the supporting intelligence of the higher authorities is anything but baseless.

The coal pirate is less known to the general public, his cognomen being most commonly identified with the fat plutocracy of mine-owners. But it is only a few years since, in New York waters alone, coal to the value of nearly fifty thousand dollars a year was taken. The tows, each consisting of a tug-drawn string of barges containing thousands of tons, are brought up on the night tides from the terminals at Port Reading and the Amboys to the various receiving yards along the North and East Rivers. This means a slow and hampered voyage through the narrow waters between Staten Island and New Jersey. And, in the late 'nineties, hardly a night tow passed through but a fleet of small boats put out and levied on it as coolly as if they had been working a century ago on the coast of Barbary.

At first, the tug captains were kept in their cabins at the point of a revolver; and salve money, in the shape of a two-dollar bill, was tossed in to them when the job was finished. Gradually, though, it became more and more evident that in the case of many of those captains, if the two-dollar bill was forthcoming at the start, the man with the gun could be spared for the more remunerative manipulation of a Number 5 scoop. Finally, Staten Island became a part of New York and the Manhattan sea-going police were then called in. They soon found that a regular lookout was kept for their launches from Saint George and Tottenville. They could do nothing in that way. And they took another. When next a large Pennsylvania Railroad tug convoyed its tow of coal barges up from Perth Amboy its crew was a new one. And when, that night, the envoy came aboard with the two-dollar bill, the Captain Dean who received it was not the sort of captain he was looking for. Nor had the bestower of the gratuity even time to yell. Already, too, the tug was putting out its lifeboats. The combat that ensued was short but memorable. The fusillade could be heard from one end of the Kill van Kull to the other. Some of the pirates took to the water, though the channel was full of icefloes. But six half-filled coal boats out of ten were taken It was the first of a series of such surprises, in all of which guns were used freely on both sides. The 'longshore section of Elizabethport mourned its departed as one after another of its strongarm men was "sent away." And coal which had lately sold on those favored shores at four dollars and a half a ton rose to its normal—or abnormal—price once more.

I return to the junkie with whose tribe I began.

Fish and oyster and coal pirates may pass away. But, in the pessimistic opinion of the harbor squad, the junkie will be with them forever. And this is because he has learned that he can do business under the very ægis of the law, and he has accordingly entered the ranks of regular commerce. The junkie—junkie is a generic term for all commission men of that galley whether they handle raw sugar or tow-lines—has in the main only one moment of danger, and that is the moment when he swiftly receives his cargo. Mere capture, save for the temporary inconvenience he is put to as a busy man and one upon whom others are depending, need not worry him at all. The individual with the mohair, whose case has been detailed, suffered three days' detention pending an attempt legally to identify the mohair—a thing which the police felt to be vain from the beginning. Then he was released; and a court order, also given in the correct process of law, restored both his boat and the stolen property to him. This is indicative of a condition which it would appear worth one's while to look into.

The Etiquette of Piracy

IN THE first place, as to the junkie's method of doing business: Often enough he owns his own place of sale and exchange. If not, he is regularly employed by some water-side fence who does. Being instructed in his work, he takes nothing that is of itself identifiable and nothing that he cannot readily dispose of; generally, indeed, a channel for its disposal is arranged for before he takes it. Nor is it so much a case, either, of taking as of receiving. In the course of his day's business a message comes to him over the telephone that a certain lighter, laden with cotton or coffee, sugar, spice, copper pig or what not, will be lying that night at a certain pier; and, at so much per pound or bag, a little easy business can be done. The informant is almost invariably the lighter watchman or captain. And if that junkie is prepared to do business he contrives to have one of his representatives pass that lighter during the day or early in the evening and toss a paper-wrapped bundle aboard. It looks like a bundle of clothes, but it is really a packet of plain gunny-sacks. It may be said, in passing, that it is one of the traditions, the courtesies of the business, that the junkie shall supply his own sacks. And once in possession of them the guardian of the property proceeds, as his opportunity comes, to "milk" the regulation sacks and bales evenly and with method. He does not overdo it; he merely takes as much as the traffic will bear. And when the junkie again comes around, this time under cover of the night, it is only a matter of dropping those sacks into his skiff as rapidly as hands can move them. Next day the business can be brought to a satisfactory conclusion in the junkie's private office.

As many as eighteen sacks of sugar have been taken from one lighter. A whole drayload of coffee has been got away with from the land side. In the case of the junkie with the mohair, he had supplied two packets of bags. But his collaborator had, unfortunately, been able to find time to make use of only the one. The other had been returned with the sacks that had been filled. Needless to say, it would be much easier to drop a bale or two overboard intact. But this would have been missed in the tally. Pig copper, though as unidentifiable as wool or coffee, has its inconvenient side. It is heavy. The junkie brings with him a pile of old rope with which to cover it. But even so, the lowness of his craft in the water frequently leads to discovery. When you steal hawsers it is

(Concluded on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 3, 1909

What an Inheritance Tax Did

FROM 1898 to 1901 the Federal Government levied an inheritance tax. It applied only to personal estates which became fully vested in a beneficiary. Bequests, of whatever size, to wife or husband, or for educational, charitable or religious purposes, and bequests to any one for any purpose not exceeding ten thousand dollars, were exempt. On bequests not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars to children, father, mother, brother or sister the tax was three-quarters of one per cent—increasing up to two and a quarter per cent when the amount exceeded a million dollars. The tax increased also as the degree of relationship diminished; but the maximum in any case was fifteen per cent, and this applied only to legacies exceeding a million dollars which passed to some one less near in blood than a second cousin.

A little calculation will show how far upon the outskirts this tax operated; how lightly it touched only the mere fringes.

It was in effect three years and a fortnight, and under it the Government collected more than twenty million dollars. Which, of course, suggests the richness of this field. But we have never been really interested in either an income or an inheritance tax, except as a substitute for indirect tariff taxes. Naturally, therefore, as the Senate manfully boosts one tariff schedule after another, our interest in direct taxation grows very faint.

Able to Turn an Honest Penny

IN 1904 the Southern Pacific owed a large floating debt—mostly to the Union Pacific, which had bought control of the road some two years before. To liquidate this debt it issued forty millions of preferred stock, which was sold to its shareholders, including the Union Pacific, at par. In 1907 an additional thirty-five millions of preferred stock was sold to shareholders at par.

The road now proposes to redeem the seventy-five millions of preferred stock at a hundred and twenty dollars a share—a hundred dollars in bonds, twenty dollars in cash. Holders of the preferred stock have received regular dividends at the rate of seven per cent a year, and are now offered a bonus of twenty per cent. On this basis the Southern Pacific will have paid the Union Pacific and its other shareholders about thirteen per cent per annum.

Only the other day Mr. Harriman positively asserted that the Standard Oil fine—as a sort of culmination of the dreadful Roosevelt policies—caused the panic of 1907. We wish merely to point out that, in spite of terrible handicaps, it has been possible for a really bright man to get a fair run for his money in railroading.

The Man From Mars

THE "man from Mars"—meaning a completely-impartial, detached observer—might well round out his overworked career by laughing to death over American politics.

Relatively speaking, it makes little difference who is elected President, or whether he calls himself Republican, Democrat, Socialist or Female Suffragist; nor is the political complexion of the House of great moment. Both President and House are always amenable to public opinion; in both those branches of government the will of the people is powerful. And whoever is elected, under whatever name, on whatever platform, the Senate remains immovable, subject to the will of the big business interests. It is a part of their system, no more capable of disobeying them, as at present constituted, than a man's arm is capable of disobeying his head.

In 1892 the people elected a Democratic President and House on the clear-cut issue of tariff reform. President and House tried to carry out the mandate of the people; but a majority of the Senate—Democrats and Republicans—heeded only the mandate of the big interests. This spring we have again seen the people in the ridiculous attitude of depending for redress upon a body which was constituted exactly for the purpose of refusing redress.

Yet all the shouting is over the election of President, and whether the House shall be Democratic or Republican. The far more important thing—control of the Senate by the people—is regarded quite languidly.

Seeing how extremely excited we get over who shall be the judge, and how little we care about the selection of the jury, the man from Mars might die laughing.

Chance in the Young Man's Pocket

THE famous advice, "Go West, young man," was issued from the lower part of Manhattan Island by a person who was born in New Hampshire, had lived all his life in the East, and was one of the worst business men in the world. From the same precincts the same advice still issues; and recently we saw a letter from the Pacific Coast earnestly advising the young man to try his fortunes in New York.

No doubt, since long before Greeley's time, busy, conservative middle-age has been heartily advising youth to go somewhere else—splendid opportunities for a bright young man at the other side of the continent; fine openings in South America; hardly a chance of failure in Alaska. But in conservative middle-age's own immediate vicinity—well, there's really not much doing; more men than jobs; market quite glutted; wages low, board high. In the last thirty days, no doubt, a great many young men have been told that their chance of success lay at a distance.

In any community, as a matter of course, the chances for a man of fifty are less than those for a man of twenty-four. The older man is apt to look at it in his own bedimmed, mistrustful, more or less defeated way, forgetting that youth, just in itself, is by far the most promising job in the world.

As a general proposition, the success of the adventure depends simply upon the adventurer, not upon the locality. It is well enough for him to go West, if he can afford it, or to go East. But he really has his opportunity in his pocket. If he finds it in either direction it will be because he took it along with him.

Learning to Cook

WE FIND, with pleasure, that in urban communities housekeeping enjoys a boom. Every year more and more city-bred young ladies are attracted to the study of the domestic arts.

Providing proper facilities for them is an educational problem of rising importance. In Chicago, for example, a public-school building, to cost three hundred thousand dollars, in which girls shall be taught to cook, sew, dust and make beds, is projected. Some cities already have such public schools; others will follow suit; furthermore, a good many private schools now give elaborate courses in the household arts.

This we regard as important and encouraging. Not, you understand, that these young ladies expect to dust, sew and cook in their own flats. Bless you, no! Every one of them expects to get a job teaching somebody else to cook, sew and dust, or as "demonstrator" for a baking-powder company, or as a sort of consulting engineer in a commercial enterprise that deals with some one of the household arts.

Merely for her own narrow, personal use, any girl can learn all the cooking she needs from her mother and by diligent practice on her husband. The boom in housewifery aims far higher than that—at nothing less, in short, than opening up a new professional field for women. In that wider aspect it has our heartiest approval. We confidently look forward to the time when many more city families will take their meals regularly in restaurants, the bill being paid out of the salary mother gets as an instructor in cookery; the Smiths will have their darning and mending and dusting and sweeping done by the Household Arts Corporation, of which Mrs. Smith will be second vice-president.

The Original Happy Family

TO PERSONS whose memories run back a decade, current speculative news sounds familiar. "Community of interest" was then the compelling word. All the "big men" were getting together in brotherly fashion. There would be no more railroad wars. Nobody could launch a competitive enterprise against an innocent trust, because the big men who controlled the purse-strings wouldn't let him. There would be no more unseemly and disastrous market machinations by one magnate against another. A small man might buy any sort of stock at any sort of price and be as safe from harm as a small boy in the midst of seven devoted big brothers.

It was a beautiful dream—until the pipe suddenly went out, on May 9, 1901, in a paralyzing disclosure that the "Morgan crowd" and the "Standard Oil crowd" were earnestly striving to blow each other up. The big brothers were all in a heap on the floor, gouging one another's eyes. The little brother shrieked and fled, incidentally losing most of his clothes.

Nobody says "community of interest" now. The phrase is disagreeably reminiscent. But stocks go up because a Hill road and a Harriman road have agreed jointly to use a certain stretch of track; because Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. join in underwriting some bonds; because young Mr. Rogers is elected to a certain board. Without the same name we have the same charming picture of a big happy family in Wall Street, every member beaming affectionately upon every other member, not a black eye in sight. It is almost impossible to believe that Eddie would, for the whole world, hurt Jimmie's feelings by swiping one of his railroads, or that Tommy will ever again poison August's pup.

As call money is very cheap and plentiful, we judge that this edifying spectacle may play a fairly long engagement.

The Law-Protected Woman

NINETY years ago Great Britain passed a child-labor law. Since then, the idea has gained considerable favor in civilized parts of the world. Recently it has made headway even in Pennsylvania.

Prior to this year, of such mild child-labor laws as the Pennsylvania legislature could be induced to pass, the vigilant courts annulled three on the ground that they were unconstitutional, while a fourth was vetoed by the Governor on the same ground. At the last session two bills were introduced. The textile manufacturers would not permit a fixed ten-hour day for children, but consented to an average ten-hour day, or a sixty-hour week. The glass manufacturers would not tolerate a prohibition of night labor by children in their industry, but were willing it should apply to other industries. The views of those powerful interests having been complied with, the bills were allowed to pass and have been signed. Unless the courts annul them Pennsylvania will have some reasonable conservation of that which constitutes any state's best natural resource.

Humane restriction of child labor, or of woman's labor, has never ruined industry in England or anywhere else. Sixty-five years ago England began limiting the hours of work for factory women. Since then the average pay of women wage-earners has risen more than half, while in important factory industries the relative number of women has increased. Employers, apparently, find the law-protected woman a better investment than the unprotected one. Capital is notoriously timid. The fear that it will perish unless it is given a free hand in exploiting women and children is the most foolish of its many fears.

The Nimrod of the Day

WE ARE a bit uncertain about the details, but our impression is that when Nimrod went forth to hunt he was accompanied by a troop of cavalry, a regiment of foot and a thousand slaves who were provided with stout nets, lariats, chains and handcuffs. When the ferocious quarry had been located it was the business of the soldiers to prod up the slaves so they would swarm in on the beast, entangling him in their nets, lassoing him, binding him with ropes, chaining and handcuffing him. When the animal was sufficiently helpless the monarch rode up and valiantly jabbed him to death with a spear.

Paintings and tapestries of mediæval times exhibit spirited hunting scenes which were very much on this order. Before the age of firearms powerful and courageous animals could not be hunted without somebody taking a chance. The chance was usually, or often, taken by an unfortunate understrapper, who would much rather have been at home, while the nominal hunter looked on from a safe distance. The chance of the human was, also, the chance of the beast. While the game was so rigged against him that he could not win in the end, yet he was, so to speak, given a run for his money. He could score only upon some person of no social importance, yet the opportunity to score was his.

With modern firearms, of course, all this is changed. Against a repeating rifle a lion stands as much chance as a cow would against a dose of cyanide of potassium. It is simply a question of standing off and pumping bullets into him. All of which is offered without the least disparagement of a celebrated personage who is now indulging in this sort of thing.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Honey-Boy From Far Japan

MASANAO HANIHARI, in the dulcet Japanese tongue, falls easily into four soft syllables, thus Masan—nao—Hani—hari (adding an elided 'n and is translated in this wise

Masan—Straight
Nao—Honest
Hani—Clay
Hari—Field.

Straight Honest Clay Field, which is the best—or worst—our barbarous speech can do with the liquid name of the First Secretary of the Japanese Embassy. That, of course, is the official rendering, the cold, formal translation of the appellation of this cheerful diplomatist, and as such must stand. But there is another, with more color, more imagery, that conforms more closely to the smiling characteristics of the alert little chap all the buds call "Honey!"—and that is *Masan*—straight; *nao*—honest; *Hani*—plum, and *hari*—field.

Mind you, this may not be Japanese at all. I cannot say, and far be it from me to obtrude any hearsay into the formal dictum of the Japanese Embassy; but I have been told that Honey's name could be translated Straight Honest Plum Field, and as such it suits me better than any clay field that ever heard a banzai, and so it shall remain in this chronicle, set down with the lingering regret that those who named this son of the Samurai did not go as far as they might with their description and give it its greatest significance; did not make it full and complete, as it should have been: Straight Honest Sugar-plum Field.

At this his name might have been Masanao Ida if it had not been for something that happened years and years ago. You see, Hanihari was born in the province of Koshu, which is sixty-five miles northeast of Tokyo. Koshu, as everybody knows—isn't it astonishing how familiar we all are with Japanese history and how we rattle it right off?—is one of the most famous provinces in Japan, because, in ancient times, it was very difficult for the Japanese of the other provinces to get into it and take what they desired in the way of unearned increment. The Koshu people knew what they were doing when they settled there. They chose a fine, inaccessible spot, surrounded by high mountains, with Mount Fuji on the east, and did their own samuraing at home, waggling derisive fingers at gentlemanly Samurai from other provinces who had ambitions to participate in their wealth and prosperity without the mere detail of creating any of it.

The last of the lords of Koshu—really, there's enough in this for a historical novel; it seems a shame to put it all in a page—was the great Takeda Shingen, who lived in the Seventeenth Century. Mr. Takeda was a smooth Japanese, if that designation means anything in distinguishing one of a nation all of whom make a duck's back seem like sandpaper, and he invented a system of strategy that is still the basis of all Japanese military operations and wrote a book of military tactics which is still used by the cadets.

By his strategy, and because he maintained some very husky citizens in his army, Takeda, from time to time, gathered in all the neighboring barons and created the Takeda Shingen Marching Club and Honorable Accumulators of Adjacent Property, having twenty-four subchiefs and enough Samurai—two-sword gentlemen, you know—to put the Indian sign on most of the other princes and Daimios who thought they were doing business in their own right.

One section of the marching club was led out on a bright and sunny morning by a Samurai chief named Ida, operating along Takeda lines, and fell on the enemy at a place called Hanihari—a clay field, the scholars say, but a plum field for purposes of poesy—chasing the said enemy up the plum trees and picking them at their leisure.

Why His Name Isn't Ida

THIS so delighted Colonel Takeda Shingen that he then and there told Mr. Ida that hereafter he should be known as Mr. Hanihari and that the name should descend forever in honor of the victory and also as a reward that did not cost the thrifty Takeda anything. Thus, the first Secretary of the Japanese Embassy at Washington is Mr. Hanihari instead of Mr. Ida, he being in direct descent from the victorious Samurai chief.

To continue this fascinating review of those stirring days, it seems that when Takeda died he left no sons. Instead of choosing another lord his generals and Samurai decided to have no other lord over them, and they promptly sent all applicants for the job to the bastile or whatever the Japanese name for the calaboose may be. They were known as ronin, or freelances, and in later years took service in other parts of the empire. The Haniharis remained in Koshu and are there yet, an ancient and most distinguished family—that is, all except Masanao, who is in Washington.

Straight Honest Clay Field

If you should see a mite of a man coming along the street in immaculate flannels, with a straw hat a bit rakishly over his ear and a smile on his face that illuminated the whole surrounding atmosphere, that would be Honey. If you should see a natty little fellow, with a top hat and a frock coat, scurrying to a reception or a dinner, still with that smile, that would be Mr. Hanihari. If you should see a serious, earnest, alert, wee man, with a portfolio under his arm, an air of intense devotion to the business at hand, going into the Japanese Embassy or writing at his desk at a report, that would be Mr. Secretary Hanihari.

And all of them would be Honey, the cheeriest, pleasantest, most likable Japanese who has ever been connected with official life in Washington. On looking at Baron Komura, who came over to the Peace Conference, it occurred to the American of ordinary stature that if Japanese came any smaller it would be necessary to wear them as watch charms in order to get them about. And Honey is almost as small. Every time he goes to an afternoon tea the ladies all say: "Oh, isn't he cute!"

Now, that may be the feminine view of it, and it has some basis in fact, but the person who picks up Mr. Masanao Hanihari for cute or a cutey has another pick coming. It is bad picking. As Senator Spooner, himself no Brobdingnag, said to the six-foot-six visitor who looked down on him one day with the astonished query: "And this is Senator Spooner?"—as the little Senator flared: "Dash it! A man doesn't have to be seventeen feet tall to be a Senator, does he?"—a man doesn't have to be a giant to be a good diplomatist. He does not; nor to be a popular one, either.

Looking over the collection of younger diplomatists who populate our pink teas it may be said that Hanihari is the best-liked of the aggregation. Moreover, there isn't one of the fledglings who will not have to get up very early in the morning to be of more value to his country or to acquire a better understanding of the United States. It is part of Hanihari's business to draft the reports to his Government on every conceivable subject, from wireless telegraphy to submarine boats, from newspapers to fountain pens, and he is a student who digs into everything to the bottom. He reads all the American reviews and devours the newspapers and periodicals, and understands our Government and its theories. He travels about the country getting information on any subject in which Japan may be interested, and he never stops smiling from the time he starts until he gets back—and not then.

He was born in 1877, and educated at Waseda University in Tokyo. During his time at the university he was employed as a political writer on the Oriental Economist and the Bankers' Review. He graduated in 1897 and was appointed to the diplomatic service in 1898, serving in the foreign office and in Korea. He was sent to this country as third secretary of the then legation in 1901 and soon promoted to be second secretary. A short time ago he was made first secretary of the present Embassy, which means that the foreign office has its eye on him and that, presently, he will be made a counselor somewhere or given a mission as a further promotion toward a big place.

Most Japanese, when using the English language, speak it with studied slowness and Senator-McCumber effects in articulation. Hanihari is too adaptable for that. He talks American like an American, is about the only Japanese who ever came this way who has a sense of humor, knows a joke and can tell one, and is the nattiest, happiest, cleverest little package we have in our fair city. He writes brilliantly, talks well, studies all the time, radiates incessantly and circulates constantly.

Clay Field? Not on your Rising Sun! Plum Field, and Sugar-plum Field at that.

The Tale of Two Cities

SENATOR NEWLANDS, of Nevada, was making a tariff speech, and in its course referred to labor conditions in Pittsburgh, where, he said, men were compelled to work seven days a week, twelve or fourteen hours a day, Sunday and every other day. He drew a parallel between these conditions and the statement that protection helps the American working-man and that Pittsburgh is supposed to be the greatest beneficiary of the protective tariff system.

Senator Oliver, newly from Pittsburgh, was restless during this recital. Finally he jumped up and denied that any Pittsburgh workmen were compelled to work on Sunday except the blast-furnace men. Then he said he had been in Nevada and that it was customary to work seven days a week there, there being no such thing as Sunday observance.

"It is a state," shouted Oliver, "where the faro table and the roulette table are a part of the furnishment of every hotel in the state—not of the barroom, but of the office part of the establishment—and the guests cannot get away from it. I spent one day—and it was the sorriest day I ever spent—in the city which is the Senator's home. The only place where I could get away from the rattle of dice and the clink, clink of faro chips was by going to the Carnegie library, given to the city of Reno by one of Pittsburgh's millionaires."

That detained Newlands for an indefinite period.

Carrie in the Graveyard

WHEN Representative Birdsall, of Iowa, was serving his first term in the House he was called, with the other Iowa Representatives, into conference with the late Senator Allison on Iowa matters.

Shortly before the conference Carrie Nation had been hustled out of a Senate gallery for making a row. Before the conference began Birdsall said to Senator Allison, very grave and dignified and a stickler for the dignity of the Senate and its traditions and power: "Had quite a little excitement over in the Senate this afternoon."

"What was that?" asked Allison, who had been out of the chamber when Carrie was eliminated

"Why, they arrested Carrie Nation and took her out of one of the galleries."

"Ah," commented Allison, "for disturbing the peace, I presume?"

"No," Birdsall replied, "for disturbing the dead."

And Birdsall always wondered after that why he didn't get along with Allison.

The Custodian of the Cuspidor

"DEAR SIR," wrote an applicant for a position to the Secretary of the Treasury, "I am very anxious to obtain remunerative employment in the Treasury Department. While my educational advantages do not qualify me for any of the higher places I could fill one of the minor places to advantage, and I respectfully apply for the position of Chief Cuspidorian of the department."

The letter came to Assistant Secretary Reynolds for reply, and he wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir: I regret very much that nothing can be done for you. There is no such place as Chief Cuspidorian. You have coined the word, but I cannot coin the job."

Letters of an Ex-Sultan to His Little Brother—By Wallace Irwin

ON BUSINESS vs. SENTIMENT

From Abdul Hamid, "Visiting Friends" at Saloniki, to Mehmed V, Occupying the Golden Throne at Constantinople

Dear Mem:

In your letter of the fifteenth, now at hand, you announce that the Appraisers, in taking stock of Yildiz Kiosk, have shaken out quite a lot of small change tucked here and there among the cozy corners. You tell me there was about seven hundred and eighty thousand pounds in Turkish gold in sacks marked "sugar" and concealed in the large Damascus ice-box under the Selamlik stairs. You also mention several million dollars' worth of Rapid Transit securities which have been ripped out of numerous college sofa-cushions with which my Palace abounded. Have you shaken all the Oriental rugs and Bagdad tapestries which cluttered my well-padded apartments? Perhaps you may find more surprises—who knows?

What saith al Koran in the Chapter of the Bee? It saith: "No man knoweth what queer things may be found in a House after a large and careless Family hath moved out."

There's one question I wish you would quit asking me, Kid. I don't like to hear you constantly inquiring how much money I salted away *in toto* during my thirty-two years of public service. Such puling journalistic curiosity ill becomes a full-sized Sultan; nor should an ex-Sultan be required to be more garrulous than an ex-Boss of Tammany Hall. No capable financier is supposed to memorize the exact extent of his earnings. That rule is good enough for Ed Harriman, and it ought to be good enough for me.

The Mistakes of Nero

DO YOU recall what the pious Sheik al Mormon replied to the Census Man when the latter asked him how many wives and children he had? "How the devil should I know?" replied the Sheik. "Ask the bookkeeper."

If you really want to learn the interesting facts about my life, read the newspapers. I do myself and am quite surprised to see how exciting and novel my career has been. A special correspondent of the Lemon Press informs me that I have between forty and fifty millions of dollars stacked up in the banks of London, Paris, Berlin and New York. Some of the leading Infidel editorials are asking, Where did I get it? Nothing is more simple. I save my money. Go thou and do likewise!

Take it from me, little brother; the sooner you knock the sentimental stop from the official pipe-organ the better it will be for harmony in the affairs of Turkey. A kingdom, to be run right in this generation, ought to be conducted like a department store: a free concert, perhaps, during the Great White Sale of Wednesday, but a steady, unemotional, profit-getting business going on all the time on all the floors. There's something besides cruelty and greed and luxury in being a first-class tyrant—those are merely the pleasant details of the profession. A modern tyrant has got to be Captain of Industry as well as Commander of the Faithful. He's got to know how to browbeat the people who are willing to be scared and to bribe the people who aren't. In Frenzied Finance the dealer has got to remain calm and cool—otherwise it's C. W. Morse for his.

The trouble with ye olde-tyme tyrants like Nero and Cambyses was that they were too darn temperamental. Nero got stuck on his shape and, instead of attending directors' meetings in the Forum, he ran around among the highbrows giving xylophone solos. Consequently, Rome burned—no insurance—and Nero, driven to despair, was obliged to shift his mortal keyboard by swallowing a box of rough-on. And Cambyses? He would have been a perfectly successful grafter, only he *would* drink. You never can trust a grafter who drinks. Cambyses had the political organization of Persia under perfect control, then he went on a thirty-years' jag and was knocked on the head by a porter.

When a leading citizen gets caught in a fiscal fizzle, and as a result is cozily tucked behind the bars, it's the general custom for such a one to give tips to the younger set, directing them from the paths that lead to the Evil Djinn of Failure. My advice to young and struggling capitalists is this: If you're going to be a Hard Nut don't have any soft spots in your husk.

During my thirty-two years of faultless reigning I was called the Bird of Prey, Abdul the Damned, Caliph of the Powers of Evil, and so many other tough titles that ambitious journalists vied with one another for phrases which would best describe my personal peculiarities. And the joke of it was, no one ever discovered a title that would do me justice. I was a choice old yard of toweling, I was! And just so long as I prided myself on being perfectly, thoroughly and artistically wicked, just so long did I sit my throne as tight and serene as a baby Billikin. And then one day, absent-mindedly, carelessly, I did a good deed—I gave bleeding Turkey a constitution.

And what happened to me? It wasn't much, was it?

All of which philosophy is most aptly elucidated in the following:

THE STORY OF HAROUN AL ROOSEVELT AND THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KICKED

In the name of Allah! Now it chanced in the second year after the Great Chase, when Haroun al Roosevelt had returned to Gabgab and again taken up the kingdom in the place where he left it, that the illustrious Caliph put on the disguise of an Oklahoma politician and, together with his vizier Loebuli, went forth by night to see what was doing in his exciting Capital. After the distinguished prowlers had wandered about for some hours without meeting with any adventure they at last came upon a prominent business street where a great crowd was gathered together. "Let us stay here a moment," said the Caliph with some envy in his tone, "and see what peculiar attraction has drawn so great an audience." So they stopped and beheld in the midst of the throng an elderly gentleman in the worn uniform of a Captain of Industry, on the small of whose back was placed a large placard labeled "KICK ME, PLEASE." And as the portly gentleman passed among the throng many Infidel Muckers stepped forth with shouts and planted the light fantastic toe on the place where it would do the most good. And whenever a kick landed with true emphasis the Peculiar Gentleman would say "Thank you!" and laugh with all the gusto of a collector of rare jokes.

Oili Pasha at the White Kiosk

NOW, the Caliph, who was something of a Kicker himself, would have entered upon this sport right glibly had he not been tormented upon the rack of curiosity. So when his turn came to administer the coup de walkover, Haroun al Roosevelt touched the strange gentleman on the forearm and said: "By the tooth of the Prophet, report to me tomorrow for luncheon at the White Kiosk, and bring with you the history of your life." "I hear and obey," said the Pasha. So the Caliph and his Vizier withdrew, leaving the proletariat in a state of confusion.

Next day the trembling stranger appeared promptly at the lunch-hour and occupied a seat near the Caliph, between the Mayor of Mombasa and the Chinese Minister. "You may fire when ready," said the Caliph. So the Man Who Would Be Kicked told the following story:

"Know, O Teaser of the Octopus, that I am Oili Pasha, the last of the Forty Thieves. Let us pass lightly over the

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Ballade of the Hobo

By
Thomas Lomax
Hunter

The Spring smell's in the smoky air,
And in the damp, gray cinder trails.
The road is calling to me there
In hum and click of shining rails;
And while I can't say just what ails
This town, I know there's something wrong—
No bid to linger now avails—
I must be going on. So-long!

You travel in a Pullman chair,
I swing beneath the flying Mails
Six inches from the track, and dare
Destruction if my footing fails.
I sleep in hayricks, barns and jails,
And yet I sing the braver song—
My spirit 'neath no burden quails—
I must be going on. So-long!

I look for sunny skies and fair,
Blow south before the northern gales.
Of all the earth I take my share
Nor bear one pound of freights and bales,
For I have weighed them in the scales
And found them worth no tie nor thong
Nor worry that their use entails—
I must be going on. So-long!

My soul has neither bond nor care,
And its ambition never fails.
I seek the land of Otherwhere,
A pilgrim in the pleasant vales.
The wind is always in my sails,
The tides and currents never wrong.
I follow Fancy where she hails—
I must be going on. So-long!

ENVOI

North, east and west run out the trails—
The moving fever's on me strong—
I choose them heedless, heads or tails.
I must be going on. So-long!

Claims for Damaged Goods

HOW high do your claims for damaged goods run in a year? How much do you lose annually through shipments being received in bad condition? How often do you lose a good customer because a consignment, badly packed, is injured when it reaches its destination?

ANGIER'S
Keepdry
Trade Mark
Waterproof Wrapping and Case-lining

—the only practical waterproof wrapping, will cut out claims for goods damaged.

Keepdry is tough paper, imperviously waterproofed and reinforced with cloth for extra strength. It is rainproof, damp-proof, snow-mud slush proof odorproof **and** odorless.

Piano makers use **Keepdry** in place of zinc case-linings; nursery men use it to keep their seeds dry and their cuttings moist; dry goods men wrap dainty silks in it; and it is used by the biggest electrical goods makers to shield shipments on flat-cars. Think of this wonderful range of use—doesn't that range include your needs?

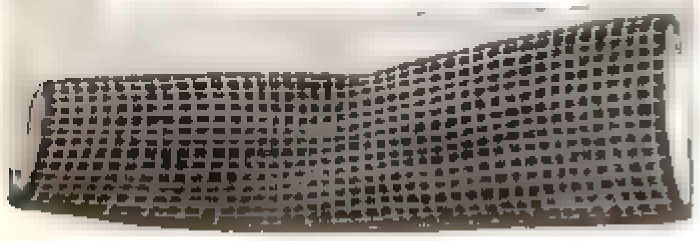
Keepdry will preserve the original condition of your [illegible] from the time it leaves your shipping room till it arrives in your customer's hands.

It enables you to cut a big slice off your packing expense by using crates instead of boxes. It takes the place of tarpaulins, oilcloth or [illegible] at less than a third the expense. **Keepdry** costs more than ordinary wrapping paper, but it makes you **sure** of the safe delivery of your freight no matter what severe or varied weather conditions it encounters. And it wipes out the **damaged-goods claims.**

Free samples, booklet and prices sent if you'll ask for them. Write to-day.

Where a lighter weight waterproofing is desired and **extra** toughness is not essential use Angier's [illegible] Coat.

ANGIER MILLS
Makers of waterproof wrappings and case-linings.
440 Angier Road Quincy, Mass.



early and less-important events of my life. As near as I can remember I have been married and have two or three grown children either in Europe or at college—I forget which. I was born with considerable financial genius which I inherited from my grandfather, who was a horse-thief

"I have never been a militant reformer. I have never been picked out in a large crowd as one who was Disagreeably Good. In fact, I have worshiped at the Mosque of the Tough Geezers, where I was known to the entire congregation as the man who could Do anything he set out to do. Up to my fortieth year I was a stranger to Principles, and as to Scruples—I wouldn't have known one if it had jumped out of a dark alley and slapped me in the face

"In fact, your Majesty, I was one of those bad boys you read about in the magazines. I don't think I ever did an honest act in my life—that is, up to my fatal fortieth year, when a Foolish Qualm, inherited from some deepwater ancestor of mine, prompted me to the square deal that accomplished my undoing.

"You see, I had a friend named Sliperi Pasha who was, like myself, a Frenzied Financier. He could drop a spitball over Honesty that would get by any Hans Wagner in the Purity League. Sliperi and I usually lunched together in the Pirates' Club and we learned to esteem each other for our mutual bad qualities. A sort of bond of banditry was formed between us, and one day, in a glass of purest seltzer, we pledged a lifelong coöperation in our great work of skinning the world.

"For some years Sliperi and I worked smoothly together, chasing the Baby Muttons into the fold and deforesting their backs with a safety razor. Conservatively speaking, we prospered. And then came the day when I got a chance to turn the dirty trick of my life and found, to my surprise, that Conscience had cut in and was gumming the machinery.

The Treachery of Ali Hooli

"I shall not bore you, great Caliph, with the details of a financial transaction which you are, doubtless, too pure to understand. Suffice it to say that Sliperi and I became deeply involved in a mountain of phony mining stock called C. Q. D. One day I got the inside information on a slump in this and saw my chance to sell short and make forty millions in forty minutes. But in doing so I should have had to crush my friend, Sliperi Pasha, until he looked like a caterpillar under a steam roller. The deed was up to me—why should I hesitate? With my thumb on the electric button I paused for one fatal moment, and during that moment I heard a faint voice within my soul speaking from afar, like Long Distance in Boston trying to get Central in Peoria And the Voice was saying: 'Oh, you kid, wouldst betray a friend?' My faltering thumb again sought the push button to give the fatal signal, but by now the Voice had made perfect connections and was shouting in my ear: 'Don't do those who don't do you!' So I put on my hat, told Ali Hooli, the office boy, that I was going to a ball game and went home with that exalted but unbusinesslike feeling of one who has given Old Nick a backhander.

"But my calm joy was shortlived. Picking up an evening paper a few hours later I glanced down the financial columns and was knocked flat by the information that Sliperi Pasha, my friend, had, during my absence, pinched the inside information from Ali Hooli, my office boy, had queered the market, sold short on C. Q. D., cleaned up forty millions in forty minutes and crowded Yours Truly into a life membership in the Down and Out Association. To make matters worse, Governor Hughes got on to my peculiar Past just about the time my fortunes began shooting the chutes. And the next thing I knew I was No. 9009, Millionaires' Row, Ossining, New York.

"O Commander of the Faithful, it is the rule of the brigands that a fallen member shall laugh with the bunch when the joke is on him. It gives me an agony of merriment whenever I think how lonesome that Decent Impulse must have felt when it slid into my soul. So every night, about theater time, I steal forth into the street and do the jolly penance you witnessed last night. All I ask of my fellowmen is to give me the passing tribute of a kick—and I must say the general public have been very benevolent in complying with my request."

When the good Caliph heard this remarkable story he was so smitten with pity that he gave orders to Loebuli to find the wicked Sliperi Pasha and banish him forever to the Keneshaw Mountains, a district where predatory Pashas are treated with extreme cruelty. And as to Oili Pasha, he was given a job in the Committee on Ways and Means, where he was soon able to mend his broken fortunes.

Kiddo, I don't know whether you catch my moral. It is this: The Monarch or Magnate who gets sentimental during business hours ought to be kicked all the way to Mecca and back again.

I don't know of any good advice I can give you from this distance, O my brother, except "Keep on, and you'll either learn or be lynched." I see a hard row ahead of you, for those Kid Reformers are a finicky bunch. Many of the Young Turks have studied at Johns Hopkins University among the giaours, where they have learned the value of open plumbing and open politics. You can't dazzle those scientific fellows with musical mosques and Koranic persiflage. And the superstitious masses won't swallow the superstitious messes they used to when I was a boy. Which is rather inconvenient in our line of goods. Farewell, the golden past when Hafiz sung:

"In the name of Allah! life is but a span. Good government is the work of slaves. Why trust in sanitation when cologne is cheap? Bismillah!"

Here is an inside tip to Kings and Bosses which I have prepared during idle moments, with the help of a few of my wives:

If Kings, as oft was said before,
Are Public Servants, nothing more,
Then for a King the wisest plan
Is be Head Waiter if he can.

A furtive eye,
An active thigh—
Yes, be Head Waiter if you can.

If Patrons would be drunk with Power,
Trot out the vintage, sweet or sour;
Or maybe hot and truffled Vice,
Or maybe sliced Reform on ice—

Produce the dish,
Or fowl or fish.
But make the Public pay the price.

It is the Perfect Waiter's task
To give the Public what they ask.
If they are pleased should he condemn
The things that are not good for them?

Nay, nay, sweet King!
The tip's the thing—
Then wash your royal hands of them.

May Heaven send you intelligence which you need rather than riches which you can borrow! Yours for peace,

ABDUL HAMID,

Mouthpiece of Heaven, Ladder of the Firmament and Lamp of Universal Light (slightly damaged).

Extracting the Truth

THE late Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, used to tell a story of a will case where Tom Myers, former Speaker of the Legislature, was an attorney.

The question hinged on the sanity or insanity of the testator when he made his will, and Mr. Myers was introducing evidence as to the unsoundness of the mind of the man who made the will at the time he made it.

He called a witness who had talked with the dead man a few hours before he died. "Did you hold conversation with the testator a short time before he died?" asked Myers.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, tell the jury what he said. Do not make any comments on what you think he meant or what interpretation should be put on the conversation. That will be for the jury to decide. Just tell us what he said. Did he say anything to you?"

"Oh, yes, sir, he said considerable."

"Well, tell us one thing. What remark did he make to you on any subject? Do you recall any?"

"Yes, sir, I recall one remark he made."

"Ah!" said Myers. "Now we are getting on. What did he say?"

"Well," replied the witness, "he said he reckoned that Legislature where Tom Myers was Speaker was about the orneriest Legislature he ever did see."

Keep Your Home Spotlessly Clean

The pneumatic vacuum process is the **only** way that you can take every particle of dust and dirt out of rugs, carpets, upholstery, curtains, and from floors, woodwork, and walls—quickly, economically and thoroughly.

You will never keep house without a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner once you have used it—for it will save its cost in labor, in the wear and tear on rugs and carpets many times over. It lasts a lifetime. It is a necessity to hygienic and sanitary housekeeping. Two or three families often club together to buy a

Duntley
Pneumatic Cleaner
$15 Cash and $10 a Month

You can buy the best vacuum cleaner manufactured—that will do everything the expensive wagon outfits or costly installed plants can do—on these easy terms. The Duntley is the only vacuum cleaner sold on monthly payments (if desired.)

[illegible] special [illegible] for cleaning rugs and carpets [illegible] **These special features can be had only with the Duntley Cleaner**

The Duntley Profit-making Plan

You can establish yourself in a business earning [illegible] dollars daily with Duntley Cleaners, doing cleaning for others, renting machines, and taking orders for them Write for full details.

Mail the Coupon Below Today

Fill out and mail me the coupon below and I will send you Catalog describing the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner—showing many things it will do, proving to you why it is the best, the most durable, and the most efficient vacuum cleaner built, and telling you how you can get it on **10 days free trial** and explaining the profit-making plan if desired.

Don't take my word for these statements. Let me prove their truth by sending you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner on approval.

J. W. Duntley, President Duntley Mfg. Co.,
400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Fill out and mail this coupon today

Duntley Mfg. Co., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Dear Sirs: Please send me complete description of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner, and full information regarding your free trial offer.

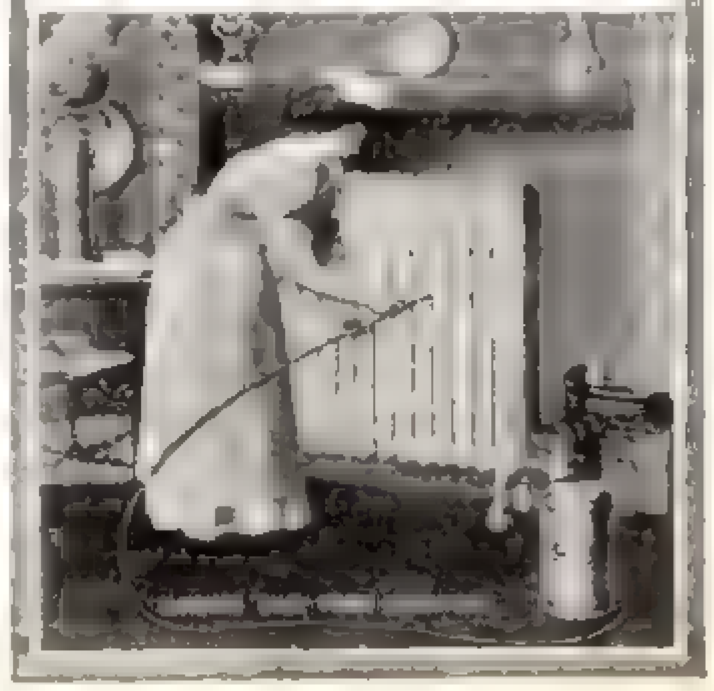
Name________________

St. and No.________________

Town________________ State________

Will you pay cash?______ Or, easy payments?______

Are you interested in our profit making plan?______



$350.
For a Name
QUICK!

Read this story and hit upon a name that will appropriately mark the greatest and best-valued line of popular-priced underwear in the world. Just a good, practical, sensible name that everybody will be able to pronounce and easily remember. Here are the facts:

The Company wanting this name is the

Utica Knitting Company

Starting twenty years ago with a capital of $20,000 and one small factory, this Company has steadily grown into a concern operating seven great mills which produce over $4,000,000 worth of underwear goods each year. This growth has been due entirely to making better goods at no higher prices. The Utica Knitting Company cards its own materials, spins its own yarns, finishes every garment with the best machinery and handiwork in existence, and ships all its products in boxes made in its own paper and lumber mills. Nothing is overlooked from beginning to end that will save an outside profit, and ***every bit of this saving goes into the quality of the Utica Knitting mills products.***

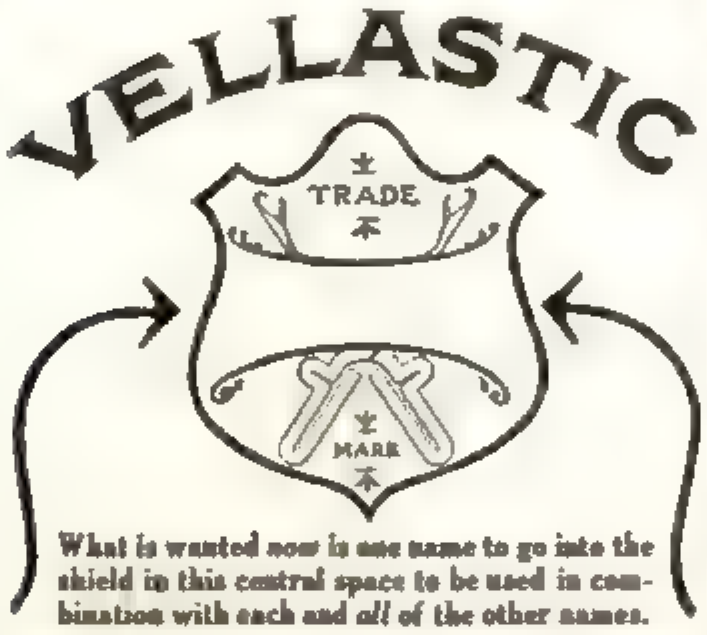
Now read this over until you understand the matter thoroughly.

The Utica Knitting Company makes many different styles of underwear for men, women and children, in winter and summer weights, selling at 50c. to $1 50 per garment, or double per union suit. These different styles are now highly known throughout the trade under various trade-mark names. Following are a few of the most noted of these names

Lambsd[illegible] For men, women and children	***Vellastic*** For men, women and children
Unitee A patented combination garment for boys and girls	***Olympic*** Coat cut, knee length, KNIT summer underwear for men and boys
Standard Fleece For men and women	***Oriskany*** For men and women

and many others.

These various names are now used and will continue to be used over the following shield design, in this space, as for instance:



What is wanted *now* is one name to go into the shield in this central space to be used in combination with each and *all* of the other names.

There are many different kinds of silverware, each having its own name. The word "Sterling" goes with all these names to show the highest possible quality. We want a name that will go with all our different styles of underwear—just as "Sterling" goes with different styles of silverware.

For the name we decide is best, we will pay: $200	**For the second best we will pay: $100**	**For the third best we will pay: $50**

If more than one person sends in the winning name, the prize will be equally divided. This rule applies to all three prizes. **All names must be mailed [illegible] before July 10th.** You have, therefore, only a few days, but this is to your advantage, as the best ideas come from the quickest and hardest mind-work. Simply write the name or names you suggest on plain white paper, with your own name and address, enclose in an envelope, and mail to

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY
Contest Bureau, 366 Broadway, New York City

Read the above story over and over—let your mind play on it and the right name will suggest itself. Go at it now—and go at it to win the $200.

Do not fail to watch for the results of this contest to be published in these columns at the earliest possible date.

The Senator's Secretary

WHEN the grand international distribution of luck medals shall take place among those in the front row, clamoring for the large gold one with the diamonds in it will be Vice-Admiral Baron Sotokichi Uriu, of the Japanese navy, than whom there is no luckier Jap in all the world. Moreover, if the Mikado does not pin all the Rising Sun orders there are on him when he gets back, Mike will be strangely remiss in recognizing merit splendidly acquired.

Uriu was a member of the class of 1881 at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, graduating with the American middies and going to Japan at once, where he entered the Japanese navy and won many promotions, being made a vice-admiral after he, as commander of the cruiser squadron, sank a few Russian ships early in the Japanese-Russian War. Now, the class of 1881 was mostly legislated out of the naval business. There were no ships for them when they graduated and only a few of the leaders were allowed to go into the service. The rest were sent back to the busy marts of trade, with a fond farewell and a wish for all the good fortune in the world, but with the impression that, positively, there was nothing doing in the way of going to sea.

The consequence is that the class of 1881, as it remains today, is a collection of merchants, lawyers and other peaceful people scattered about the country, but always retaining fond memories of their days as middies, fonder, perhaps, than if they had been put into the service and had stood the grueling of all these years afloat and ashore. Naturally, the class of 1881, having been deprived of all opportunity to become heroes because this country had not yet begun to build a navy and a stingy Congress could see no use of having a whole mess of officers on hand and no ships for them to command, has devoted years to regretting its sad fate, and has become bound in close ties of regret. It is impossible not to think that if the class of 1881 had gone to sea it would have been the best class turned out of the academy; but as it did not go to sea, and went into business instead, it is still impossible not to think the country lost much when the embryo heroes were kept in embryo. At any rate, the class of 1881 is firmly of that opinion, has maintained a most lively interest in naval affairs and has always been ready with advice and counsel, which usually begins: "Now, of course, if our class had been put into the navy instead of being thrown out on the cold world it would have been thus and so ——"

Anyhow, the eighty-oners have kept fond watch of Uriu, who was of them and who was not put into the brokerage or the law business by legislation, but was allowed to go to sea and become a sure-enough sailor, because Japan did have a ship or two at that time and had mighty few officers. So when Uriu blew the Russians out of the water the class of 1881 had a celebration, mingled with said fond regrets that it did not get the chance; and it was fixed up to have Uriu come over and foregather with his old comrades, to have a reunion. The class of 1881 told Uriu if he would come he would have the time of his life, and Uriu got leave and came, bringing his wife, the baroness, with him, who, by the way, graduated at Vassar about the same time Uriu finished at Annapolis.

The Wining and Dining of Uriu

They wined Uriu and dined him, gave him receptions and had balls in his honor. They fired salutes to him at Annapolis, fired batteries of champagne corks at him in New York, but, crowning it all, they gave him a dinner in Washington, and there is where the Uriu luck demonstrated itself. It was a beautiful dinner, with about sixty covers, allotted mostly to classmates of Uriu's, and a few statesmen, including Uncle Joe and one or two other big ones. They were toasting Uriu and telling about old times when President Taft walked in. Of course, he was expected, but he walked in just the same, and he made a speech, telling Uriu that he, Uriu, was the only person he, the President, would break precedent for in this way and attend a private dinner to honor. Then the President released a few doves of peace, gave the Mikado a good reading notice, told the assembled Japanese that he, as President, and so do we all, loves the Japanese, and that he was there to testify to that fact and to still forever any of this foolish talk about war between the two great nations.

It was a fine speech, neatly done and widely disseminated. Uriu was overcome, which was not to be wondered at, for never before had a President of the United States so honored a visiting Japanese official or a Naval Academy class. President Taft was at his best and said many things calculated to make Japan smile. Whereupon, if the Mikado does not do something for Uriu when he gets back home it will be strange, for Uriu certainly had a reception in this country that must make Japan take notice that he is a pretty hefty citizen. And the class of 1881 is still holding high jinks over the whole affair.

But back of it is another and a patriotic motive that makes the class of 1881 seem like a group of citizens which deserves pretty well of its own country. Having Uriu as one of their number, and keeping close tabs on him, it was decided some time ago that if there should be any talk of war between Japan and the United States the class of 1881 and Uriu, working together, would do what could be done to stop such clamor. There was an anti-Japanese ruction, and the eighty-oners and Uriu put their heads together. It was decided to have Uriu come to this country and make a demonstration that would prove to everybody that there is no more chance of a war between Japan and the United States than there is of a war between the District of Columbia and Maryland.

Uriu did his part and came, and the class of 1881 did its part to a grand sufficiency, winding up, as has been told, with producing the President of the United States, and having him make a speech in Uriu's honor that dripped with amity and good-will. Marquis Ito and Baron Komura got no such honors when they were here. They had to go to see the President. The President did not come to see them. And the President's speech was cabled at once to Japan and published there, amid loud cheers. Therefore, the class of 1881, having turned a bigger trick in a civil way than any other class, is sitting back and waiting for the news from Japan, after Uriu gets home, of his audience with the Mikado and his elevation. Lucky Uriu! Jubilant class of 1881!

The Sectional-Feeling Eradicator

The William H. Taft Patent Sectional-Feeling Eradicator is now in fine working order, and Mr. Taft, inventor and sole proprietor of the same, is trying it on the South, where whatever there is of sectional feeling is supposed to remain. The principles on which the Eradicator works are simple and few in number. In fact, it may be said to be a contrivance so uncomplicated that even a child can understand it. Mr. Taft proposes to change the old manner of things in the way of Federal office-holding in the South, and appoint to the offices such men as have the respect of the communities in which they live, regardless of whether the appointees are Republicans or Democrats.

That is about all there is to it. Instead of giving the jobs to the patriots in the South who have remained Republicans solely to get the jobs, Mr. Taft intends to pick out good men and give them a chance in the hope that this policy will encourage others to get in line with the policies of the Administration. Nor is he going to apply this principle solely to such states as Kentucky and Missouri and North Carolina, which have some Republican strength, but to Mississippi and the other Southern states where Republicans are so scarce they exhibit them in the sideshows.

He does not intend to have any such rows as there were over the appointment by President Roosevelt of Doctor Crum, a negro, as collector of the port in Charleston, South Carolina. What he wants to do is not needlessly to offend the great majority of the people in the places where the appointments are made. He has no idea that he can make these states Republican by repeated appointments of this

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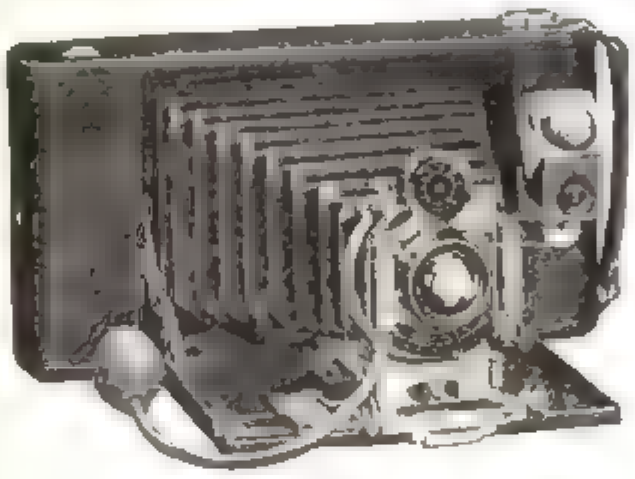

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character, but he does think that he can help make them Republican, or, at least, can help build up a respectable opposition to overwhelmingly Democratic conditions, to the benefit of the political atmosphere. In speaking of this subject in his Charleston speech, Mr. Taft said:

"It is true that political divisions have continued in such a way as, at some times, to seem to perpetuate the lines which were made at the time of the war; but even these lines are rapidly disappearing, and it is the duty of all of us, with respect to political partisanship, to wipe out those lines so far as we can, and to see, so far as we may, that in each state the tolerance of opinion shall continue until there shall be respectable parties on both sides of the line, because it is as essential to have good opposition as it is to have good government."

Now, everybody in the South is for that. The South is Democratic, it is true, but, in many instances, because there is no way for a Southern man to be a Republican. You will hear nobody in the South protesting against such a policy, except one set of men, and they are in Washington weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth. These are the colored brethren who have been getting the offices in the South under previous Republican Presidents, and the professional office-holders who have been posing as Republicans in order to grab off the jobs. Representatives of these two classes are trailing into Washington, crying aloud that the party will be ruined if Mr. Taft continues in his determination to pick good men for the offices, men held in respect and confidence by their communities, instead of picking the old wheelhorses who have been living at the public crib and eating taxes all their lives, or ever since the War.

Herbert K. and His Trained Sleuths

Another thing Mr. Taft has started, which has been received with loud shouts of acclaim, is an inquiry into just exactly what Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, chief of the Bureau of Corporations, has been doing all these days, and what he has accomplished through his band of one hundred and thirty sleuths who have been trailing the various octopi of the country to their lairs. Mr. Herbert Knox Smith is one of the legacies of the Roosevelt Administration to Taft. He was made chief of the Bureau of Corporations after Mr. Garfield was put into the Interior Department as its head. Every time Mr. Roosevelt saw a corporation sticking its head up out of the high grass he called in Mr. Herbert Knox Smith and said, "Sick 'em!"

This was rather nerve-racking for Herbert Knox, for Mr. Roosevelt had a habit of finding a new corporation within the purview of his steely gaze every few days, and he had Herbert Knox shagging about all the corporations there are at one and the same time, which, to say the least, scattered Herbert Knox and his trained sleuths to a considerable degree, to say nothing of smattering the knowledge they obtained.

Some of the corporations Mr. Roosevelt set Herbert Knox on were the Harvester Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Steel Trust, the Beef Trust, the Oil Trust, the Machinery Combination, the Lumber Trust, to say nothing of cotton exchanges, stock exchanges, water transportation, water power combinations and a few others not important enough to mention.

"Now, then, Herbie," said the President, smiling an effulgent smile so far as his lips were concerned, but not smiling a little bit in and around his eyes, "just exactly what is doing in these matters with which you have been occupying your attention and the attention of your bureau and its one hundred and thirty trained sleuths during the past several years?"

Well, it was heart-breaking. Mr. Smith pointed with pride to the fact that the Government secured a judgment of a fine for twenty-nine million dollars against the Standard Oil Company, principally on the evidence his bureau had furnished; but that did not go very far, for Mr. Taft remembered that the fine was reversed. Then Mr. Smith said he had so much investigating to do he couldn't do it with his one hundred and thirty trained sleuths. What he needed was more men, more investigators.

"Yes," replied Mr. Taft, "what you need is more investigators or less investigating. The field of your orbit needs contraction, so to speak. Make me up a

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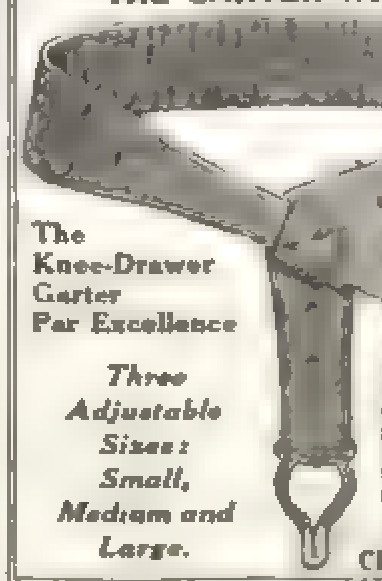

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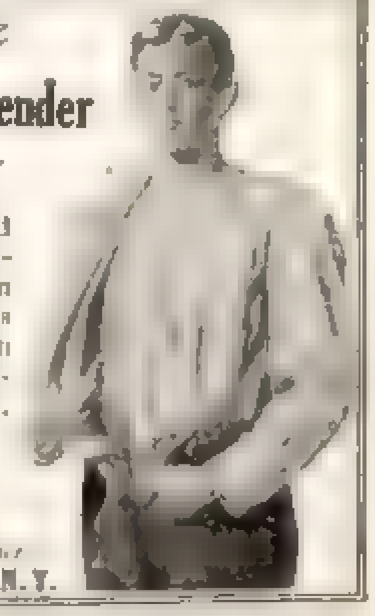

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report on what you have under way and I will ask those celebrated legal condensers, Mr. Knox, Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Nagel to see if they cannot squeeze these various probing parties down to a few where we have more hope of finding something when we probe."

Wherefore, as has been told here, Mr. Taft intends to do away with a lot of investigations and to proceed only with those where he thinks the Government can win the cases. He has a leaning toward evidence instead of allegation. He wants proof instead of postulates. There will not be half so much law business in the legal departments of the Government hereafter, but there will be a mighty sight more law. Witness those shelves of lawbooks in the President's office which displace the collected works of T. Roosevelt, formerly exhibited there.

The advocates of we-all-eat-too-much and more-lives-are-lost-by-overeating-than-in-any-other-way, and other similar theories, who have been much encouraged by the reports that President Taft takes only two meals a day, confining his luncheon to an apple or a banana, or something like, will be sadly dismayed when they learn the President, after a faithful trial of apple luncheons for almost three months, has backslid and is again eating luncheon in the good, old-fashioned way. Every day, between one and two, he is slipping over to the family dining-room and trying out a chop or a bit of Virginia ham and a salad and a few other similar comestibles.

Two meals and an apple form a beautiful theory, but when a man weighs three hundred pounds and wants to play golf in the afternoon or ride horseback or go to a ball game he finds he isn't getting the interior support from the apple that is desirable. This is the President's case. It was all well enough to lunch off an apple—and Jonathan Bourne, Senator from Oregon, saw to it that there were plenty—if one intended to sit at one's desk in the afternoon; but if there are eighteen holes at golf on the horizon, crass as it may seem, luncheon develops from a mere luxurious pampering of a false appetite to a stern necessity. Therefore, once again the walls of the Executive Office may resound with that cry, "Glad to see you! Come over to luncheon!"

Your Savings

REAL-ESTATE BONDS AS INVESTMENTS

SINCE a large part of the wealth of the world is in land, and in view of the fact that land is the basis of wealth, many people leap to the conclusion that because an investment is connected, or is supposed to be connected, with real estate, it is necessarily safe and conservative. No one questions the stability of the mortgage on well-selected property, for it has long been regarded as a standard security. The words "real estate," however, are employed with different types of bonds, some less stable than others. For this reason the average investor, particularly the man or woman with savings, should use the utmost caution before buying them. This week's article will be devoted to an explanation of the main facts about real-estate bonds and especially the highest type which should commend itself to the small saver.

Real-estate bonds are bonds issued by mortgage companies or by companies that deal in real estate. In order to get at a simple definition of the best type it might be well, perhaps, to make a comparison with railroad bonds. The best type of railroad bond is secured by a first mortgage on the road. Thus the bondholder has a first and definite claim on something and, should the road default on its interest payment, there is property that can be sold to satisfy his claim. In short, there is a tangible security. A debenture bond, on the other hand, is simply a promise to pay and its security is the good name and earning capacity of the company. The railroad mortgage bond ranks ahead of the debenture. So with real-estate bonds.

The bonds secured by direct mortgages on high-class property are those that should first attract the average man and woman. As in railroad bonds, the rate of interest on these is lower than on a debenture. It means a sacrifice of income to absolute safety, which is a good rule to lay down,

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I Have Loaned $1,500,000 on These Farms and Never Lost a Cent—to Private Investors

During the last 27 years I have loaned over $1,500,000 to private investors without a single default of principal or interest on North Dakota farm lands. I sell mortgages of that kind on rich farms in the counties surrounding my home and throughout North Dakota. They are exactly the same kind of mortgages that through banks and trust companies are sold to net 4½ to 5 per cent. I sell them so your money can earn 6 per cent.

I know personally every section upon which these mortgages are issued. I have carefully investigated and in most cases am personally acquainted with the farmer. I know for what purpose he wants the money, and in no case do I loan more than 40 per cent of a conservative present valuation.

I give all the details of every mortgage I offer. I live in Lisbon, and have resided in North Dakota 27 years. I spent 10 years in the banking business and the past 17 years in handling farm mortgages. I am in constant touch with the property and owner. I am always at your service.

If you have $1,000 or more or investments you have held which are maturing about July 1st [illegible] which you would like to invest in [illegible] that will earn 6 per cent, write me for list [illegible]

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON, Lisbon, North Dakota

We Offer A New Hair Brush — Take Out the Bristles to clean or renew

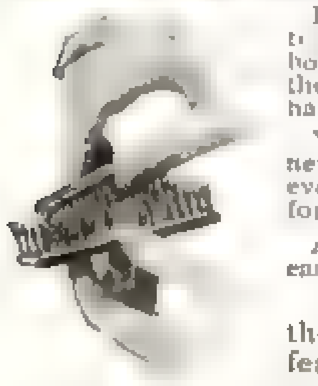
Have you ever stopped and closely examined the hair-brush you are now using? The very next time you brush your hair do so. Note the accumulation of dust, tiny particles of dandruff scales, small broken pieces of hair, etc. No matter how expensive your brush or how cleanly you are personally, this condition will be found.

For example, look at the illustration. These are two photographs of a genuine silver Military brushes sent us to have our BY-TOWN attachment put in. The owner seemingly took the best of care of them, but when we cut away the bristles, see what we found.

The BY-TOWN is absolutely sanitary, germ and dust proof, because the bristles can be removed from the back and easily washed for sterilizing, in your own home, or *thrown away* and replaced in the *uninjured* back with brand new bristles at a nominal cost.

Turn a small knurled knob at the end of the handle, and the bristles come out in four longitudinal strips—not a solid mass. These strips each contain only three rows of bristle tufts.

Supposedly Clean



Cleaning a By-Town

Rub one strip across the other to clean—or throw the four into boiling soapy water—replace in the *uninjured* back and you have a new brush.

You can always have clean, new bristles in your brush whenever you wish without paying for a new back.

Avoid baldness and scalp diseases due to unsanitary brushes.

The BY-TOWN, with these wonderful sanitary features included, costs no more for the same grade, style, and finish than the brush you now use. If you have a silver back, for which you desire new bristles and the BY-TOWN attachment, send it to us and we will put in our device and your choice of bristles.

Your dealer has the BY-TOWN in 36 different styles and grades of bristles and three wood finishes. If not, send for our liberal selling plan and our free descriptive booklet giving details of our 30 day free trial offer.

By-Town, Inc., 2 River Street, Aurora, Ill.

A By-Town Complete

Big Business

Small Investment

Vacuum cleaning is already bringing fortunes to the owners of Aero Wagon outfits.

No other business pays you nearly such large profits on the investment. An ordinary store requires $10,000 capital, and years of hard work to bring the profits up to $2,000 a year. With an Aero outfit costing one-sixth to one-fourth as much, men are today making $3,000 a year and have made it from the start. Aero cleaning is a spot cash business. No bad debts.

Write to us for our free instruction book. We will tell you how to start with the Aero outfit in your own town—how to go about it to get patrons—how to keep your

Aero Wagon Busy All-the-Year-Round

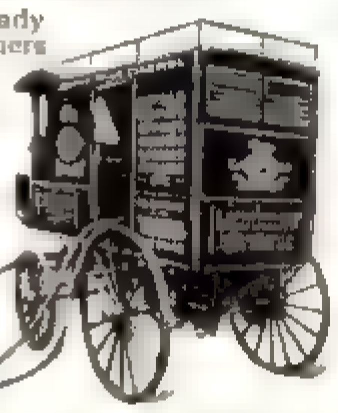
You can run the Aero outfit at once, whether you ever had anything to do with an engine. It is the simplest kind of machine—absolutely safe.

It is housed in a handsome wagon with your name in big gold letters.

We will supply you with advertising matter. We will give you exclusive territory. No one can compete with you.

We also lead the world in installation of stationary plants. Aero Systems are installed in government buildings, hospitals, public buildings, etc., all over the United States. If you are interested in stationary plants, write for booklet stating character, size of building and power available.

AMERICAN AIR CLEANING CO.
662 Enterprise Street Milwaukee, Wis.



especially at the beginning of investment. It starts the habit of being cautious and of not expecting too much return on your money.

But there are many different kinds of land. It may be farm or city; it may be improved—that is, with something built on it and yielding a fair return after insurance and taxes are paid; it may be unimproved; it may be in a region where business is growing; it may be located outside the range of traffic or development. Yet all of it can be mortgaged. The question arises at this point, what is the best kind of mortgage to have behind a real-estate bond?

One answer to this is in the trust agreement covering a well-known issue of real-estate mortgage bonds. The restrictions on the mortgages securing them are these:

The mortgages must be first mortgages and must be equal in unpaid principal to the principal of the bonds outstanding; they must be on improved real estate in cities of the United States of not less than forty thousand; they must be well distributed; no mortgage can be used as security that is secured by farm property, unimproved property, leaseholds, churches, factories, clubs or theaters; all mortgages used as security are limited to one-half of the value of the property mortgaged save in cities of three hundred thousand population and over, where they are limited to three-fifths of the value of the property, in New York to two-thirds of the value.

The amount of money loaned on the mortgage is of utmost importance for the reason that the realty is liable to shrink in value. In cases of loans on city property the investor should be careful to see that the company issuing the bonds has left margin for the following elements of risk in placing the mortgage—errors in judging the value of the property, depreciation of real-estate values by commerical and financial depressions, loss in value due to the internal development of cities, such as the shifting of lines of business from one street to another, depreciation in buildings on the property, accumulations of delinquent taxes, interest, assessments or foreclosures, or loss of value to the property through a forced sale. Any one of these mishaps would impair the mortgage, and this would mar the stability of the bond which it secures.

Bonds Secured by Pooled Mortgages

It is important that the property mortgaged should be income-producing. Unimproved and vacant lots do not compare with improved property as security. The careful investor should demand a sinking fund ample to retire a number of the bonds each year. This is a good precaution against the impairment of the earning capacity of the property mortgaged.

Since there is no one mortgage that could cover a whole issue of real-estate bonds—save in the case of a big office-building, perhaps—it follows that the bonds are secured by the pooling of a group of mortgages. All of these mortgages are not issued at one time, hence they mature at different periods. It is important, therefore, that the maturing mortgage or a foreclosed mortgage be replaced by one of utmost stability.

The life of the real-estate mortgage bond varies. Some run for sixty years. The latter require much replacing of mortgages. On the highest type of the bond secured by real-estate mortgage the face interest rate ranges from four to four and one-half per cent. Sometimes they may be bought below par, which makes the yield higher.

Mortgage certificates, which are really substitutes for bonds and which are secured by groups of mortgages on city real estate, are issued in denominations from five hundred dollars upward. They pay four and one-half per cent each year and sell at par. Five per cent bonds secured by farm mortgages may also be had.

When you examine the investments of the great mass of European people you find that a large part of the savings, especially in France and Germany, goes into real-estate mortgage bonds. The French are the thriftiest people in Europe, and they demand absolute security for their money. The French buy the bonds of the Crédit Foncier. The amortization features of these bonds were explained in a recent article in this department. The bonds are secured by mortgages on city and farm property; they pay three per cent interest and they run for seventy-five years, thus giving the holder a lifetime investment. Real-estate mortgage bonds of the highest type (and the Crédit Foncier represents

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

You Who Are Seeking to Better Your Tire Service

Cannot but be impressed by this significant fact—

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES

are and have been for years universally known among owners, dealers and car manufacturers as "GOOD TIRES."

Moreover, they have acquired and kept this reputation in the *one* and *only* way that such a reputation could be *permanently* established—by delivering the kind of service every motorist wants—good, reliable service and *lots of it*.

Their success, however, is but a logical sequence of cause and effect.

Twenty-eight years' experience in the manufacture of rubber goods—

The facilities of the newest and finest equipped rubber plant in the world—

A system of inspection that leaves absolutely no loop holes for defective materials or construction—

A firmly rooted disposition on the part of our entire organization to produce a tire that will "deliver the goods" *anywhere and always, regardless of its production cost.*

These give to Morgan & Wright tires an *advantage in their making* that *cannot* but produce more than ordinary results.

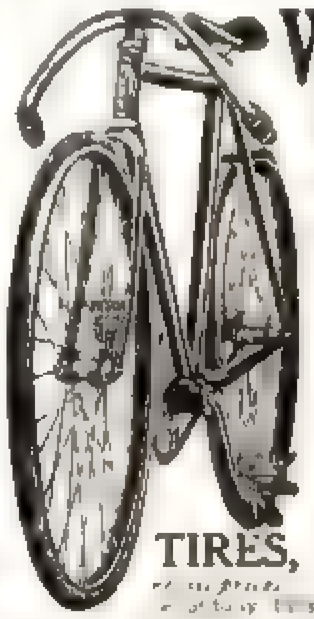
This "advantage" is best proven by the *decreased* tire bills and *increased* tire mileage of the host of motorists who use them.

A few hundred miles of driving on one or two Morgan & Wright tires, using them in connection with other makes, will convince you that there is an *actual dollar-and-cents reason* for the testimony you hear on every hand that—

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES
ARE GOOD TIRES

You will find it *easy* to get them—dealers everywhere sell them *and they cost no more than you are asked to pay for other brands.*

Morgan & Wright, Detroit



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1909 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight,* and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make for 1909. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.* DO NOT WAIT, but write today and we will send you free by return mail our large catalogue, beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. W-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo

Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not. Send for Catalog No. 152 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others.

Cash Or Time Payments

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on **easy time payments** or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save $10 to $20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

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SMOKELESS

is the most popular powder in the world.

WHY?

Because it always does the work—

Breaks Old Records

Makes New Ones

It is the powder you should use for trap or field shooting.

Every dealer in the United States carries shells loaded with

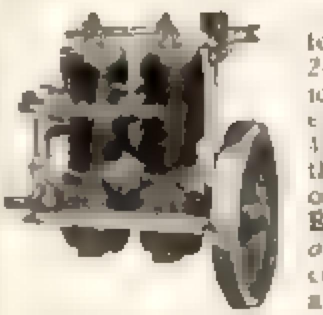
DU PONT SMOKELESS

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six Pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt." Address Dept. V,

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Del., U. S. A.

This is the Perfect Motor Boat Engine



Everybody knows that for motor boat use the 2-cycle engine is the ideal type—lighter and in every way better than the 4-cycle engine, except for the fact that it is wasteful of gas. **The Elbridge Engine** *has overcome this one fault.* Its proven fuel consumption is only ⅗ of a pint per h. p. hour. No other engine on earth uses so little gasolene.

And this fuel consumption does not vary, *no matter how high the speed.* **The Elbridge** has a speed range, without waste of gas, of from 200 to 2000 r.p.m. This is accomplished by DeLong's exhaust ports—4 ports, low in the cylinder, instead of the old-time single high port.

This is the lightest engine for its power ever built. That is a definite, clean-cut statement which we can easily prove if you'll let us.

The Elbridge was the first engine to lubricate through the gasolene tank, thus avoiding all exterior oiling devices, [illegible]

[illegible] every good feature known [illegible] of these good features. [illegible] h. p. Common sense prices. Let us prove that this is the *perfect* engine. Send for proof today.

Special Offer— [illegible]

ELBRIDGE ENGINE COMPANY

94 Culver Road, Rochester, N.Y.

this type, resist the inroads of war and depression more strongly than any other kind of bond. During the Franco-Prussian War the four per cent Credit Foncier bonds sold from ninety-two to ninety-five while other bonds tumbled in value. The bonds issued by German mortgage companies held their own equally well. All bonds of this type in Europe are listed on the leading stock exchanges and have a ready and wide market.

The successful issue of real-estate mortgage bonds in Europe is made possible by the existence of mortgage banks. Such institutions in this country would do much to increase the borrowing and investment facilities of the average man in the United States. The mortgage bank stands between the borrower and the lender, taking the obligations of the former into its own hands and issuing its own obligations to the latter. To give such an institution the confidence of the people it would be necessary, as is done in Europe, to enact laws for their conduct and regulation. In many European countries the law provides for a representative of the Government in each mortgage bank. He certifies over his own signature that every obligation of the bank has met the requirements of the law.

Mortgage banks in the United States would make real-estate loans safe and convertible. They would give the borrower a decreased rate of interest and provide for a more equitable distribution of lending capital.

The Need of Mortgage Banks

For the average investor the mortgage banks would provide, in small denominations, a form of absolute security resting on mortgages on real estate. These banks would change the whole mortgage business in this country. Under the present system no question arises over the safety of the investment when it is well placed, but it is not a permanent investment, since the life of the mortgage is from five to ten years. One mortgage differs from another and it would be almost impossible to make a public market for them wherein they could be sold readily for cash. One reason why the rate of interest on mortgages in the United States is higher than it is in Europe is that there are no mortgage banks here. When the mortgage banks issue their bonds they can be listed and thus have a ready market.

The real-estate debenture bonds greatly outnumber the mortgage bonds, and pay a higher rate of interest, usually six per cent. They are not a claim or lien on anything. The security behind them is the past record and business or earning capacity of the company, which either buys, sells or develops land, or is a landlord. The company uses the money derived from the sale of the bonds to develop its business. In a way, it has the same relation to the bondholder that the large industrial corporation has toward its bondholders. Land, however, is less subject to panic or depression than business, and the average real-estate debenture is more stable than the average industrial debenture. The life of the majority of these debentures is ten years. Some of the companies have a bond which may be obtained by paying small quarterly or semi-annual installments. At the end of a certain period, often ten years, these installments, at compound interest, yield the principal of the bond. It is a form of compulsory and systematic saving. In buying any kind of real-estate debenture bond the investor must be sure that the company issuing it has had a long period of good earnings and has both character and integrity. Keep away from companies that speculate in real estate.

In summing up real-estate bonds you find that there are only two kinds of bonds that compare with real-estate mortgage bonds of the highest type. These are municipal and railroad bonds. The advantage that real estate has over any other security resides largely in what has been called "the diversity of its usage." Compared with many municipal bonds, the advantage is a higher interest rate and a tangible security. As compared with railroad bonds, the real estate behind real-estate mortgage bonds is usually worth from fifty to two hundred per cent more than the amount of the mortgage, while a railroad is often bonded up to the total cost of its construction. Besides, real estate is private property, while a railroad is semi-public property subject to many regulations.

"10 Kills Quick"
"PROMOTING MURDER"

Writes one Hugh O'Neil, editor of Denver Post. Calls us "U. S. Murder Promoting Arms Co.," etc., etc., because we invent and advertise the New Savage Automatic, that shoots ten shots quick. What "Brain-swampness" to assume that pistols are bought for murder.

¶ Pistols are bought for pleasure and for protection from footpads, kidnappers, pickpockets, burglars, and safeblowers, dear Editor. And the constitution of the U. S. gives us the right to bear arms.

¶ Stop the making and selling of pistols, and we will be at the mercy of criminals, and the Japs will land on the Pacific coast, and the British on the Atlantic, and it will be exit America. For the country that would live must encourage invention in fire arms.

¶ Think what an invention the New Savage Automatic really is—so unbelievably quick, it beats every other pocket arm to the first (vital) shot. Shoots four shots per second and reloads 10 shots in a flash.

¶ You point it straight instinctively, as you do your forefinger. A novice can aim as expertly as a crack shot. Equipped with positive safety, which guarantees absolute protection to the operator. Light and compact in the pocket, though powerful as big slow revolvers. .32 cal., 6½ inches long, 19 oz. including magazine.

¶ If war were declared tomorrow, think what an advantage this weapon would give the American forces. Does the American public want to suppress inventions like that? We think not.

¶ See the Savage Automatic at your hardware store, and send for our free book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," which tells all its new and ingenious features. Buy it from us if you can't from your dealer. Made by the makers of

THE FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

¶ Send for our free Savage Rifle catalogue, giving description of all our celebrated rifles. Address Savage Arms Co., 77 Savage Avenue, Utica, N.Y., U.S.A.

The New SAVAGE Automatic

$5,000 Accident Insurance

$8.00 A YEAR

Accidental Death,	$5,000
Loss of Both Arms or Both Legs	5,000
Loss of Both Eyes	5,000
Loss of One Arm	1,250
Loss of One Leg	1,250
Loss of One Eye	1,000
Weekly Indemnity for 52 Weeks	$25.00

$2 Entrance Fee
Assessments Quarterly

This Company, 20 years old, has a record unsurpassed by any other accident insurance association in the world. Our policy, the most liberal in existence, makes every provision for you.

Our settlements are prompt, and thereby do just what they are intended to do—protect and provide for you.

Any person who travels either by conveyance or on foot can not afford to be without such broad protection at such an insignificant cost—Commercial Travelers, City and House Salesmen, Merchandise Brokers, Traveling Auditors, Passenger Agents and others who travel.

Blank applications and folders full of information on request.

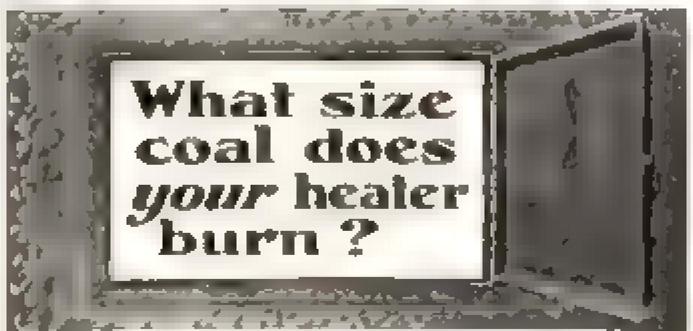
Commercial Travelers Protective Associat'n
W. H. REED, Secretary
1114 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.
References: Monongahela, Diamond and Lincoln National Banks, Pgh.

What's a Vacation Without a Smoke!

And what's a Smoke without Spilman's! the tobacco "without a bite or a regret." Its cool mellow fragrance of the pure tobacco certainly does make the outing a real pleasure.

Spilman Mixture
SMOKING TOBACCO

Special Vacation Offer: If your dealer will not supply you, send his name and 50c for a 40c can of Spilman Mixture and 25c tobacco pouch, prepaid. *Money back if not satisfied.*
1⅔ oz. 40c; 3⅓ oz. 75c; ½ lb. $1.65; 1 lb. $3.30, prepaid.
Free booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write for it today.
E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, Mfrs., 181 Madison St., Chicago


What size coal does *your* heater burn?

The Spencer
Steam or Hot Water
Heater

burns No. 1 Buckwheat, costing from $2 to $3 less than other sizes—and burns less of this cheap coal than other heaters do of the larger sizes.

The water-jacketed magazine feed holds sufficient coal to last 24 hours in ordinary weather, or 12 hours in severe. This minimizes the labor of attending to the heater, and keeps the "women folks" out of the cellar at all times.

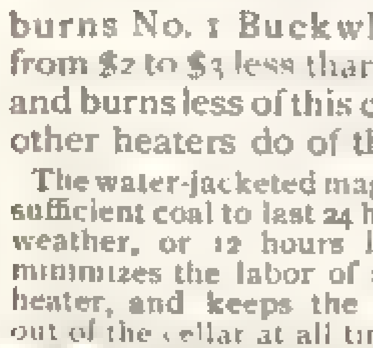
The Spencer [illegible] the most economical and satisfactory heater made.

On request we will be glad to send our Heating Book free, giving full particulars.

SPENCER HEATER CO.,
200 Commonwealth Building, Scranton, Pa.

Genuine Panama Hats $1.00
Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Straw Hats

Made possible only by our importing them from South America and selling direct to the user. These hats are [illegible] **Genuine all Hand-woven,** [illegible] and can be worn in that [illegible]



[illegible] or can be blocked by your [illegible] any shape or style. These Panama Hats are just as serviceable and [illegible] as a **$10.00 Panama Hat.** The difference [illegible] is in the fineness of weave. These Hats being a trifle coarser weave than the more expensive kind.

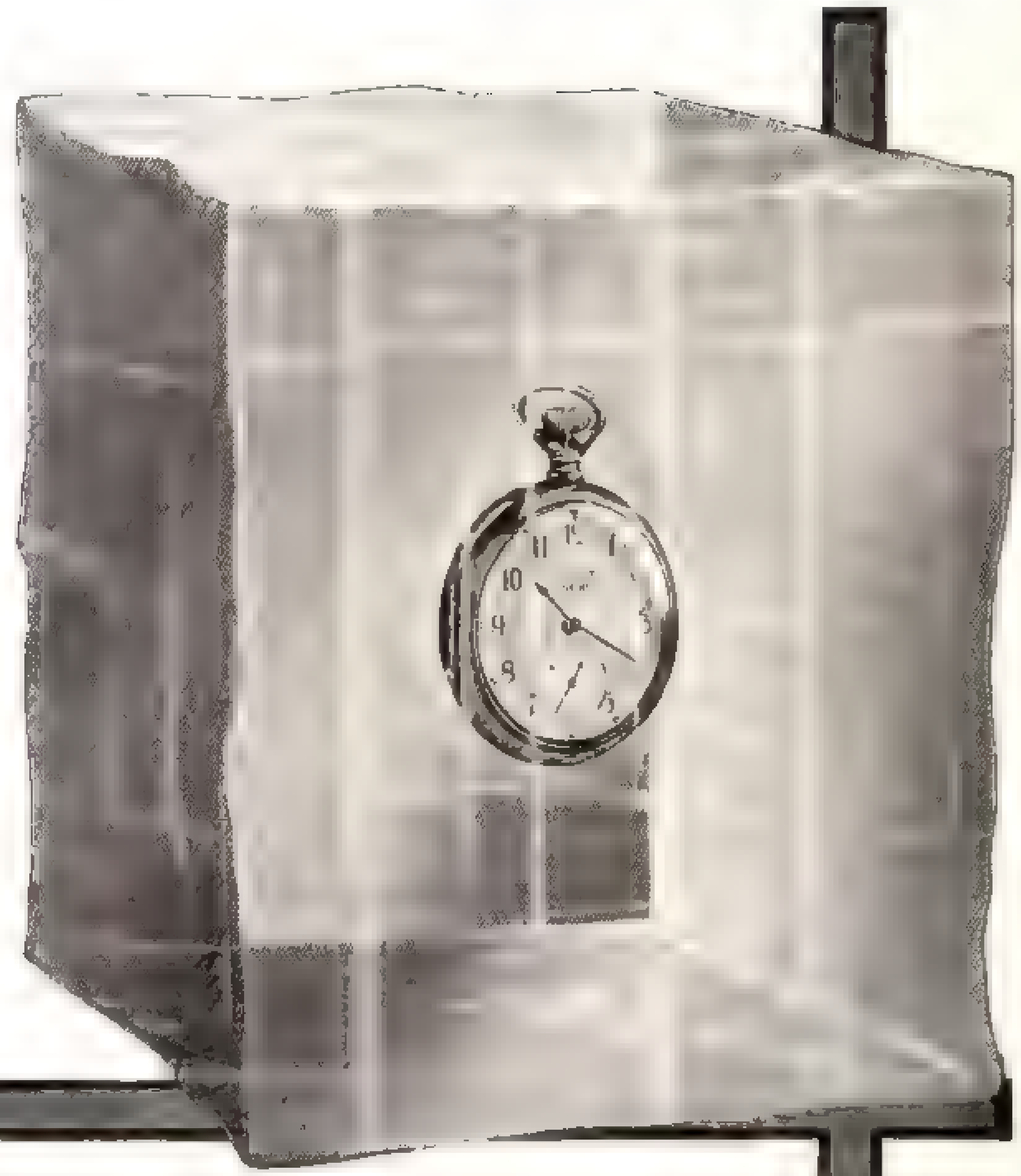
Assorted sizes. Weight about 2 oz. each. Sent postpaid securely packed, on receipt of **$1.00.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today. Supply limited.

PANAMA HAT CO., 181A William St. New York City

"THE LONG ARM" WILL REACH IT

Every merchant needs it to take down and put up packages from shelving, fixtures, show windows. Sent prepaid for $1.25. Jobbers and Salesmen write
HALLOWAY MFG CO., OTTUMWA, IOWA

Reasons why you should carry a South Bend Watch



All high grade watches have the same number of wheels, the same number of springs, and are made of the same material.

The wheels in one revolve precisely the same number of times in twenty-four hours as in all other modern watches.

The balance wheels in all accurate modern watches pulsate exactly 18,000 times every hour. Once more or less and the watch is not a perfect time-keeper.

The difference in watches lies not in the number of wheels but in the care and skill exercised in making, finishing and adjusting the parts which compose the watch.

You can understand the importance of this by realizing that the point of the balance wheel staff, or axle, is one ten thousandth of an inch in diameter, or about the size of a human hair. The least bit of difference in the size of this staff, even though it is so small that the most delicate instrument will hardly detect it, materially affects the time-keeping qualities of the watch. Therefore the quality of the watch is dependent upon the skill and care used in its making and not upon patented devices and material. It is true that some manufacturers might use inferior and imperfect jewels, but only the best of material of every character is used in the **SOUTH BEND** watch.

It takes three times as long in care to make a **SOUTH BEND** as any other watch of similar grade. This extra time and attention is the reason for the **SOUTH BEND** being the most perfect watch, grade for grade, ever constructed.

Watches are so sensitive to the habits of the persons who carry them that even a **SOUTH BEND**, with all the care and time spent upon its adjustment to give perfect time, should be adjusted to the individual who is to carry it. For this reason we have established a large corps of watch inspectors, the largest in the world. Our 12,805 inspectors are our regular jewelers in all parts of the country and competent to adjust the **SOUTH BEND** so that it will give perfect time-keeping satisfaction. We give this service to every purchaser of a **SOUTH BEND** watch absolutely free. We charge nothing for this extra attention in making the **SOUTH BEND** the perfect time-keeper that it is.

SOUTH BEND watches can be had only of authorized **SOUTH BEND** watch inspectors —Retail Jewelers in nearly every city in America. If you want a watch upon which you can absolutely rely, and that will keep perfect time under all conditions, even though frozen in solid ice, buy a **SOUTH BEND.**

Send for a device which shows how a **SOUTH BEND** watch is automatically adjusted to heat and cold, and the booklet "How Good Watches Are Made." It is full of interesting, scientific facts.

REMINDER FOR DEVICE SEP31

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Indiana
Please send me the device and book you offer.
My Jeweler's name is
His address is
My name is
My address is

Only Watch Factory to run full time all of 1908

12,805 Experienced Watch Inspectors

This Poster is Free!

I will send it, postpaid, to anyone who writes for a regular size package of my delicious "Dutch Butter Sweets" - and name of your dealer.

The poster is just like the picture—very attractive—in seven bright colors—and 36 inches long.

Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets
Made in Milwaukee

While the poster pleases the eye—the chocolates delight the palate as no other chocolates can.

I make them from a recipe that is original with me—so no one can even equal their enticing flavor. None others are half so good.

The chocolate coating is deep and rich—the centers are a firm sweet cream. The bitter and sweet absorb each other and blend into a deliciousness beyond description.

I pack them in handsome packages tied with satin ribbon in 40c, 50c, 60c, 80c and $1 sizes.

For 10c to cover postage and packing I will send a sample package (fac simile of regular ones) of either my "Dutch Butter Sweets",—my "Swiss Style Milk Chocolates" or my "White Cherries in Maraschino, Chocolate Dipped."

But if you want the poster send 40c or more for regular size packages. Address me—

Johnston
Dept. S.
Milwaukee - - Wis.

Build Your Own Fireless Cooker

and save money. Anyone can do it. No mechanical ability or experience required. I supply all material and teach you how to do the work. [illegible]

Make Fireless Cookers for sale [illegible]

H. M. SHEER, Box 10, QUINCY, ILL.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA

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Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy

Seventy-second Session begins Sept. 14, 1909.

Excellent laboratory and clinical facilities. Climate [illegible]. Living expenses moderate. Write for terms and catalogue A 6

Christopher Tompkins, M. D., Dean, Richmond, Va.

PEIRCE SCHOOL —America's leading business school. Widely recommended for the thoroughness and practicality of its courses which combine a general education with a technical training in all essential commercial subjects. Graded classes, adapted to college graduates as well as those having but a grammar school education. Summer Term, June 28, Fall Term Sept. 1. Write for 45th Year Book.

PEIRCE SCHOOL, Record Building, Philadelphia

LEARN BUSINESS PENMANSHIP

Send $1.00 for set (100) of my **Patented Pen Practice Sheets** and if not benefited, return to me and get YOUR MONEY BACK

Walter Thomson
P O Box 55, Fargo, N D
State whether you wish slant (60°), medial (72°), or vertical

The WINONA ACADEMY WINONA LAKE, INDIANA.

For boys aged 12 to 20. Christian influence. Campus of 800 acres. Most beautiful and healthful location in Central West, 2½ hours from Chicago on Pennsylvania Main Line. Strong Faculty. Certificate admits to leading universities. Expenses $350.

P. C. EMMONS, Principal, Box 1809.

PROFITS FROM LAUGHTER

(Concluded from Page 4)

amusement as are boys and girls who think nothing of coasting down hills which chill the blood of their parents, and take an uncanny delight in climbing trees, telegraph poles, lightning rods and everything else which makes a broken neck, arm or leg possible. Grown-ups are really more like youngsters than like sheep.

Have you ever stopped to think how much thought, how many men, how much ability and how much money are required to make midsummer America laugh? The investment in Luna Park alone is two million six hundred thousand dollars, and for four months in the year twelve hundred persons are on the payroll. It is a serious business—making a nation laugh—and of all of the many types of amusement enterprises it is the most hazardous. The most beautiful parks, the most amusing shows, the most thrilling rides are of no avail if the weather is inclement; running a gigantic amusement park is nothing more or less than gambling with Providence. You see, it is just as natural for rain to fall on Saturday and Sunday as on Monday or Tuesday.

The tremendous summer amusement industry is one of the great businesses of this country and will always remain so. Viewing it from the inside I possibly see it in a different light from that which strikes the layman, but of one thing I am certain: anything which can teach a wearied populace to laugh is of inestimable value. Luna Park, all the rest of Coney Island and all of the big and little parks between the two oceans are important factors in building our national good humor, and for that alone they deserve the hearty respect of every one who knows the value of a sunny disposition.

If a man who has been grinding all the week can, by a visit to some midsummer inclosure of fun, learn to laugh, he has learned how to go back to his home, where everything should be happy and bright; he has learned how to go back to his work next day; he has learned to take heart.

That is the value of a laugh.

THE HAS-BEEN

(Continued from Page 9)

at the children and get mad—mad at himself, primarily, though he didn't say so or admit it even to himself—and he'd take it out in nasty, mean ways with her and the children. Finally, she gave up; she didn't know why, she never knew what had happened, or, if she did, she never even hinted it—and the whole family was just going down to hell and the devil. There wasn't any outward tragedy to make it striking or dramatic or even interesting.

"And then, after everybody half knew or half guessed, and had ceased to respect him, he came back here to Springfield once, as we all do, and happened to see Baldwin, and found him the same, scarcely a day older, though he himself was gray and withered. It hadn't hurt Baldwin; he was well dressed, respectable, popular, received everywhere—clubs, society, church and all, just as the men were whose dirty money Baldwin handled. And Baldwin's wife, she wasn't old and sad and hopeless; she was going out in society, president of a big woman's club, talked about safe little reforms, charities and philanthropies. And Baldwin's daughters were in Europe getting the last finish on their education."

Holman had a feeling that McCray was no longer listening and, glancing aside, saw that McCray's face was buried in his hands. And with pity in his long, gray face he looked at him a little while, then laid a hand on McCray's shoulder.

"Do you know," he said, "why I told you this story? You see, I didn't want to make you feel bad; I only wanted to show you. Because there's a lot in you—a big, beautiful future."

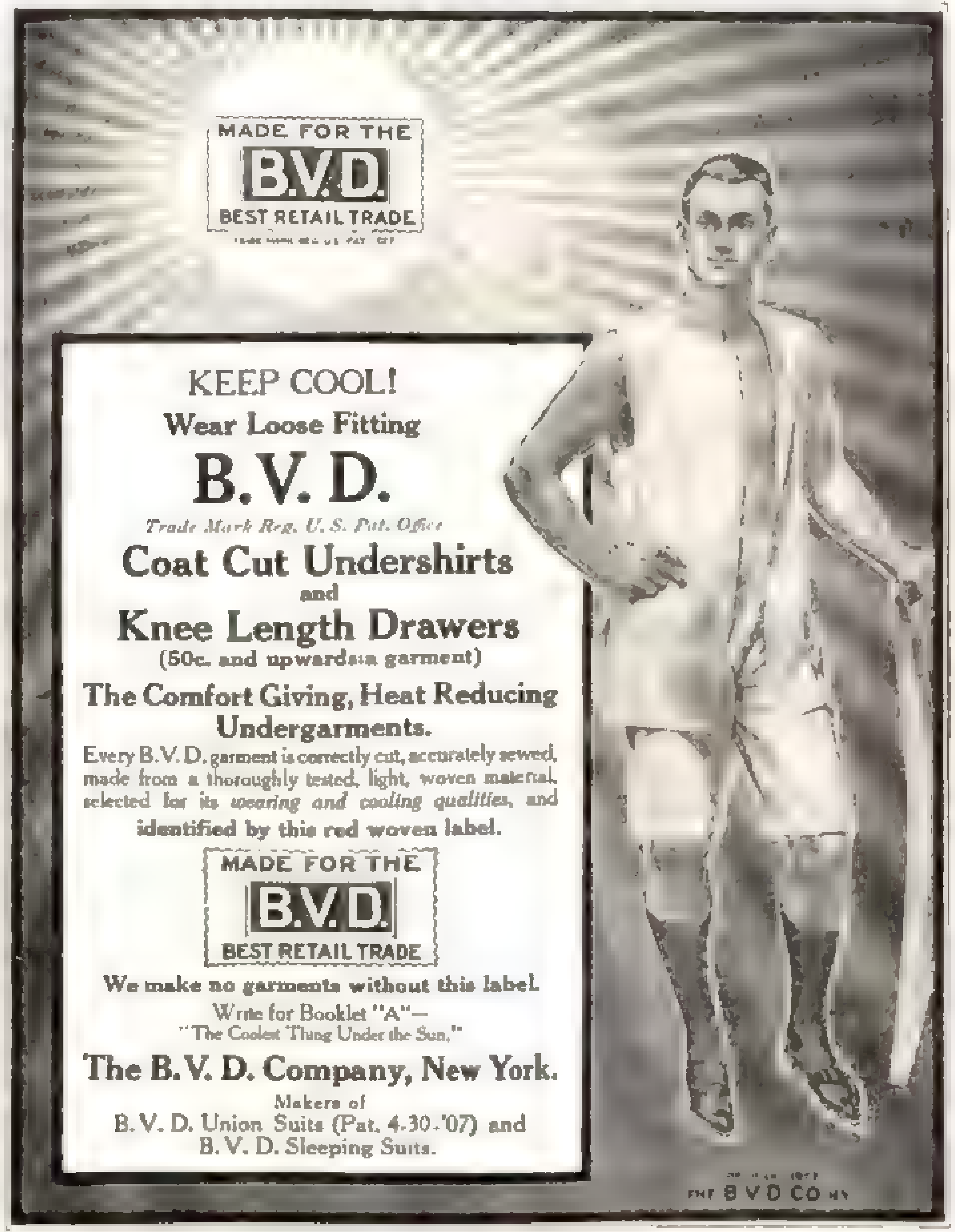
"Oh, don't say that," cried McCray. "All but that last—all but that last."

"Why not that?"

"Because it's too late. Oh, Holman, it's too late—too late! If it were only yesterday! But—now—it's too late!"

And McCray bent forward, bowed in pain, and wept.

Holman waited until the boy's grief subsided, and then, by degrees, he got the



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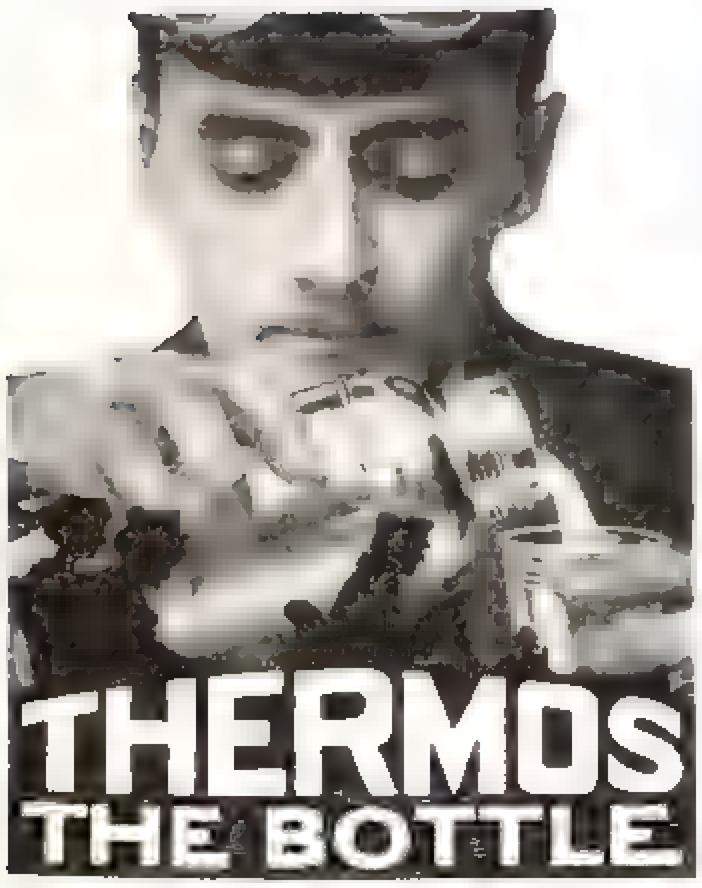

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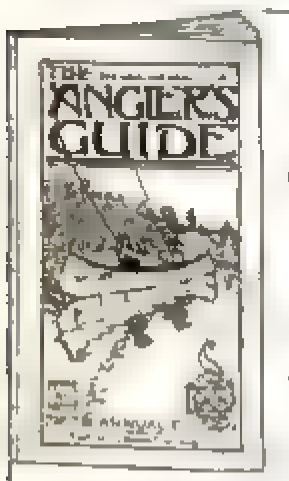

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story. To McCray it was an irreclaimable and tragic wreck of life. But to Holman, in the broader vision his own sins had made possible, and in some of his judgments of men, perhaps, too broad—if, indeed, that may be—the case was not at all hopeless. He had not, it is true, been prepared for a revelation so complete and damaging, but it presented to him no irrevocable aspect. McCray, with the proclivity of youth to fixed and fated facts, saw the thing consummated and complete, the contract wholly executed; but Holman did not regard it as even executory, and he cited for McCray the old adage about a bad bargain.

"We'll just give the stuff back to Baldwin."

"Before?"

"No," said Holman stoutly, "afterward. After the vote; we'll have that satisfaction. Keep him on the books."

"Well," said McCray. "But, here, you take it. It—burns ——" He gave to Holman a roll of bills, and sighed in relief. "You have saved me," he said; "you have saved my soul."

"Oh, to hell with your soul!" Holman said, with more orthodoxy than he was accustomed to evince. He was not sufficiently accustomed to the highly moral to relish its too bald expression; perhaps his experience had been of one other as yet unrecognized benefit—it had made him wholesomely afraid of cant, and whatever good his spiritual adventure of that day had done, or was to do him, he was in little danger of becoming a Pharisee.

. . . .

Greggerson, the clerk of the House, in shirt-sleeves, a handkerchief stuffed into his collar, had himself taken the reading-desk that night. Above him the Speaker, bent forward, watched the proceedings like some bird of prey, smiting his desk sharply with his gavel now and then, or pointing it fiercely at some one. Above the Speaker, in placid folds, was the flag, and from their large canvases on either side of the House, Lincoln and Douglas surveyed the scene from the calm altitude of their secure place in American statesmanship.

When the bill had come over from the Senate half an hour before, the crowd had rushed over with it, burst into the House and pushed down the aisle, choking the passage. Holman saw several Senators come over to see the end; he saw the Governor's private secretary, and old Benson, the Governor's political manager, and—Baldwin, suave and bland as usual, yet as Holman could see on a second closer look, intensely anxious and concerned. He was paler than Holman had ever seen him. The air of the chamber was hot and fetid; there was a low, ominous grumbling. Dalby was on his feet on the Republican side, Quinn on the Democratic—the program under Baldwin's eye and the Speaker's would be hurried through. In the curious way in which secrets cease to be secrets and permeate the mind of the mass it was generally known how every man would vote, and it was understood that the climax, somehow, would come with the calling of the name of McCray, of Jasper. The roll-call moved slowly on down the alphabet; Greggerson's voice resounded; its boom could have been heard through open windows three blocks away:

"Lyendorf!"

"Aye."

"Lynn, of Sangamon!"

"No."

"Lynn, of Vermilion!"

"No."

"McBroom!"

"No."

"McCoy!"

"Aye."

"McCray!"

Holman strained forward with the crowd. McCray hesitated, looked up, then shouted:

"No!"

There was a sharp volley of applause, a clapping of hands which had in it, perhaps, a certain too self-righteous quality; and there were human groans and hoots, and at his elbow Holman heard an oath and turned to face Baldwin. The face of the lobbyist was white with rage and moist with fine globules of perspiration, and there were revealed to Holman in the brilliant, new illuminations of that moment certain lines that once had not been there, lines not drawn by age, and Holman saw them with a fierce, vindictive joy.

But McCray was coming, battling his way down the aisle, escaping the congratulations, curses, praises, objurgations of the

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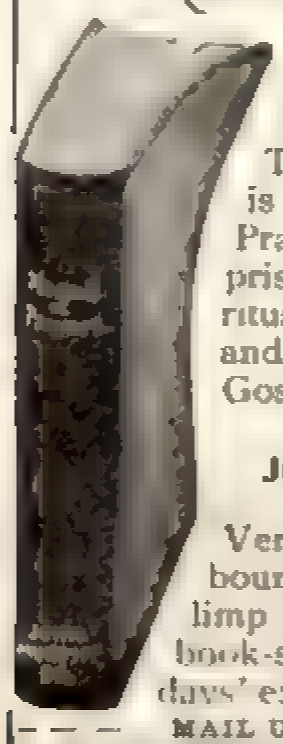

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men who crowded about him. He got away from them and came back, and, as he took Holman's hand, his tired, drawn, haggard face was touched with a smile. Baldwin, there beside them, saw it, stared at Holman incredulously and said:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

But Holman had no attention for Baldwin then.

"Let's get out of this," he said to McCray.

And when, out of that weltering chaos, they found themselves in the rotunda, in the mysterious semi-gloom that filled its great, inverted bowl, the gloom which all the electric lights could not wholly dissipate, Holman quickly drew his hand from his pocket, pressed it into McCray's, and said:

"Here, this belongs to ——" Holman hesitated, as at a new point in ethics.

"To Baldwin," said McCray. "Yes," he went on wearily, "I'll give it back to him."

"To think of an old Has-been like me," said Holman, "that hasn't seen so much easy money in a coon's age—and to go toting it around all day in his pocket! McCray, I'm afraid I'm getting too damned civic! I'll be a reformer next, and back in politics!" He laughed again. "We'll wait here a little. Baldwin'll be along, and I'll stay and see you safely through it."

Baldwin was coming even then, and in a moment espied them there by the rail. He had recovered himself; the mask of years could not be lowered long; he came on leisurely, even pausing to light a cigarette. Holman hailed him:

"Lost out, didn't you, George?"

"So it seems," Baldwin replied. "When you do business on honor you must expect to be betrayed once in a while. It's all in the game. But where do you come in, Jim—an old, back number like you?"

"Does seem funny, doesn't it? An old Has-been like me! Well, I saw a good thing coming off and I declared myself in. But McCray has a little business with you, and when you're through with him maybe I can make it plain to you."

"Oh, I have no further business with Mr. McCray. I'm quite through with *him.*" And he turned his back deliberately on the young man.

McCray bit his lip, then remembered and became humble, and, putting forth his hand, said:

"Here—here's your—money."

Baldwin turned, took the money, thrust it carelessly into his pocket, and said:

"I can't count it here, of course. I *presume* it's all there."

"Yes," said Holman, "it's all there. Such work is done on honor, you know."

"Thank you." Baldwin delicately drew on his cigarette, blew the smoke upward. "But—that question, Jim, that one unanswered question. Where do you come in? What is there in this for you?"

Holman looked at him from top to toe with a long, cold, steady gaze.

"Well, George," he began slowly, "for me there's nothing in it, in the way you think—in the only terms you can think in, I mean. There is, however, in another way, a lot in it; a lot I haven't dreamed of for years. All day, while arranging and planning this—the idea came to me suddenly this morning—I've been looking forward to this moment, thinking of what I'd say and what satisfaction I'd have in saying it. I thought that that satisfaction would pay me for all you've done—for all you tried to do to this boy here—for all—no, damn it! not for all!—all hell and eternity couldn't pay you for *all* you've done—to other boys like him. But now, as I look at your face and study it, I see that you just couldn't understand, that's all; you have lost the ability to understand—and—well, George, that mere fact will pay you, so I won't try to say it. I'll say only good-by, and when you get home to that wife and those daughters of yours—just remember that Jim Holman asked you how you could look them in the eyes. Do that and maybe—you'll understand."

Baldwin stared at him; the mask shifted an instant, then, instantly restored, he turned away.

"He looks old, after all," said Holman. "It has changed him, too. . . ." He drew out his watch. "I can catch that midnight train on the Alton. I'm going to get out of here now; I'm going home to old Jasper. There's a little woman there I want to see, a little woman and some children, and I'm going home—now, at last, to look them in the eyes."

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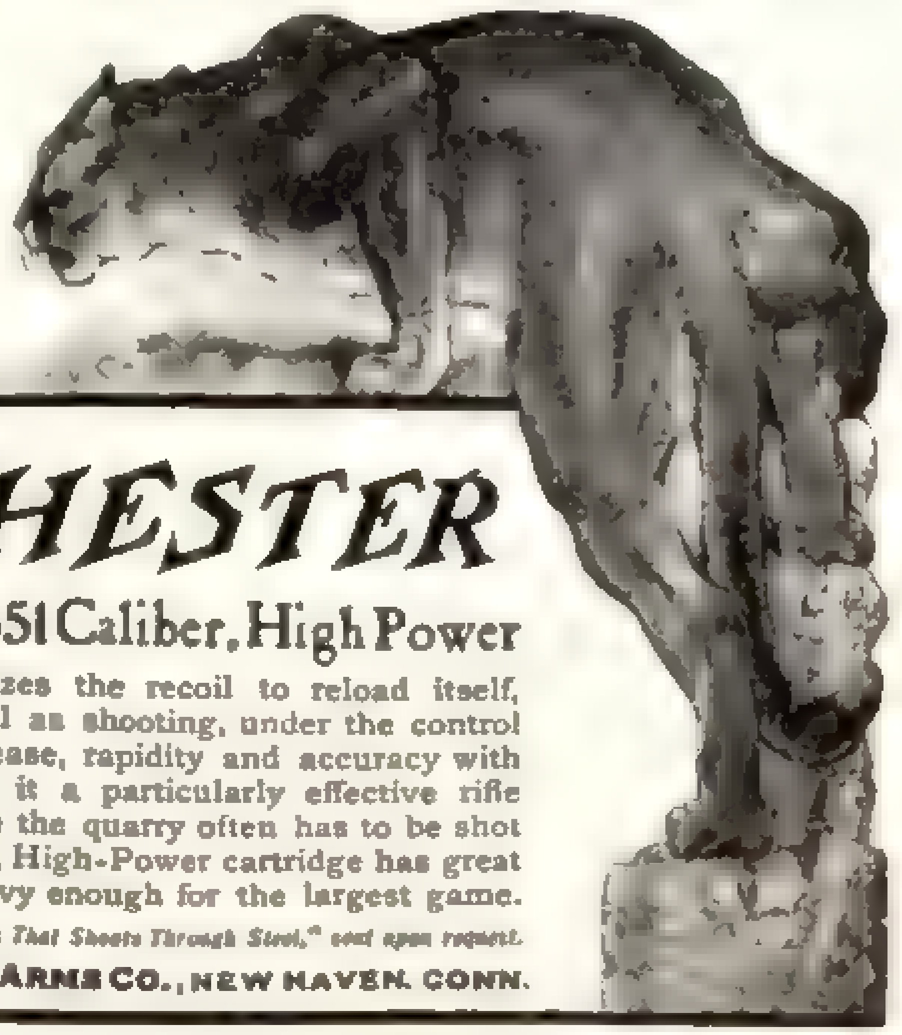

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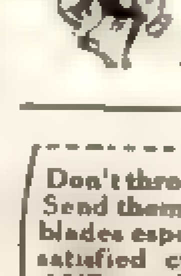

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Shopping for Great Corporations

(Concluded from Page 5)

it is then stripped—taken apart, examined and analyzed in all its component parts. Perhaps it is discovered that the rival company has been able to substitute for some expensive material another much cheaper, which serves the same purpose. Immediately, the practical trial being satisfactory and the necessary preliminaries having been observed, the purchasing agent crosses the expensive commodity from the list of items he must carry in stock and puts the cheaper one in its place. It may be that the stripping process shows that the rival concern has been able to stamp out certain parts which have hitherto been machined by hand. The department of tests and research, having satisfied itself that the innovation is practical, sends an order to the shop superintendent to adopt the same method, and the thing is done.

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Every ounce of coal delivered to a large corporation is automatically weighed as it passes up or down to the bins. In quantity it gets precisely what it pays for. As for quality, samples are taken at irregular intervals from the coal as it is delivered. A bald-headed man, with a typewritten copy of minute specifications and a lot of test-tubes and retorts, puts these samples to the test. If it takes more than the specified weight of coal to turn a pound of water into steam—bang! the contract may be declared void. If the percentage of sulphur which chemical analysis shows to be contained in ten samples averages larger than that allowed by the specifications, deliveries may be instantly stopped. If ten pounds of coal separately burned under the prescribed conditions leave more than the stated amount of ash behind them the purchasing agent makes it very clear that he isn't paying for slate and other impurities.

In the matter of fuel, also, every purchasing agent knows that the kind of coal which it is most economical for his corporation to buy is determined almost entirely by the location of its plant and has little relation to the selling price of the coal at the mine. In the East, along the Atlantic Coast, he must buy high-grade coal; in the great manufacturing district of which Chicago is the center, he must buy low-grade coal.

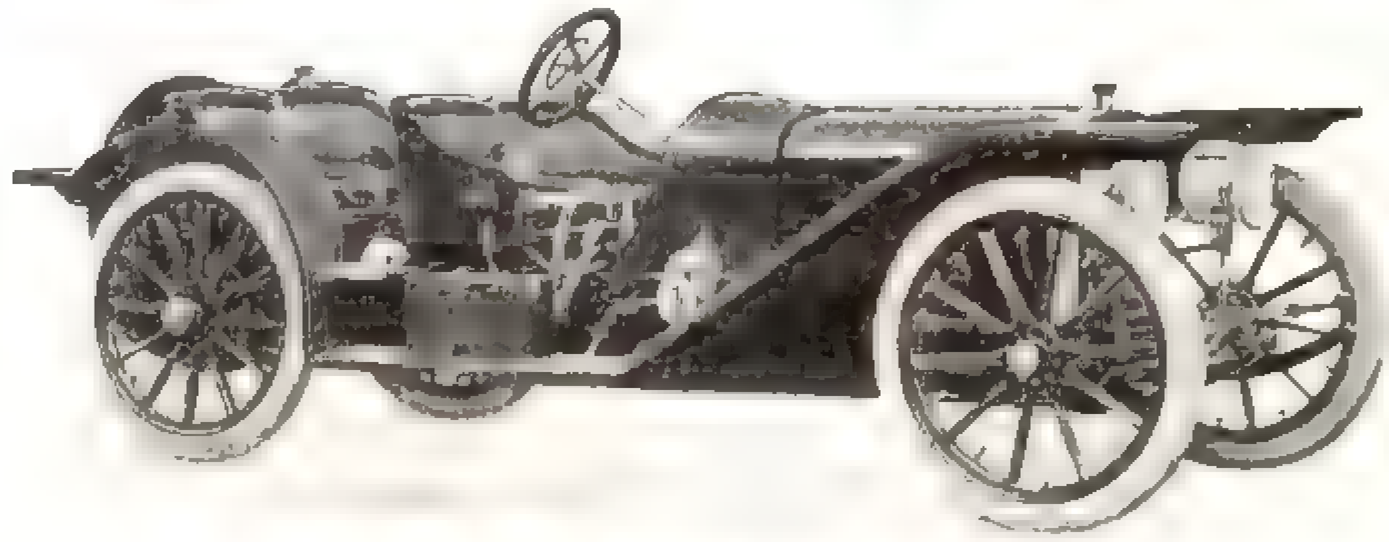
In the same Pennsylvania county both high and low grade coal may be mined. The first may cost one dollar a ton at the mine, the other only forty cents a ton. But the freight on two thousand pounds of anthracite to his plant is the same as for a ton of low-grade bituminous. In either case it is much more than the cost of the coal—perhaps two dollars a ton. And the high-grade coal may have more than twice the steaming power of the low-grade. A child can figure the loss in paying two dollars and forty cents for less than half the power-producing capacity of the three-dollar quality.

Exactly the right article, as determined with scientific nicety, is always worth more to the wise modern purchasing agent than it can possibly be to a man who is less particular.

It is suggested that the women's clubs might find the better organization of the purchasing department of the average family a worthy subject for discussion, with the kitchen as the department of tests and research, the judgment of the dining-table serving as the final verdict of the consumer.

First and finest of high priced cars:

The Traveler - $4,000
The Roadster - $3,750
The Tourist - - $4,000



The Gadabout - $3,750
The Wayfarer - $3,750
The Limousine - $5,000

THE AMERICAN
A CAR FOR THE
DISCRIMINATING FEW

Three years ago the name of the American Motor Car suggested little or nothing to your mind.

Now, whenever and wherever the finest and costliest cars are discussed, do you not hear its name inevitably linked with the elect?

It has come to pass that the choice of the discriminating few, who feel that they cannot afford to own cars of questionable qualities, is narrowed down to a trio or perhaps a quartette of cars. You will find that the American is unfailingly considered in this select little company.

The story of the development of the American since the first car was built five years ago; and especially the Aladdin-like progress of the past twelve months, reads almost like a romance.

It is so interesting and so instructive that we have been constrained to tell this story in booklet form.

The little book which describes in detail the high honors awarded the American in 1908 and 1909 is well worth writing for.

The 175 American cars delivered this season are owned by the representative men of their communities—men who will consider none but those few fine cars which can consistently lay claim to leadership

It will impress and interest those substantial owners in each town and city who want the very best to read the book which describes the remarkable rise of the American in the esteem of expert buyers. They cannot fail likewise to be impressed with the character of ownership represented by this list (necessarily limited by this limited space) of men who have bought American cars since the present season began:

B. L. WINCHELL, Chicago
ROBT. WOLSTENHOLME, Philadelphia
A. S. PILLSBURY, Minneapolis
GEO. H. LOUNSBURY, Duluth
FREDERICK K. BURNHAM, New York
W. H. AMES, Boston
JNO. H. AUFDERHEIDE, Indianapolis
J. P. ARTHUR, Waukegan
D. H. BAIN, Winnipeg
JULIUS H. BARNES, Duluth
DR. W. A. BROOKS, Jr., Boston
H. L. BEVERIDGE, Indianapolis
F. W. CLIFFORD, Minneapolis
D. S. CRITCHFIELD, Sioux City
E. W. DEMING, New York
W. H. DOBLE, Norfolk Downs, Mass.
N. A. GLADDING, Indianapolis
CHAS. A. HASKINS, Boston
M. HOLDERMAN, Fremont, O.
W. J. HOWARD, Columbia, Tenn.
C. W. HUBBARD, Jr., New York
N. W. JORDAN, Boston
C. J. LANE, Cleveland
DR. H. D. LLOYD, Boston
JOS. LORBER, New Orleans
GEO. B. MARKEL, Connersville, Ind.
W. C. FIELDS, Lorain
F. H. GAZZOLO, Chicago
J. McGINLEY, Pittsburg
ARCHIBALD McNEIL, Jr., Bridgeport, Conn.
L. B. MILLIKAN, Indianapolis
JAS. R. MILLIKAN, Cincinnati
C. EDWIN MURRAY, Trenton, N. J.
VINTON PERIN, Cincinnati
LIEUT. POTTS, Washington, D. C.
JAMES H. PROCTOR, Topsfield, Mass.
J. E. RICHARDS, Philadelphia
WALTER SCHROEDER, Milwaukee
S. H. TRUITT, Philadelphia
A. C. VOLK, Duluth
J. D. WHELAN, Dallas, Texas
GEO. UIHLEIN, Milwaukee
F. F. WHEELER, Boston
NAT M. WILLS, New York
F. V. WYCKOFF, Elmira, N. Y.

The 1909 American so perfectly met all the demands of high class ownership that practically no changes, other than a few minor refinements, will be incorporated in the 1910 model.

If you are interested in a car of the highest type, get in touch with the American representative in your neighborhood; or write direct to the factory.

American Motor Car Company, Dept. K, Indianapolis, Indiana
Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.

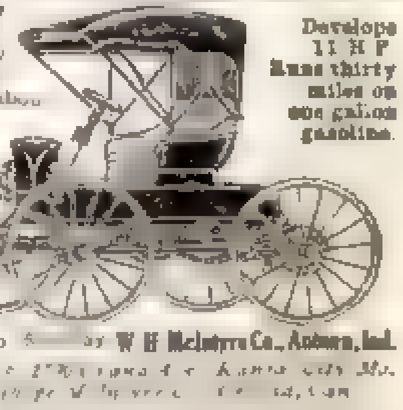
Swift
Safe and Silent
Pierce Motor Boats
$75

Manufactured Complete by Pierce, the Pioneer Gasoline Motor Builder. 14 ft., Speed 7 miles, $75; 16 ft., Speed 7½ miles, $87.50

Pierce Motor Boats are noiseless, speedy and so simple the boys and girls can operate them. The 14 ft. motor boat will carry 5 people, has 3 seats, as pictured above. The 16 ft. motor boat has 4 seats and will carry 7. Are made stiff, strong and staunch. Motor works on the water, preventing vibration. Weight is little more than that of a strong row boat. Costs what a good row boat did a few years ago. Ideal for hunting and fishing.

We guarantee Pierce Motor Boats to give perfect service. We furnish free any defective part within Five years. 2 gallons of [illegible] will run over 18 hours. For a safe, durable and entirely seaworthy small motor boat nothing can equal these 14 and 16 ft. Pierce Boats. We make other boats up to 40 ft. If interested send 4 cts. in stamps and we will send our complete Motor Boat Catalog. Motor and Dory Catalog sent free.

PIERCE ENGINE CO. Twenty-second Avenue, RACINE, WIS.
Siegel Cooper & Co., New York City, Eastern Representatives.



Runs Under All Conditions of weather and road, speed from two to thirty miles per hour. Best car for service [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] workmanship [illegible]

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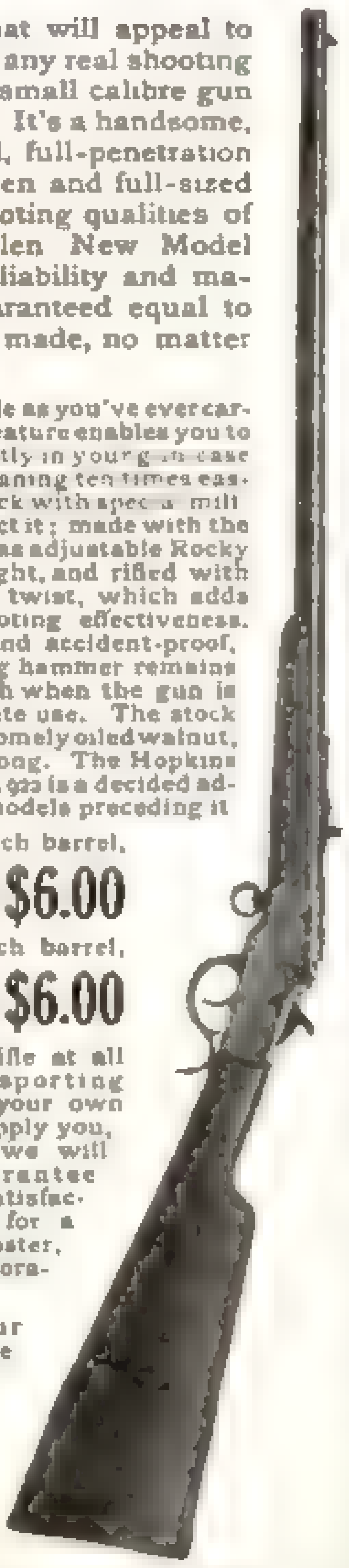
TO THE MAN WHO SHOOTS

HOPKINS & ALLEN

New Model No. 922 Rifle



This is a rifle that will appeal to every man who has any real shooting to do. Although a small calibre gun it isn't a boy's gun. It's a handsome, beautifully balanced, full-penetration arm for full-sized men and full-sized shooting. The shooting qualities of the Hopkins & Allen New Model Rifle No. 922, its reliability and material-worth are guaranteed equal to any 22 calibre rifle made, no matter what its price.

And it's as handy a rifle as you've ever carried. The Take Down feature enables you to pack it away conveniently in your gun case or trunk and makes cleaning ten times easier. It has a full size stock with special military butt-plate to protect it; made with the popular level action; has adjustable Rocky Mountain step rear sight, and rifled with our patented increase twist, which adds immensely to its shooting effectiveness. It is absolutely safe and accident-proof, because the rebounding hammer remains in a special safety-notch when the gun is not cocked for immediate use. The stock and fore-end is of handsomely oiled walnut, the barrel is 24 inches long. The Hopkins & Allen New Model No. 922 is a decided advance over any of the models preceding it

No. 922 — 22 cal., 24 inch barrel, shoots 22 short, long or long rifle rim-fire cartridges **$6.00**

No. 932 — 32 cal., 24 inch barrel, shoots 32 cal. short and long rim-fire cartridges **$6.00**

You can get this rifle at all good hardware and sporting goods stores. See your own dealer. If he can't supply you, on receipt of price we will ship direct and guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction. Send 10 cents for a beautiful Cow-Girl Poster, and add it to the decoration of your room.

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To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems [illegible] free a genuine Navajo Ruby [illegible] page Art [illegible] [illegible]. Send [illegible]

Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. R-7, Mesilla Park, N. M.

THE MAN WITH A COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 7)

But that Bavarian was there with the goods. Dream-clear, untroubled, unperplexed, The Holy City pealed up to the unclouded sky, broke on the echoin' hills:

> *Jerusalem! Jerusalem!*
> *Lift up your gates and sing!*

It died in the measureless blue; long after we looked and listened, half heard again that mighty chorus sweep and swing

The sun was near down; a cool night wind was stirring. Frenchy had been keepin' cases on a big blackboard. He tots it up now, and hangs her out where we can all see. I copied it off by lantern-light that night, and kep' it ever since. Here 'tis. Look at it:

	ENGLAND	AMERICA	MEXICO	THE LITTLE PEOPLES	
1 High Jump . .	5 1	2	0	0	
2 Broad Jump .	5 1	2	0	0	
3 Running High	2 1	5	0	0	
4 Running Broad	5 1	2	0	0	
5 Quarter . . .	1	2	5	0	
6 Shot Put . . .	1	0	0	5 2	
7 Hammer Throw	5 1	0	0	2	
8 Hurdles, 120 .	5 1	2	0	0	
9 Hurdles, 220 .	5	2 1	0	0	
10 100 yds. Dash .	0	5 1	2	0	
11 220 yds. Dash .	0	5 1	2	0	
12 Mile	2	5	0	1	
13 Half Mile . .	1	5	2	0	
14 Pole Vault . .	1	2	0	5	
Points . .	44	42	11	15	112

SUMMARY

	ENGLAND	AMERICA	MEXICO	THE LITTLE PEOPLES	
Firsts	6	5	1	2	= 14
Seconds	2	7	3	2	14
Thirds	10	3	0	1	14
Points . .	44	42	11	15	−112

LAST EVENT, RELAY RACE, ONE MILE

	QUARTERS			
TEAMS	1ST	2ND	3RD	4TH
England	Dick-Cowles	Martyn	Lester	Barker
America	Pringle	Cole	McAllister	Cobb
Mexico	Romero	Torres	Armijo	Ortega
Assorted	Huylans	Lodosky	Corrigan	Behrend

We had one way to win. To get first in the relay makes us 47, with J. Bull only 46, if he gets second. One way to tie-tie; us to get second, England nothin'. Otherhow, we lose. At least one fresh man on every other team—and *me* on ours! Right then, if a sheriff had turned up with extradition papers for me I'd 'a' been a felon on his neck and wept for joy. For that would 'a' pulled our team hon'able.

I'd just got it ciphered up when old Snickumfritz waddles out and copies out the individual scores on the bulletin-board. Barker 30 points, Mac 25, Cobb 12; so on down to Lodosky with only one point. Then he drew a line across and writes this under it:

JOHN WESLEY PRINGLE—ALSO RAN.

I orter killed him—I sure ought—the durned old beer-swillin' sausage! I reckon I would 'a' done it, too, if I'd had time. But I hain't got no leisure to exterminate him just then. Business first, pleasure after, thinks I. And the relay race was the business.

We got together for the few minutes left us. You wouldn't 'a' thought Bill Cole had a desire on earth, lookin' at his placid face. That was the Injun of him. But his fingers kep' pickin', pickin' at the grass. Cobb looked remorseful, but didn't say nothin'. Neither did I, out loud. Internal, I was outdoin' old Job hisself in profane blasphemy, and he cussed the day he was born.

"I ought to 'a' tried for the pole vault, quarter-mile, shot put—anything—everything!" groans the Parson. "I'd orter made Cole win third in the half. The Latin push is all to the good. Ortega is a wonder. Trained, he'd be a world-beater. Behrend and Corrigan may pull their team out third. The English are English—you can't add to or take from that. Any team may do anything. This is war, as General Sherman would say."

Just then the Major come wanderin' by, some aimless and agitated, his face as gray as his poor old goatee. He must 'a' heard that break of McAllister's, and General Sherman was sure-lee a person ungrateful to the Major. He pulled himself up and hobbled over to us. I

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are a revelation in modern bathroom equipment, not only in the added convenience and perfect sanitation they afford, but also in the extraordinarily long service their installation assures.

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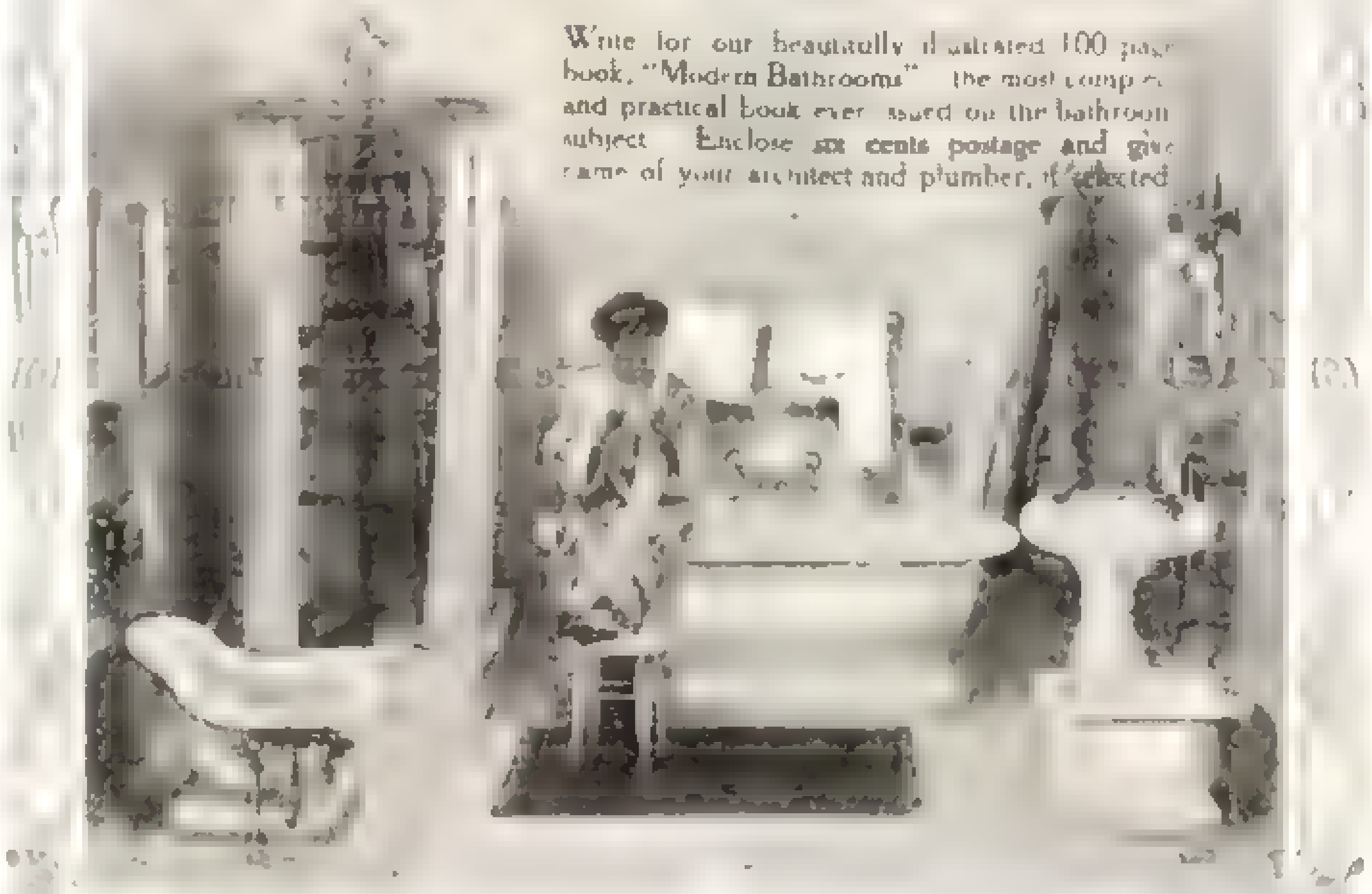

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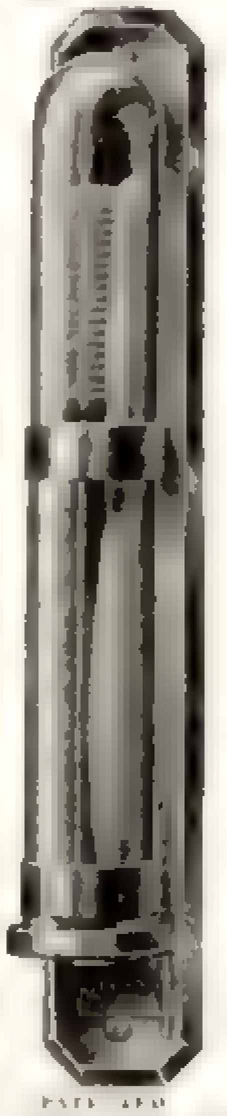

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¶ Encased in a glass tube, the tooth brush is free from dust, dirt, odors and germs.

¶ Durable, attractive and easily adjustable. Mirror nickel finish. The holder will last a lifetime.

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You can have snug fitting, comfortable low shoes—wear thin stockings without fear of holes by sending 25 cents for a pair of

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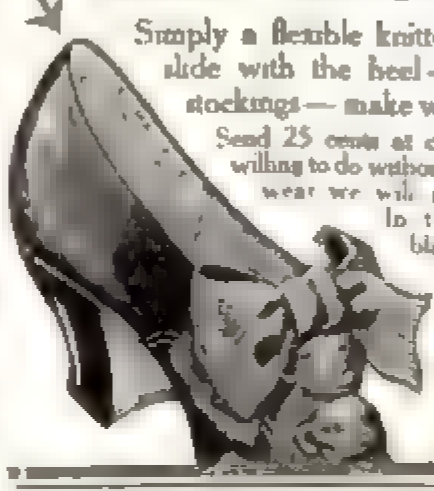

Simply a flexible knitted curtain—they slide with the heel—save dollars in stockings—make walking a pleasure. Send 25 cents at our risk. If you are willing to do without them after a week's wear we will refund your money. In three colors—tan, black and white—for men, women and children.

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Are you looking for a chance to go into business for yourself?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. An exceptional chance to get started in a paying business, and in a thriving town. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet telling how others have succeeded in this line and how you can succeed with small capital. EDWARD B. MOON, 8 West Randolph St., Chicago.

made sure he was goin' to call the Parson out, coffee and coffins for two; but he didn't. That looked good to me; I felt my legs limberin' up immejit.

"Pehmit me, gentlemen," he says, in that Guy Mannering way o' his'n, "to offeh yuh my congrotulations—my hea'ty and sinceah congrotulations—on yo' gallant fight against odds. It was mahgnificent—mahgnificent, suh!"

His voice was some feeble; he looks wishful, like a pore dumb critter tryin' to tell you all about it. It come to me all at once what a lonely, broken, homeless jasper it was.

Then—that was a good sign, too—he looks over at me, which he sure dislikes a heap. "Ah, Mistah Pringle!" he says, "thuh—thuh infuhmities of old age is creepin' upon me. I—ah—do not feel at all mehself, and would be the bettah for a little nip of—ah—stimulahnt. I am awah that the otheh gentlemen do not—ah—indulge, but if they will, pe'haps, pah'don yuh?"

"They will—they do!" says I. "The'retically I am on the water wagon. But at this psychological moment a smidgeon of John Barleycorn is indicated, to loosen up my jints. For we just simply got to get second in this silly relay race, now we're in the fool thing."

"Come back here!" It was Boyd Cobb. "Unsay it, man! Run to win! Run for first!" And Gosh, he meant it!

The Major saluted. "A soldyeh and a gentleman, suh!" he says, stiffenin' to a ramrod. "Theyeh spoke the Cobbs of Ma'yland, suh—the blood of the Cavaleahs! Mistah Cobb, yuah a spo'tsman, suh!"

"No!" says Cobb. He turns me round by the shoulder, slow. "Here's the true sportsman," he says. "This tough—battered—stiff-legged—twisted—gun-shot, old thoroughbred that can't run, knows he can't run, gets all the blame losin' and no praise winnin', a laughin'stock either way! Cole, Mac and me orter, can, must, shall, will each best our man. But old Wes' Pringle, Also-Ran Pringle henceforth to the end, is goin' to sweat along in the dust—'way behind." His hand was still restin' on my shoulder. "Wes', old boy!" says he. "Pardner! You've got to do the winnin'! The inch you're not behind we don't have to make up. Run to win!"

By Jehosaphat! The years dropped off me five to a clip, and I took the back track through Arizony, California, Michigan, clear to Old York State. Twenty years old, I was, full o' sap, straight and tall, cradlin' rye on the hill by the old Red Barn, sound o' church bells floatin' to me over the crick medders! "Gentlemen all," I says, "don't be uneasy. By Heavens, I'll Also Run! And I don't want no better epitaft than just them two words. I got the bright Lexington of Youth by heart. There's no sich word as weaken from kiver to kiver. I feel my old daddy's blood tinglin' through my veins—and he led the van at Bull Run!"

The old Major winced, catching his breath short. "We ahsk no bettah," he says. "Thuh soldyehs of—of the No'th, suh—wuh as brave as the wo'ld has evah seen, suh! Thuh—thuh Fo'tunes of Wah have of'en made me luhn to retreat hastily—of'en, suh!" He produced a flask and pours me out a noggin' in a little silver cup screwed on the top. He holds the flask up and clinks it agin my cup. "Gentlemen!" he says, "the best have known defeat. I—I begin to feah I have not always been a good losah." Somethin' was tuggin' hard at that old man's heart. "Yo'—yo' well-wishah drinks to yuh, win or lose!"

"England expects every man to do his duty!" calls Barker. With a Clang! the band broke into the Marseillaise, like wakin' to hear "Fire!—Fire!" at black midnight. 'Twas time for my little stunt.

I ain't not what you'd call a religious man, but when we lined up, waitin' for the gun, I closed my eyes, snapped my fingers, and says I, "Come five! Phœbe dice!" It sounds sorter profane now, but I reckon He understood, and took it the way I meant it.

I can't give you no first-hand details about that quarter. Personally, I had a view of three pairs o' spiked shoes borrowin' enchantment from the distance. Behind, one bald-ended, wind-broke, stove-up, forty-two-come-July plug of a cow-puncher was runnin' his damnedest—and two drinks more. How I wished I had a hoss! I was good twenty-five yards behind the Boer. So I was told afterward—frequent. Dick-Cowles was two yards ahead of him.

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for use after shaving, stick to him!

If you shave yourself, apply this delightful preparation afterward, and see how it refreshes and comforts the skin.

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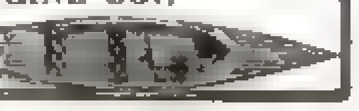

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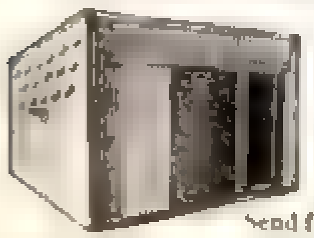

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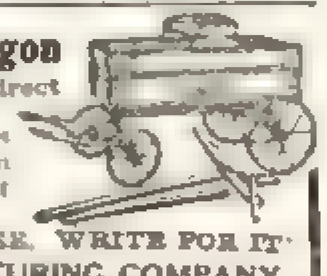

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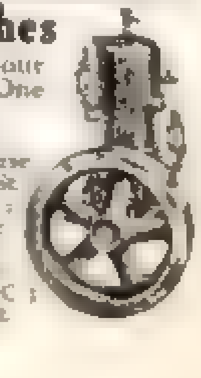

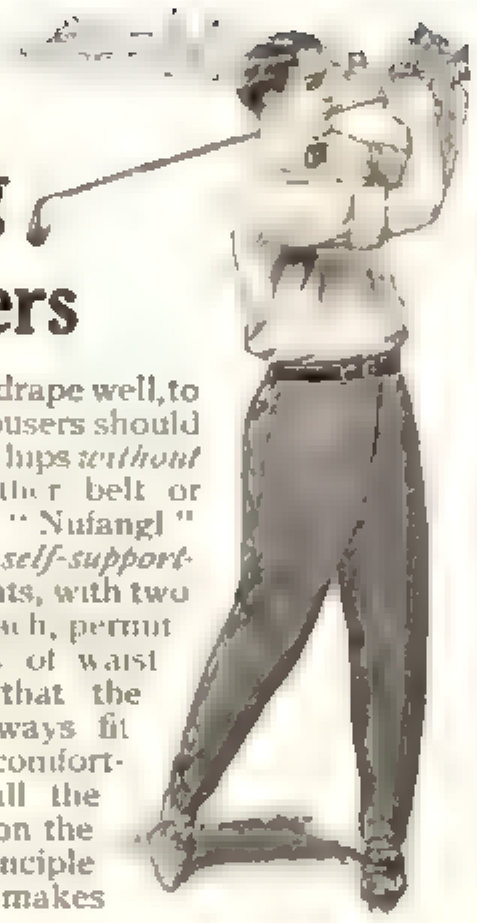

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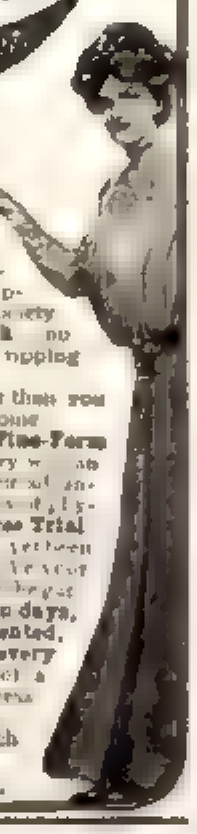

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Every Prospective Mother

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Free Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts [illegible] **Ten Days Free Trial.** When you get our book [illegible] **wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent paid. Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts [illegible] **same guarantee.** [illegible] Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

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WIN EVERYWHERE

Boys and Girls [illegible]

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The Mexicans had put in Romero, that took down second in the half. He was their next-best *hombre* and he led old Dick four yards. Thirty-one yards behind in all was that Cherokee man when I touched him!

I seen the rest, myself. (We was runnin' round a quarter-mile track, you know.) Lickety-split the Injun went off like a steel machine with one gear, built to go just so fast, no more, no less. He eat up the distance steady as the long hand catchin' up the short one. It looked just as slow. Nine yards he made up, but all the same it did seem as if I could run faster than that, my own self. Martyn, the fresh Johnny Bull, wiped out the four yards the Spanish-American had on him and beat him out two yards more. Lodosky held just even, four yards behind the Native Son, six behind Martyn.

In the third quarter, the Irishman shot forward, a long green streak; the crowd howlin', shriekin', crashin'. He passed Armijo, beat him by more'n three yards, and finished only a scant yard behind little Lester. McAllister startin' twenty-two yards behind, was overtakin' the bunch, Corrigan and all. It don't seem hardly possible, but he gained twelve yards. The last quarter began with Barker ten yards ahead of Cobb, Behrend nine ahead, Ortega five.

Barker and Behrend was havin' it nip and tuck. Neither gained or lost an inch, and behind, the Mexican crackajack was comin' like a flushed quail, gainin', gainin'. There wasn't a whisper, not a sound but them flyin' feet. Still? "We, the jury of Kern County, find the prisoner ——" That kind o' still. For nobody ever seen the like before nor ever will again. Barker was runnin' game and fast, the Hebrew was inchin' on him, the Patroncino flyer was overhaulin' both, and by all the dreams of night, Cobb was gainin' on all three! Them four men was slidin' together like a collaps'ble cup!

They tell me all of 'em done that last 440 under fifty-three. Mac sticks to it that our man tied or broke the record, which, o' course, was impossible. He couldn't. It wasn't in him. Only, *he had to! See!*

All this was in less than thirty seconds. Frenchy hadn't got the tape stretched across yet. They was half-way 'round the track, Cobb four yards behind; you could 'a' covered the other three with a saddle-blanket. Barker spurted. Behrend spurted, gained—a foot—two—and a half! The Mexican spurted—Oh, but he was a good lad! He closed the gap with a rush. The three was abreast—and Cobb gainin' an inch to every yard!

Right here Dutchy spared his own life. Blare of fife, steady roll of snare, smashin' cymbals, the bass drum's roar and call:

"*Away down South in the land of cotton.*"

It leaped and shook and shrilled; proud, implorin', defiant, exultin'—Come—Oh, Come Home! The crowd heaved forward.

Good music? Goin' some? Why, it looked like them three taken a short jump right back toward Cobb. Then he settled down to the same grim stride—an inch to the yard! Seven, six, five, four, three, two—even! Even all, and the world to win!

The plucky Englishman felt the challenge. No yieldin'—there ain't no gamer breed. Fifty heart-breakin' yards down the homestretch, a straight, unwaverin' line! Those were men, I tell you! Thirty yards to go—Dixie crashin' overhead——

"*Look away! Away! Away! Dixie's Land!*"

Then—It happened!

By the tape six souls had but a single thought, six bodies moved as one. Frenchy, Old Man Barker, Don Silvestre, McAllister, Bill Cole and me fell on that crowd, football fashion, sparin' age nor sex, and mashed it back, leavin' two people only; clear and high, echoin' across half a century, came the ghost of a call long stilled:

"*Yip yip-yip-yipyipyipyipyip YA-AH-H!*"

I'd never heard it, but I knowed what it was. I'd 'a' knowed it in hell!

Leanin' over the ropes, his old white hair streamin', John Calhoun Seaton, American, was blood-chillin' the Rebel Yell, swingin' out his Flag, Old Glory—torn and dim and stained—Oh, long may it wave! Beyond, Georgia, her hands stretched out with promise and lure, her eyes star-bright with pride and love!

Now, what would you 'a' done, in Cobb's place? Don't ask me. The others finished three-tied. *He broke the tape!*

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Not taken apart to clean or strop
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Gives a keen, smooth edge
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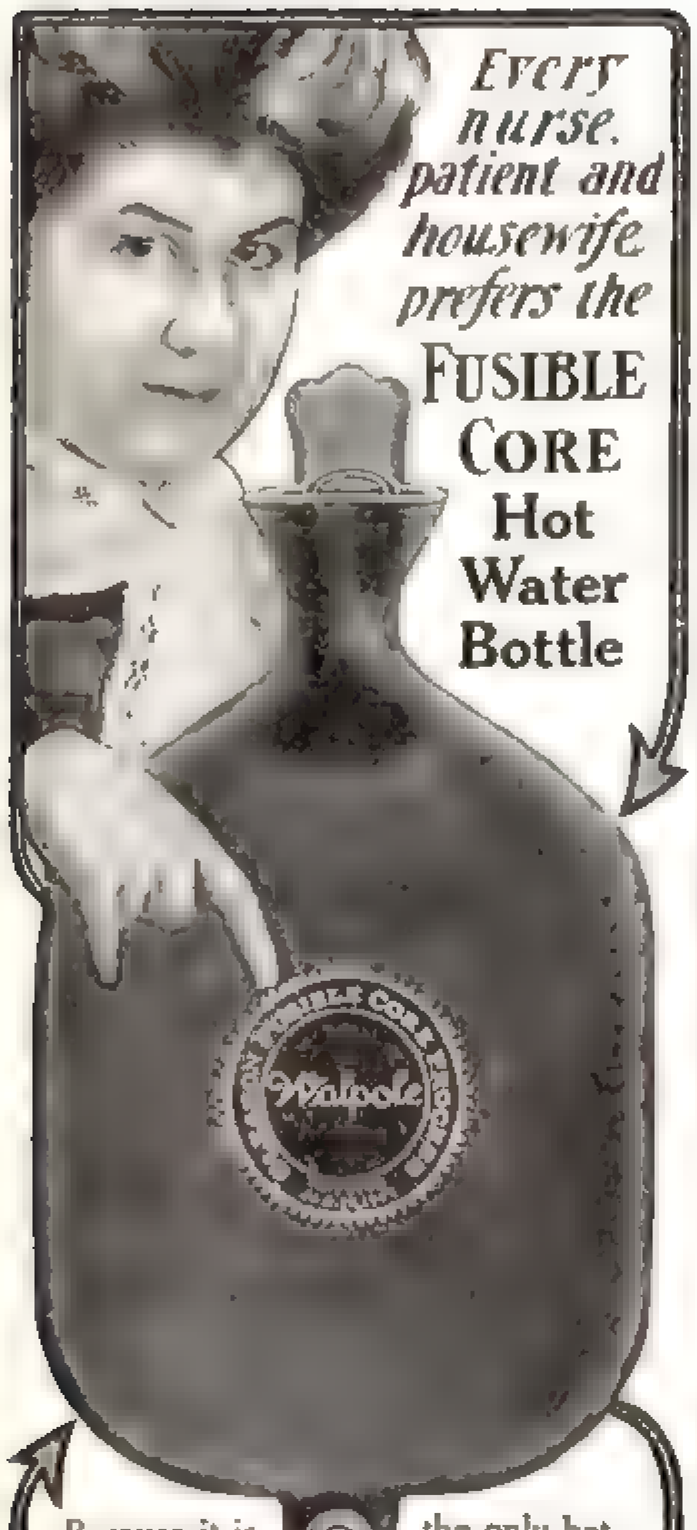

Every nurse, patient and housewife prefers the **FUSIBLE CORE Hot Water Bottle**

Because it is the only bottle made of one piece of moulded Para rubber, and absolutely cannot leak during the life of the bottle. Will outlast three ordinary bottles, yet costs no more.

In construction the rubber is built around a **Fusible Metal Core** in the shape of a bottle. The heat employed in the process of curing reduces the **Fusible Core** to liquid form, so that when the bottle is removed from the mould, the core may be poured from the mouth. As a result you have a hot water bottle of absolutely one piece of the very best Para rubber. **No cemented seams or joints to give away under the action of hot water.**

A[illegible] the *Fusible* [illegible] hot water bottle. Always look for [illegible] around the edge of the [illegible] the bottle. If [illegible] cannot [illegible] express or money order and we will send it prepaid: one qt. $[illegible]; two qts. $[illegible]; three qts. $[illegible]; four qts. $[illegible]. Money back if not satisfactory.

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that will enable you to make a thorough trial of this different kind of talcum. Lehn & Fink's Talcum is as smooth and soft as the finest face powders, and is invisible after application. A postal request will bring the sample.

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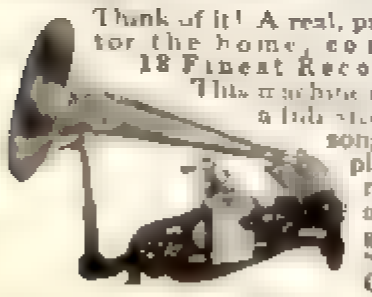

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SUMMER DREAMS

By J. W. Foley

ALONG about this time of year, when thoughts grow thick and streams grow clear, some quite unknown philanthropist for many seasons has not missed a chance to mail to my address a fishing booklet, more or less in truthful words and pictures done; and, oh! the pages of it run to wooded lakes and pebbly shores, to birchen boats and silvered oars, to shady banks and eddies deep, where pike and bass lie fast asleep, and wake to gobble at the hook that I may cast in lake or brook. The booklet bears the tang of pine, the hum and whir of reel and line, the splash of trout, the leap of bass, and as I open it there pass before my eyes in glad array the panoramas of a day made glorious and set apart to thrill the eager angler's heart.

THE book has planted, as you see, the seeds of discontent in me, and all that night I lie and dream of shade beside some limpid stream, where I may sit and cast my hook and bring big beauties from the brook; and as I lie there I am sure I'm all run down, my health is poor, and with seductive voice and low the lakes are calling me to go. My dreams are all of fins and scales, of netted sharks and captive whales, of campfires in the twilight cool, and fish, just drawn from out the pool, laid on the fire to broil—I hear the sputter of them in my ear, and, oh! such crisp, delicious brown. I am so tired of street and town; tomorrow I will pack my grip and set out on my fishing trip.

AND so I rise at early dawn and put my last year's trousers on; I hunt a time-worn coat and vest, while life takes on a newer zest. And then I'm off by rods and roods to where they sell me sporting goods, and get a brand-new jointed rod, some quite new-fangled flies and odd, a reel and half a mile of line, a gross of hooks both coarse and fine, a net to dip the big ones out, the pike and bass and speckled trout. The place has such a vast supply of things, and I just buy and buy and see the charges on the bill and pay them all with right good will, for by the brook so clear and blue will I not tarry and renew my wasted youth and be as glad as when I was a careless lad? And so, the salesman reimbursed, I catch a train for Skeeterhurst.

BY AFTERNOON I've caught a frog and tossed him from the muddy log whereon I sit and wait and wait for fish to nibble at my bait. This is no limpid stream, indeed. My line gets snarled about a weed, and I pull up some old débris that is quite valueless to me. There are no speckled beauties there, the pike and bass scenes were a snare, and all the bites I get are those of buzzing skeeters on my nose. The sun beats down as red and hot as fire; there is no shady spot. I hold my rod across my lap and slap and slap and slap and slap my arms and legs where skeeters light, nor know discretion, sense or fright. But now, at length, my line is taut, some finny monster I have caught; it must weigh nigh eleven pounds from how it bends my fish-pole. Zounds! I tug and strain and yank and feel the whirring of my unwound reel, till finally it's landed! See, the monster that is prize to me as it lies gasping on the ground! A bull-pout weighing half a pound!

UPON my desk when I come back there are some figures that I tack upon the wall, so they will be a warning all next year to me: To rod and tackle, hooks and line and sundries, eighteen forty-nine; to railroad fare and board and guide, just thirty dollars; paid to ride from railroad station to the brook, one-fifty; paid for boy and cook, six dollars; paid for license fee, ten dollars; and one-twenty-three for sunburn lotion, vaseline, mosquito ointment and cold cream. And then I credit in defense of angling: "Bull-pout—fifteen cents," and charge the balance—as it seems it should be charged—to Summer Dreams!

THE MODERN PIRATE

(Concluded from Page 15)

best to tow them behind. Not only do they bulk awkwardly when taken into the boat, but if towed they can be cut away and allowed to sink if an occasion of stress arises. There is a case on record where one man was able to make his way home with a thousand feet of ten-inch line! Of course, he was working with the tide. But for that matter, all experienced junkies work with the tide. One of the biggest present sources of revenue to the junkie is the motor-boat. He both uses it himself and profits by those belonging to other people. A junkie who has specialized in this branch of the profession can strip a "putt-putt"—that is, take out the whole motor if it is a small boat or all the valuable parts if it is a large one—in from twenty minutes to half an hour. Since, too, size for size all motors are practically alike—or, at any rate, few of them possess any marks for identification—they are both safe and salable.

The majority of junkies are known to the harbor men who patrol their waters by name, nickname, face and habitation. Some of them have been under arrest repeatedly. Why, then, have they not long since been sent away?

Because in his war with the junkie the harbor man has no fair chance. What may be very good land law may be very bad sea law. Speaking generally, it is a good principle that a man shall be held to be innocent till he be proven guilty. But under certain conditions this may admit of the man supporting himself by grand and petty larceny till his hair is gray, and yet sleep every night—or every day—with an easy mind. We have said that the junkie takes only those things which of their nature are practically unidentifiable. And when arrested he simply stands pat. The onus of proof is on the police. They must state on oath where the goods alleged to be stolen came from, who the owner is, and what the ship and cargo mark. And even when they are virtually certain which lighter the goods came from and a circumstantial case might be made out by establishing a loss, this can be done only by delaying the transshipment until the entire lighter cargo can be reweighed or remeasured. In addition to which legal proof must be adduced that the loss did not take place before the cargo reached the lighter. On the face of it, such a proof is about as impossible as it would be expensive. As the thing stands now, the annual piracy loss in present-day America is probably greater, if less picturesque, than it was in the days of Kidd and Blackbeard. Yet, if the pirate is not actually caught in the act, the best verdict the police can get against him is a two-dollar or a five-dollar fine for the violation of a corporation ordinance; he is engaging in the cartage of junk without a license!

What the harbor police infinitely desire is to be enabled to work under the same principles of law as maintain in Federal or smuggling cases. For example, if, instead of one hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of mohair which has passed the customs, it had been a matter of five dollars' worth of Sumatra tobacco under conveyance to shore via the steward of an East India liner, the individual with the leaf in his possession would have to establish his property rights. He would have to tell all about it. The Federal authorities are from Missouri in their insatiable desire "to be shown." And if the statutes of states and cities governing those who do business in their ports could be made the same, every junkie in the business would at once give up and go clamming. While I write this the captain of one harbor squad has for almost a week been maintaining a "plant" under a certain cotton pier. Three plain-clothes men in a small open boat swing through the open piling some time after nightfall and stay there till morning. If the plant is not given away it may yet be successful.

"If they'd only try to use guns on us," said one shellback sergeant plaintively, "we'd have something worth while on them. But they know better'n that. The only chance we get is when we can cut 'em in two. An' then, half the time, we got to go overboard to git 'em out again!"

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MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

JOIN THE MENNEN-ites

Join the happy users of **Mennen's** and be protected from **summer skin discomforts** —Summer **winds** and **sun**—**Summer heat** may be disastrous to the texture of the unprotected skin, and the suffering from **sunburn, chafing** and **prickly heat** is real and keen.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

owing to its fineness and smoothness lies in an imperceptible layer upon the surface, and is an actual shield and protection against the effects of the wind and sun. The *absolutely* **pure** ingredients used have a definite action upon the skin, alleviating and deodorizing excessive **perspiration**. It tempers all sudden temperature and atmospheric changes, by subduing the intensity of their effects. It is **cooling** and **refreshing**. To **athletes, oarsmen** and those who love outdoor life **Mennen's** is a **pleasant** toilet adjunct. It leaves your face smooth and velvety **after shaving**. Removes that sticky, clammy feeling after the bath.

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The **original** and **genuine**—**the kind you have always used**. [illegible] **Baby Powders** [illegible] genuine **Mennen's** [illegible] **Toilet Powder** [illegible] prepared from the **purest materials** [illegible] **Toilet** [illegible] **genuine** [illegible]

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No other underwear combines the open knit with the elastic rib—ventilation and coolness with elasticity and durability.

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"**KEEPKOOL**" is made of select long fibre combed cotton and is woven with a lock stitch which prevents absolutely any ripping or raveling. It is soft and silky, light and airy, sheer and durable.

"Keepkool" is the biggest underwear value on the market at 50c. per garment. Ask your Dealer for

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It is obtainable in knee length or ankle length drawers, short and long sleeves and athletic shirts.

MEN'S, 50c a garment
BOYS', 25c a garment
MEN'S Union Suits, $1
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The invaluable companion of every one *in* business, every one who *does* business, every one needing knowledge *about* business; every one who holds property or wishes to hold it, that is, all the world.

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Young Boy	Young Girl
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Man of 45	Woman of 45

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144 Church Bldg., 15th and Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE VOICE IN THE RICE

(Continued from Page 13)

manœuvered his cumbersome chair and finally backed it into place between Lady Moore and Lady Wrenn.

The doors by which we had entered were now closed by two negroes in white-and-mauve livery, the wild chorus in the hall came to an end and there was silence. Here and there chair-legs squeaked on the floor and dresses rustled as the wearers turned toward the closed doors so as not to miss any details of the bride's entry.

"Sir Peter," I whispered faintly, "my legs are going. Am I wobbling much?"

"You look steady as a statue," he grinned.

"Sir Peter, why is it so cold?"

"It's suffocating."

So I shivered and shook, with sympathy from none.

And then suddenly the chorus in the hall burst out with a wedding march. They had their air of Lohengrin—so much I guessed. But the music they made of it was not Wagner's. It wasn't even civilized But it was wonderful. I was delivered on the instant from my shivers and my shaking. My heart smote against my ribs with wild and glad percussions. And then the double doors were flung open, and mists covered my eyes, so that I seemed to be fighting to see and not able. I could hear murmurs and half-smothered exclamations for all the singing, but not for a moment or two could I see the bride sweeping slowly up the aisle upon Mr. Santee Moore's arm, and then I could not see her face for the cascades of lace that fell from the orange-blossom wreath upon her head. She was tall and stately, so much I could see—so much and the swaying of her white dress, and the tremulous movement of her lace veil.

There is an old saying that every woman looks lovely once: in her wedding-dress, going to the altar. And so on this occasion there must have been a real loveliness about that tall, graceful figure in the white silks and the laces

But when Sir Peter whispered, "Step forward to meet the bride," I had turned cold as a stone and could not move

"Come, sir," said Sir Peter more loudly, so that those in the front rows of seats must have heard him, "what is the matter?"

Mr. Santee Moore and the bride had reached the head of the aisle and paused, hesitating. Mr. Moore turned to me and signaled with his eyebrows. I saw beyond them Lord Nairn leaning forward in his chair, a purplish tinge to his vast, pale face. But I did not move.

The singing stopped. I heard Doctor Norton saying, *sotto voce*, "Come, sir! Come, sir!" I saw the bride sway and totter, recover and clutch Mr. Moore's arm. Then, at the very moment when every eye in the room was upon me and Sir Peter urging me forward with a pressure of his hand in the small of the back, I found my voice and I cried loudly and wildly:

"That is not *my* Mary Moore!"

XX

IT WAS strange that, of all that company who knew her well, I, who had never seen her, should have been the first to know that this was not Mary Moore.

Sir Peter's hand tightened on my arm and he said quickly: "I feared a trick, but not this."

He made two strides of it to his brother's side.

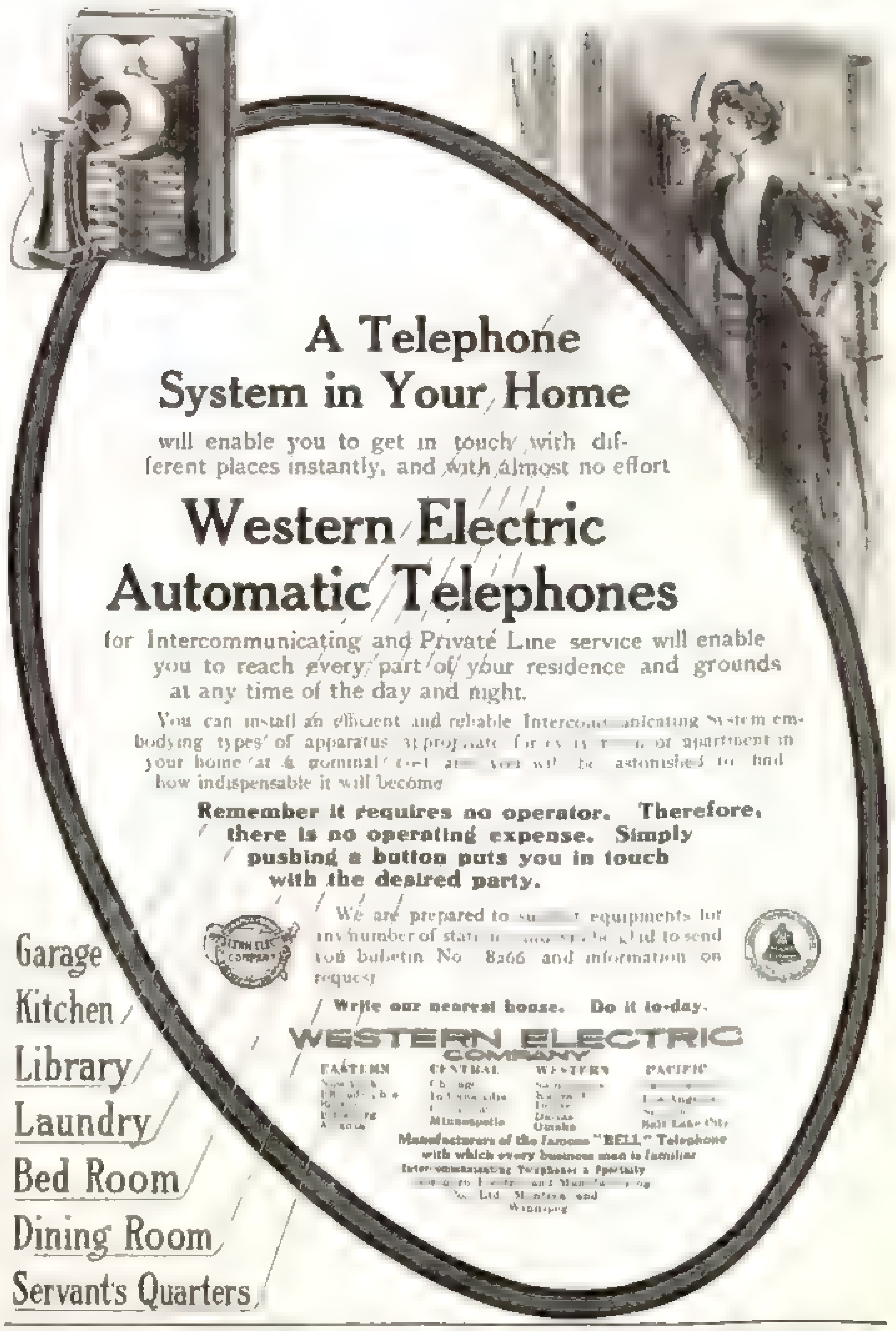
"Who is this woman?" he said fiercely.

"Mary Moore," replied Mr. Santee Moore.

You will imagine that there was hubbub and confusion; and so there was. Yet the guests kept their seats and in a measure acted as audience to the chief performers. Lady Wrenn alone came forward, as befitted her high station, to take a part.

"Is this your daughter, sir?" thundered Sir Peter.

But his brother had not a pat answer to that. He was very pale and his lips twitched as if they were chapped. Lady Wrenn, however, knew the answer. At once gently, firmly and swiftly she lifted the lace veils that concealed the woman's face and flung them back over the woman's head. The face thus revealed was young enough and pretty enough for that matter,



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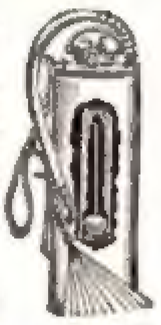

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but it was not the face of a gentlewoman and it was pitiable with fright.

"Pooh!" said Lady Wrenn in her decided voice so that all could hear, "she is Isaac Moore's daughter. Her name is Mary, too. They are poor white trash—aren't you?"

The poor girl writhed under the question and began to cry. But now Lord Nairn, without moving from his chair, played a card in the game. His shrill, penetrating voice pierced the farthest ears in the room.

"I have a paper," said he, "signed by the reluctant bridegroom, in which he binds himself to marry Mary Moore, provided she is willing. As he has not specified in this agreement *which* Mary Moore, let the ceremony proceed." He laughed a shrill, ghastly laugh.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lady Wrenn.

"If the bridegroom has a shred of honor," shrilled Lord Nairn, "he will give his hand to Mary Moore and lead her to the altar." Again he laughed his ghastly laugh. And I did come forward, for the wretched girl in the bridal raiment was weeping bitterly.

"Don't," I said quietly for her ears alone, "please don't." For I couldn't bear to see a woman cry. "You are no more to blame for all this than the man in the moon. You were forced into it; everybody knows that. Even if you have been made willing to marry me you don't want to, do you? And you mustn't think that because I don't want to marry you that I despise you and want to see you hurt. Please don't cry so. I'm going to kill Lord Nairn for this in just a minute, then we'll both feel better."

"Make them stop billing and cooing," cried Lord Nairn, "and get down to business."

I turned from the girl and caught Mr. Santee Moore by the hand.

"Where is your daughter?" I asked.

"I don't know," he faltered.

I began to crush his hand and tears came to his eyes and then a moan to his lips.

"Where is she?"

If he had known exactly he would have told me. I am very sure of that.

"In—house," he got out between his clenched teeth, "somewhere—don't know." He went very white and staggered backward. Sir Brash Sterling leaped from his seat and kept him from falling. I let go of his hand.

"Good people," I said loudly, "Mary Moore is in this house somewhere, a prisoner. *Our* Mary Moore. Won't you scatter and find her? And I'll question Lord Nairn," I cried.

Some of the men attempted to leave the room, but the double doors being opened disclosed a file of negroes with rifles loaded, and a white man, grave and stern, in command. One man thrust aside the curtains covering a window, but turned away with an oath. Lord Nairn's shrill laugh kept on ringing in the room like a condition of its heavily-perfumed atmosphere.

I faced him as he sat in his great chair and looked him over. Presently he stopped laughing and returned my glance, composedly, with his cold, pale eyes.

"Where is she?" I asked, and approached him by a step, shaking my arms free in their sleeves.

"Well," said he, "since everybody seems banded against me, she's in this house somewhere."

I remembered now that I had a revolver in my hip pocket and I drew it.

"*Exactly* where?" I asked. "Get out of that chair of yours—I know how good you are on your feet—and lead me to her."

He did not answer. His lips closed into their mocking cupid's bow, at once so baby-like and so sinister in the midst of that vast, pale face. How huge he looked! Even sitting he was taller than many a man standing.

"We shall have nothing to fear from your niggers," said I, "when you are dead. That will be when I have counted three—if you do not take me to Mary Moore."

"Let me return you your signature," he said, "since it means nothing." He reached for an inner pocket.

"Stop," I said sharply; "no more tricks."

I heard Sir Peter's voice.

"I have him covered, too," he said.

"Well," said Lord Nairn, and he smiled now, "your passion seems genuine, after all. Since you and Mary Moore are intended obviously for each other you shall go to her." He yawned and raised his hands above his head in a kind of stretch. It must have been a signal to a confederate,

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for I can be sure that Lord Nairn had no other finger in the mechanics of what followed. The floor upon which I was standing fell and I fell with it — into darkness.

My left foot struck, ringing upon a floor of pavement or cement, but my right heel crushed something soft and unclean that crunched and crackled.

The trap-door which had dropped me into Lord Nairn's cellars closed back into place with sharp, steely sounds and I was in pitch darkness. I could not hear a sound of whatever activities may have been taking place in the room above, which I had so unceremoniously quitted. But I heard other things.

If I had ever wondered where Lord Nairn in wintertime, when it is cold even in the Santee, obtained those frightful injections which had become necessary to him I had my answer now. There was more to that upon which my right heel rested than had been crushed. I had killed something, but it could not rest as clean things rest when they are dead. I ground and ground with my heel — to the left! — to the right! — to the left! — to the right! — passion against that which I had killed and hatred of it rising wave on wave — to the right! — to the left! Sweat burst from every pore in my body, but not the hot, luxurious sweat of hard exercise in the sun. This had been iced in the polar regions of horror.

I could hear other things moving in that cellar all about me — a hissing here as in protest, a louder there as if in anger. And then, dispersing fear and horror as the sun disperses cold mist, there came from not far off the Voice.

"Don't move!" she said.

I didn't move for a little, but only because of great wonder and exaltation.

"I dared not speak sooner," she said. "I was afraid you would try to come to me."

"Do you think," I said, "that all the snakes in this that used to be hell can keep me from coming to you?"

I laughed in the dark and went to her. Whether there were few moccasins in that place or hundreds I cannot know. It seemed to me that there were thousands. Be that as it may, God or His agent that is in each man's brain put my careless feet, step after step, where there was no harm.

"Don't trip," she said. "I'm on a table. Lord Nairn put me here. I haven't dared move. *They* can't get up." I reached out in the dark and found the edge of the table, waist-high. The revolver with which I had threatened Lord Nairn so emptily was still in my right hand. I put it back in my pocket and stepped on to the table. And there we stood a while locked in each other's arms.

"Whatever might have happened to us," she said, "can't happen now. I know that."

"They were mad," I said, "who thought that stone walls could make prisoners of us. Shall we go now? Or shall I first kiss you again?"

Afterward I felt of her face with the tips of my fingers.

"It is as I thought," I said.

"There is a window back here," she said, "with iron bars. Give me your hand: I will show you."

"Stand back!" I said, when my hands had found the bars, wet with rain. "There is going to be a cataclysm."

I wrenched and the bars came away with half a hundredweight of brick and broken mortar. The next pair came away more easily.

The opening, shoulder-high within, was at the level of the ground without. I lifted her through and followed. Then she caught my hand in hers.

"This way to the ferry," she whispered gayly, and hand in hand like two children we hurried through the dark and the rain. But even she had a time of it in that pitch blackness to find the landing, for the single lantern had been extinguished or removed. Was I never to see her? Never?

Wet bushes struck us across the face; we found paths only to lose them. And then we guessed that we were in an open place that sloped before us. She spoke a guarded word in "sea-coast," but was answered in English.

"It's the captain of the launch," she whispered.

"Hurry, Captain," she said, and she laughed. "We slipped off without being seen. Get us away before they find it out and come rushing down to fling rice and old shoes at us."

"Hurry it is, Miss Mary," he answered and gave a command in "sea-coast" to the engineer. We felt our way aboard and into the cabin. Presently we heard the propeller churning water under the stern of the launch, and a moment later the rippling at the bows and the grating of the launch's sides along the landing told us that we were at last under way.

The captain spoke in the darkness.

"Lord Nairn's orders were to take you to Georgetown. Is that right?"

"Yes," said I, "or any other town in the United States."

When the captain was gone Mary, who had not moved from the hollow of my arm, spoke:

"Have you a match, Richard?"

"No," said I in surprise. "Why?"

She was silent for a moment, and then, her cheek against mine:

"I thought," she said, "that maybe you would like to look at me." And she hid her face.

I withdrew my arm gently but firmly, opened the cabin door and called to the captain, asking him for the loan of a match.

"Want to light up?" he answered. "We can navigate better without lights, sir — until, of course, we strike more open water, and then it'll be daylight."

"It isn't that," I said. "But at the last moment I received a present from my best friend and I want to look at it."

He reached me a box of safety-matches and I went back to Mary.

The first match that I struck burnt itself out against the thumb and forefinger that held it. But I did not know this at the moment.

I only knew that the match had gone out.

AFTER-WORD

OF ALL the persons who figure in this narrative Lord Nairn alone remains among the marshes of the Santee. That is why I am now at liberty to lay these facts before the public, though not with much hope that the National Government will look into the case. I shall not be believed, even as Lord Nairn prophesied, unless here and there by a child. My mother even does not believe me. She says that my wife's beauty has turned my head.

The hospitable mansions stand empty in the Santee unless Lord Nairn has had them pulled down. Sir Peter Moore and his Lady are living in England; Lady Wrenn, too. Sir Brash Sterling and his large family have gone to Argentine, Miss Stevens and Janie McMoultrie with them in the capacity of better halves. My wife's father has disappeared. Nellie and Granny McMoultrie are touring the Continent — Granny, you may be sure, with an eye to visiting all centers where the best drugs are compounded in the greatest quantities. All have fled before the power and the growing wickedness of a man who, having demolished the old order of things, has made intolerable the new.

There he sits at this moment, doubtless, in his wheel-chair in the hottest corner of his garden, served and enriched by those hundreds of ignorant sea-coast negroes who are his slaves in body and soul, fearing him more than death. There in his corner of the United States he sits and laughs at emancipation, holding men in bondage, smuggling, defying the law and cheating the gallows.

It seems to me as if I could see him in all his vastness (he will be in white now, having worn mauve long enough for poor Lady Nairn), his little golf-cap on the back of his huge, baby head and his pale eyes gazing unblinkingly into the furious sun. Now he will lift a peach from the heap in his lap and bite off the sunny side.

Or perhaps already the consequence of his frightful habits, which he himself foreshadowed, has overtaken him; and he is on his hands and knees in the shrubbery, discovering at last what it feels like to be a great snake and to swallow a lesser by the tail.

(THE END)

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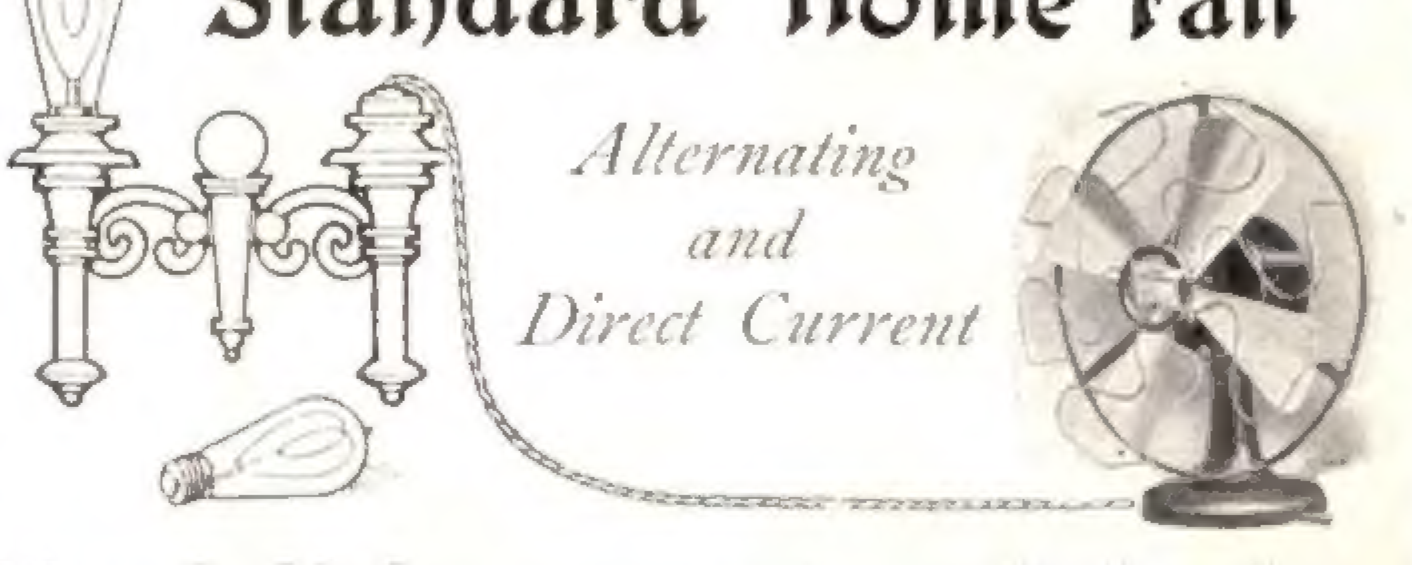

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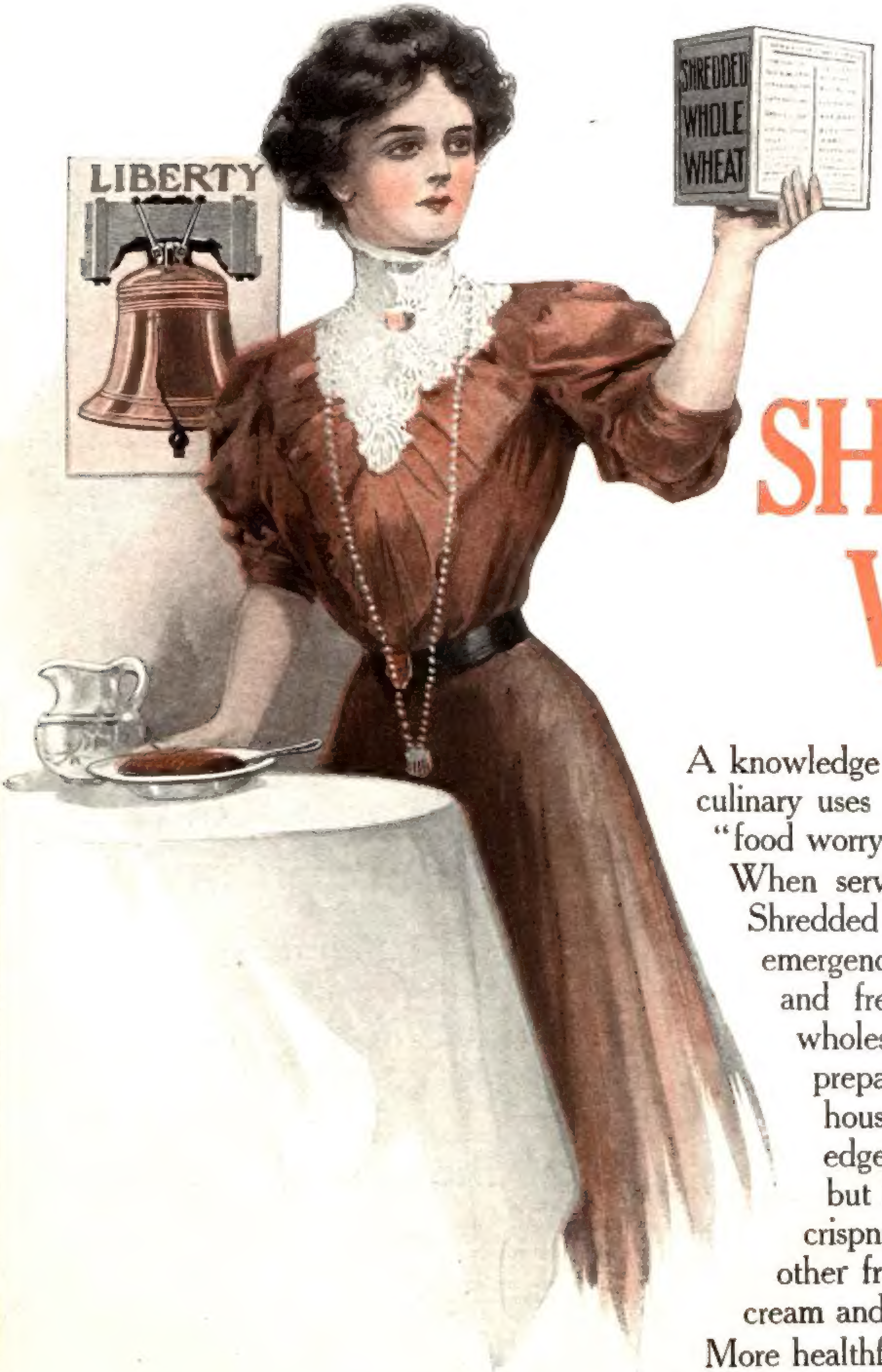

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